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THE OPENING OF THE SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

ON Thursday, the 4th of February, the Parliament was opened by Commission. On this mode of commencing the public business, we have no inclination to involve ourselves in extent of remark. But we believe that a more acceptable mode of declaring the royal opinion on national affairs might be discovered, and that this is the seventh or eighth commencement of the session which has exhibited the Hibernian anomaly of his Majesty being in two places at once, and speaking to his faithful subjects the Lords and Commons at Westminster assembled, while, at the same moment, he is listening to the *polished* pleasantries of Sir Andrew Barnard; or giving a solemn ear to the grave wisdom of Sir Edward Nagle, in his boudoir at Windsor. When King Charles of facetious memory was asked, why, instead of speaking his speech, he read it, the monarch, "who never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a wise one," replied, that "By'r Lady, he had so often asked Parliament for money, he was ashamed to look them in the face." We are far from presuming that any such declaration will be made by our illustrious Sovereign. But we wish that we could enjoy the advantage of seeing him oftener. We give him full credit for the due fitness for his exalted functions, and for the corresponding zeal. But still, Windsor is twenty-two miles from Westminster, and the most loyal telescope will find a difficulty in penetrating so far. A day spent on the road between Hyde Park Corner and the Castle-gates, may be but a pastime to Ministers, who are, we honestly believe, much more harmlessly employed while counting donkeys or dandelions along the road, than counting boroughs, or scribbling despatches in the showily-furnished rooms of Whitehall: but to humbler men, the distance interposes a formidable barrier between his Majesty and public recollection; and, not being of the opinion of some important persons, that royalty may be fairly left beyond the visible horizon, so long as the country is blessed with a stirring Cabinet, we say, let us have no more Speeches by Commission.

We utter those sentiments from unfeigned respect for the monarchical portion of the Constitution. In the struggles which will unquestionably rise, we cannot afford to cast away any part of that great defence which our ancestors erected for the freedom of the people. The weight of the attack has, within our time, shifted from quarter to quarter of that triple bulwark, which, if ever wisdom, virtue, and piety hallowed a work of man, hallowed the Constitution of the British Empire. To what has been done, we shall advert no more, until we can return with a hope of reno-

vation. But the monarchical principle still remains unassailed by any breaker-in upon the glorious labour of the glorious dead ; and that principle it shall be our most zealous task, as it is among our first duties, to preserve unshaken in the general trials that, from time to time, visit all nations.

The King's Speech is divided, as usual, under the several heads of foreign and domestic policy, trade and revenue, law, manufactures, and the state of the people. In this Speech, two important features are omitted, the Church, and Ireland. Another feature might have been introduced, for which no trivial gratitude would have been felt ; and which must be introduced before long ; the improvement of the Legislature. A measure before whose importance all the other interests of the state are child's play.

Let no one suppose that we are stooping to follow in the train of those miserable beings whose principles were as black, as their conduct was calculated to excite the indignation of every man of British feeling. We abhor the Radicalism, which sees nothing in established institutions but objects for the exercise of its powers of overthrow ; hates every man in the exact proportion as he rises superior to the multitude in manliness, wisdom, and integrity ; and clasps to its bosom and lifts on its shoulders every man of conspicuous miscreancy. But we must not suffer ourselves to be deaf to the voice that calls for the purification of all the great instruments of Empire. We must see the great political priesthood who officiate in our names round the Altar of the State, prepared for their office by something more than the mere robes. And we must see this, or see a result, to which our present public anxieties, the clamour of our struggling population, and the deepening pressures on every man, let his rank be what it may, will be but as the blowing of the summer's wind. The theory, that there was a grand rectifying power in the Legislature, which would instinctively correct its anomalies, seems to be given up by its oldest advocates. Canning's showy declamation has faded away, and we hear no more of the influence of popular checks on the one hand, and legislatorial impulses on the other, each exercising that measured restraint, those centripetal and centrifugal forces, by which the State was swept harmoniously round its orbit from year to year, every slight deviation compensated by some wise reaction, until the whole moved, the balanced and illustrious phenomenon of a free constitution. But we may give other evidence than our own, to the fact that Parliamentary Reform, conducted on the original principles of parliament, is growing less into a rabble desire than a public demand. We quote on this subject, (*Quarterly Review*, January 1830) an authority which will be scarcely suspected of blowing the trumpet to rouse a sleeping opinion.

"We cannot refrain from intimating it as our firm persuasion, that whoever listens attentively to the tone and language which is now heard in the unrestrained intercourse of the higher as well as lower classes of society, will be constrained to admit, that the resolutions and proceedings of the Legislature, and especially of the House of Commons, no longer command that respect and submission with which they were wont to be regarded !"

After this auspicious opening, the *Review* gives a passing touch of panegyric to Parliaments in general, which by no means communicates any peculiar share of brightness to the one in question. "So long as the Representatives of a Free People discharge their duty with wisdom

and firmness, no class of men can be named who receive a larger share of the love and veneration of their countrymen; but there is none whose *dereliction* of duty is visited with more mortifying *alienation and neglect*."

The sentences that follow are equally pithy.

"When a popular body begins to *degenerate*, it affects to deprecate all injudicious harshness and austerity, when the end can be equally attained by being more measured both in their language and resolutions. The people perceive the change; and, after a while, an *evident abatement* ensues of the expectations which are formed of their deliberations. After this, they become so *idle or inattentive*, that they suffer the business which comes before them, to pass too much as a matter of course; and this, in its turn, causes their proceedings to be treated with carelessness, and sometimes with *disrespect*."

Then comes on the more formidable declaration, partaking of that style—

"When old Experience doth attain
To something of prophetic strain."

"In the last *stage of decay* they serve merely as a *pageant*, and are *despised*, as only serving to register the decrees of the Executive Government, which they have neither the virtue to modify nor to resist." The Review then remeasures its steps; and stating that there are important individuals who still think the danger chimerical, proceeds to fix its speculations to the particular object, and inquires—"whether it be really so certain that this branch of the Legislature (the Commons) possesses the character that it once did, for either ability, attention to business, or independence." On those points it is declared that—"whether it be that the *House has sunk*, or the well-educated community has risen, it would be difficult to maintain, that as a body, they now constitute the choice of the Commons of the Realm, in the same sense in which they did some time ago." The next hit is "unkinder still." "Let any person listen to their ordinary conversation or reasoning, or sit down to the perusal of the thoughts they may have committed to writing, and they are not only found inferior to many private individuals among their contemporaries, but one seldom recognizes the grasp of mind and statesmanlike qualities which the representatives of a free and enlightened country might be expected to possess."

Then ensues a comparison with the proceedings of the Upper House, in which the Lords beat their unfortunate compatriots hollow—"for gravity, precision, and judgment."—"Another quality, in which the Members of the Lower House are thought likely to have somewhat declined, is *efficiency*. Whether this be originally the fault of the House or of the neglect or hurry of the Government, by whom the necessary measures ought to be prepared, can make no difference.—The main purpose of the House of Commons is, to see that the business of the nation be done, and its grievances redressed; and if, year after year, they meet and separate without seeing this accomplished, their efficacy must, for all useful purposes, be regarded as diminished. All real business is drowned in debates and reports. It is astonishing, at the end of a Session, to see how much has been said, and how little real business has been transacted."

So far has gone the estimate of the Legislative diligence, information, and ability. It is, certainly, not given in the shape of flattery, and we are, unfortunately, not at present furnished with materials for the over-

throw of this merciless inquirer into public brains. But we come to a question still more important.

"The point, in which the Members of the House of Commons have sometimes been thought to be most deficient, is, their want of independence! Though less open to direct improper influence than formerly, there is too much reason to surmise that they do not speak and vote sufficiently according to their real sentiments."

The necessity of adhering to a party; the "multitude of applications which almost every member receives from his constituents, compels him, whether attached to Administration or not, to receive favours of one kind or another, from almost every department of the Government. All those things, in the breast of a person of delicate feeling, restrain the just and legitimate freedom of thought and language, beyond what can be easily imagined." We here protest against the Reviewer's ideas of the case; we believe that the imagination is perfectly conceivable, and that a person of "*delicate feelings*," as the epithet is happily applied, generally, has no scruple whatever in trying the strength of his own delicacy. But "worse remains behind."

"There is something," says this writer, "in the very atmosphere of the House, unfavourable to bold and uncompromising conduct. It is, *de facto*, a sort of overgrown club. This is the worst part of the whole business. Things are every day admitted in private among the members, which are absolutely denied or concealed in the speeches reported from the gallery. Whoever, therefore, should endeavour to rend asunder that veil, which by all parties in the House is held up before the public, would lose his character and caste. He would be treated with coldness by those to whom he wished most to approximate, while he might feel insuperable repugnance to unite with those who were most willing to receive him. A loss of independence more painful to the individual or more injurious to the commonwealth than this, cannot well be pictured. It amounts to a surrender of the noblest privileges; and chokes the source of the fairest virtues which distinguish and adorn the citizen of a free country."

A quotation from Sallust reinforces the position, that, as the commonwealth rises to distinction by the virtue and incorruptibility of its individual members, so does the period arrive when the commonwealth must support, as it may, the vices of its leading men. Then comes the comment.

"Were many of those elder Romans among us, the *versatility* of the House of Commons would not be so rapid and remarkable as we sometimes find it. It too often happens, that the public measure connects itself at some link or other with the job. It is the indulgence of a grovelling and selfish spirit by their representatives, which has, at last, in so many instances, made the subjects of free states grow weary of their representatives, and take refuge in an absolute monarchy—as both more vigorous and more virtuous." The argument is clenched with the famous quotation from Montesquieu—"As all things have an end, the state of which we are speaking, will lose its liberty and perish. Rome, Lacedæmon, Carthage, all have perished; and it will perish when its Legislative shall have become more corrupt than its Executive."

This we give "without note or comment," as the phrase is. We shall not add a syllable to it. We shall not even venture to say whether it is true or false. And for this silence we, in common with all writers within the borders of this free country, have our especial reasons. But the whole extract is a sign of the times. It must have been no gentle

change of the tide that swept round the good ship the Quarterly to lie with her stem where her stern lay before. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But it is not for us to "pluck out the bowels of the mystery," and there we leave it to the grand interpreter—Time.

The King's speech has for once disappointed no hope of the country, for the sufficient reason, that the country expected nothing from it. It is of course the speech of ministers; and however their words are in the habit of exceeding their deeds, yet their whole frame is so nerveless, evasive and trifling, that they have not left themselves the faculty of even a vigorous fiction. The first statement of this Ministerial *Exposé* is worthy of being ranked under the "Court Circular." It informs his Majesty's faithful people that they are not at present fighting the French, nor the Russians—intelligence which, for its interest and novelty, must be duly appreciated by an admiring people.

The speech next informs us that the Turkish and Russian war has been brought to a conclusion. This vies in novelty and interest with the preceding.

His Majesty has "concerted with his allies measures for the final pacification and settlement of Greece, and trusts to be able to lay such information before the House as will explain his conduct in those transactions." We trust that his ministers will lay a very large bundle of tape-tied papers on the table of the Honourable House, which nobody will read, or could understand in case of reading; that Lord Aberdeen will make a speech of immeasurable prolixity and unfathomable profundity on them in the Upper House, and that Mr. Peel will emulate his Lordship's example with an extraordinary closeness of rivalry in the Lower; that Mr. Hume will throw the subject into confusion, and Alderman Waithman throw the house into convulsions; that the motion, whatever it may be, will leave the country gentlemen and others as wise as it found them; that a great deal of pleasantries will diversify the proceeding, and that every one present will be happy to get to his bed.

"His Majesty laments that he is unable to announce to you any prospect of a reconciliation between the princes of the House of Braganza." Of course not, and the result of the attempt was obvious from the beginning to every human being but the "Inscrutibles." The scarlet doors of the council-room shut out the common sense that was to be found in the streets. Every captain of a skiff from Rio or Lisbon could have told the wise men of Downing Street that Don Miguel was a coxcomb, and that Don Pedro was not a hair's-breadth more indebted to nature; that two coxcombs can never be brought together but for some additional display of foolery—an inflexible law; and that to persuade either of them to listen to any plea of public feeling or personal generosity, is an extravagance worthy only of the stolidity of a Rat Cabinet.

But it comes out in this formal document, that Don Miguel is to be recognized as king. And the document makes the further confession, that the Don has forced us to this measure. He is told, that he has gained the victory, and that he owes it to himself, to his system of scorning our remonstrances, and harassing our intercourse with his people—"The numerous embarrassments arising from the continued interruption of those relations, increase his Majesty's desire to effect the termination of so serious an evil."—"Here be sweet words, faith," as Dame Quickly says. There is no mention of the right or wrong of the affair, none of the old declamation on the hereditary privileges of the

Brazilian prince, nor of the guarantee of England to the perpetual connection of the thrones, nor a syllable of the antagonist right of Don Miguel. The only question with his Majesty's ministers, after all their virtuous wrath at usurpation, comes to be one of profit and loss. Whether shall we gain or lose more by siding with Don Miguel or grappling with him? The question is undoubtedly an excellent one for a rat cabinet, but it is, be believe, the first time that it has been embodied in a king's speech. That Don Miguel's conduct has been contemptuous of the opinions of the cabinet we perfectly allow, and by no means blame him for it. That he "humbugged"—the vulgarity of the word does not prevent its applicability—the Lord Dudley in the most consummate manner, is matter of universal acknowledgement; nor do we impeach him for so fair and so easy an exercise of his ingenuity. (The noble lord had, however, the compensation of getting his house handsomely furnished on the retreat of the royal fugitive, on which fortunate windfall we congratulate a nobleman of his narrow income). That Don Miguel laughed at in council, and put to instant rout in the field, the whole rabble of that puppyism in politics, which, armed with a Benthamite constitution, and a clamorous tongue, began with giving lectures on liberty, with the dungeon and the scaffold in the background; we cannot place among the counts of his indictment. But, that he did as it pleased his royal will, to our merchants and fellow subjects—that he treated England with scorn, and menaced us with the combined hostility of the family thrones, is as well known, as it would have been natural that we should retort scorn with scorn. But he knew our ministers better; he threw "embarrassments" in their way; and he left them to flounder on as they could. It does not appear that he moved hand or foot to assist us out of the slough. The policy of contempt fully achieved its triumph, and the ministerial *exposé* has at once taught him, and every other state, how to deal with us in future. But among the "quips and cranks" of the affair, is the horror of the radicals at the triumphant Portuguese. In their journals, in their harangues, in the streets, in the Honourable House, in every spot, from a Mechanics' Institute up to the legislature, they exhaust all their righteous indignation upon this "unlicensed grasper at a diadem." Brougham exhales a subtler venom while the name hangs upon his lip; Hume is more unbearably Scotch in that conglomeration of rugged words which tumble out to announce his virtuous wrath; and poor Lord Holland shakes off his years, and shoulders his crutch, to shew how fields were won in the days when Burdett and he were babes, sitting beside the full-charged kennel of Westminster eloquence, and sworn to Fox and buff-waistcoats. And the best part of the burlesque is, Don Miguel's "guilty disregard of royal rights," concentrated in the word, usurpation,

Oh word of fear,
Ungrateful to a whiggish ear!

To have overlooked the glaring ridicule of this sudden fastidiousness would have argued wilful blindness; and accordingly Lord Aberdeen, who, mystified as he is, is not wilfully blind, attacked the noble lord on his sudden oblivion of his great friend, Napoleon, that gentle and un-usurping friend of liberty, on whose fall his lordship had bestrode his foundered Pegasus, and over whose tomb he had wept, to the amount of one of the most melancholy epigrams that ever made the clay lie heavier on the remnants of a lamented rogue.

The portion of the speech specially addressed to the House of Com-

mons, commences, as usual, with a promise of œconomy in the budget. "The estimates have been framed with every attention to œconomy; and it will be satisfactory to you to learn, that his Majesty will be enabled to make a considerable reduction in the amount of the public expenditure, without impairing the efficacy of our naval or military establishments." What reductions the premier may be pleased to make, we must be satisfied to wait for, until it shall be his will to declare them. But what he will not make, we shall take the liberty of venturing to conjecture. He will not retrench a penny of his own salary of 5,000*l.* a year as first Lord of the Treasury, nor of the pay and allowances of the multitude of those epaulet wearers whom he has planted behind the desks of civil office. To the fieldmarshal's emoluments, we have no objection. He has earned them, we admit. But generosity in public men is out of the question, and what he has earned he will hold fast. Nor will he diminish a penny of the enormous salaries of his fellow officials, nor mulct Sir Henry Hardinge of his half-pay, on consideration of his 3,000*l.* a year as Secretary at War. Nor will he unrighteously slice away the smallest strip of his gains from the celebrated Billy Holmes, that model of a statesman, and meritorious servant of his country; though those gains, in the single office of the Ordnance, amount to 2,000*l.* a year. Nor will he hurt the patriotism of Colonel Trench, whose public services, equally valuable, have been rewarded by a "grateful country," much against its inclination, with 2,000*l.* a year more. Nor shall we see any reduction, of any importance in the eyes of any man alive, (except that man be a Chancellor of the Exchequer,) suffered to occur during this session, nor the next, nor the next dozen, if we should be favoured with the present ministerial dynasty so long. That the premier would wish to lessen the public expenses, we have no doubt, if it could be done without any sacrifice. But that government, constituted as it has been within our memory, will ever seriously set about measures which curtail its own influence, we must be allowed to disbelieve.

Of course there will be desperate doings among the minor offices. We see, in the dim futurity of the grand retrenchment, the dismissal of a shoal of fifty pound clerks; and Lord Melville, a nobleman and minister, whose zeal, vigour, and ability, have been by all men long estimated at their full value, has already commenced a new æra in "chips." The speculation in chips has been magnanimously crushed in the bud throughout the dock-yards; and if the ship-carpenter lights his fire with any chips whatever, they must henceforth not be the chips of his Majesty's blocks! But what do we hear of retrenchment in the salaries of the whole body of the higher dependants on the purse of John Bull? We have not yet heard that the proud patriotism of his Grace of Buckingham has stooped to follow the example of Lord Camden, and disgorged the enormous profits of his place in the Exchequer. As to that illustrious victim, the Marquis Camden, we see that this nobleman's self-denial does not ascend to the denial of self-panegyric. Every year a trumpet is blown before him, on his refunding the sum, which the outcry of the nation wrung from him after long and many a compunction. But of Lord Camden we plainly say, that he had as much right to the whole 40,000*l.* a year, as he has to the 4,000*l.* a year, which he has retained: he having in fairness no right whatever to either, if right is to be estimated, not by the mere grant of ministerial prodigality, but by service done. What services were ever done by the Marquis Camden in the Exchequer to the

value of 4,000*l.* a year? Or what services of any kind has he done during the last fifteen years? Has he not lived in total absence from public exertion during those money-making years? Yet his tranquillity, varied only by his transits from one country seat to another, from the Wilderness to the Priory, and from the Priory to the Wilderness, (as the newspapers take the trouble to tell us) has cost the public purse, within those fifteen years, the sum of no less than 60,000*l.*

And there remain a whole tribe of sinecures, equally corpulent, and equally well earned. Is there nothing to be done with the pension list of England and Ireland, but to pay them? The English pension list is not less than 100,000*l.* a year; the Irish is 80,000*l.* Is there no ground for asking questions in this rich department of national liberality? Let justice be done, say we. Let the man of genius, the man who has bled for the empire, the public servant of the country, or even of the crown, who has laboured until he can labour no longer, be rewarded, or rescued by the state from the degradation of poverty. But let none other be suffered to live upon the sinking resources of the empire.

Let the whole enormity of reversions be cut away. Lord Ellenborough is a clerk in the court of King's Bench, a court in which we never heard of his Lordship's soliciting any of the labours of patriot industry; and yet from this easy function, his Lordship receives £1,500 a year. The reversionary places in Ireland were of old a rich harvest for the minister, and they still have some very tolerable things, sufficiently acceptable to persons of condition on both sides of the water. Let those be lopped down to the ground. There can be no right to their possession now, where there could have been no right from the beginning. The prodigality of a minister, or the corruption of a minion, can constitute no right; and if the holders set up a clamour, the true answer to them is, "You have fattened on the public vitals till you have sickened and exhausted the public strength; be content with your past plunder, and be thankful that you are not compelled to refund every shilling of it!"

The undeniable fact is, that the abuses of patronage, through the whole extent of office, have been monstrous. We, of course, cannot lay the blame of this upon the present ministry, the evil is of old standing; it has been the scandal and the crime of every successive administration, and it singly has gone further to degrade and vilify the powers of government in the public mind than all the other errors or crimes of public men. Here the reform must begin. Here is the deepest root of the whole national discontent, and here the steel must strike. England is too high-minded to hesitate at the largest sacrifices, where she feels them essential to her honour. In a righteous cause, she knows no limit to her liberality. But it is the sting, to think that her liberality may be given to support the waste and luxurious insolence of a class whom she cannot recognize as among her active and honourable citizens. Every shilling lavished on the sinecurist is not simply so much thrown away, but it is the infusion of a new portion of distrust and repulsion into the national heart, until that heart refuses to be drained any longer.

But when the whole finance of sinecurism shall have been rigidly shorn away—and in this we include the inordinate payments annexed to inadequate services in every department of the State—the premier will have another noble opportunity for the exercise of his saving virtues. The British army amounts in troops of the line to no less than 91,000 men; or, reckoning dépôts, staff, waggon-train, and the

various scattered officials connected with this ponderous establishment, we have to pay at least 150,000*l.* And this in the fifteenth year of an unbroken peace ; with his Majesty's gracious declaration that we are in brotherly love with all mankind, or, in the more circuitous dialect of the speech, that, " His Majesty receives the strongest assurances from all foreign powers of their desire to maintain and cultivate the most friendly relations with this country."

If his Majesty's ministers do not believe those most friendly assurances, why do they report them to his Majesty's people ? If they do, why are his Majesty's people forced to pay this *military* multitude ? The colonies, we admit, require troops, and those troops must be occasionally relieved ; but 30,000 men form a force three times the strength of any that we have in the colonies. Why then are we to be encumbered with the remaining 100,000 ? Are we to be told that they must be reserved for European emergencies ? Let us also be told, that France, or Spain, or Holland, is meditating a descent on our coasts. Let us be told, that the sea between Calais and Dover is dried up, or that we are to be invaded by balloons. But if those tales are not to be told us, are we not entitled to demand, why we shall be put under the burthen of an enormous military establishment for a contingency which ministers would be the first to pronounce ridiculously remote ? Why are we to pay eight millions of pounds a year for a service which ought not to cost us one ? Nothing can be more idle than to suppose, that if we to-morrow disbanded nine-tenths of the troops now in Great Britain, and if France or Russia declared war against us the day after, we should not have full time to prepare an army adequate to every possible purpose. The foreign standard cannot be planted at our doors without our having seen its wavings along the horizon. The channel cannot be bridged over in a night. The preparations of foreign war must be slow. Even the vivid and remorseless activity of Napoleon could not overcome the obstacles that nature has erected between this country and the impulse of a hostile force. On the other hand, by preserving the staff and a few of the regimental officers, a regiment fit to take the field could be formed on the nucleus of the old corps in a month. Napoleon's preparations for invasion cost him nearly two years, and still they were incomplete. Yet to meet this remote contingency, this almost impossibility, we are to be broken down with an enormous expenditure. Here the premier may exhibit his economical zeal with the most laudable vigour ; and we shall follow shouting, "*Io triumphe*" in his train.

The Navy is the true power of England ; her most vigorous and irresistible arm ; her most natural and most impregnable defence. To the largest expenditure of public wealth actually required by the navy, no true Englishman will ever demur. The Humes and Burdetts may cavil at this expenditure ; but we disclaim all alliance with them and their faction. In our remarks we have no object in view but the public good ; and it would be no gratification to us to assist the ambition or swell the clamour of men whose principles we scorn.

The allusions in the speech to the public distress are flippant and feeble. But the topic would now lead us too far ; and besides is too likely to be a permanent one, to make it necessary for us to examine it now. It is the great problem of the time. That England, with her extraordinary means of prosperity, should be yearly sinking into pecuniary distress, is not to be accounted for on the ordinary grounds of national

evil. But the ministry by which this distress cannot be counteracted, acknowledges its own unfitness for its trust, and ought to be removed.

The Debates which have already occurred, shew the feeling of the country. On the first night, the whole power of the minister could not bring forward more than 153 members in the Commons. The address was carried by a trifling majority; though it is almost an etiquette that it should give rise to neither a debate nor a division. In the Lords, a division was called for by Lord Stanhope, evidently against the wish of the Noble opposition, who reverence etiquette more than their contemporaries in the lower House. The division was of course, in point of numbers, merely nominal, and for the purpose of avoiding a slight to Lord Stanhope. Yet, even in that division, appeared names of formidable import: the Dukes of Cumberland, Newcastle and Richmond.

A committee of eleven has been appointed for the India question; on which however there is no probability of a decision. Yet we draw no conclusion from Lord Ellenborough's elephant letter. His Lordship writes with an easy pen, and was probably more engaged with some new pattern of pantaloons, or some exquisite cosmetic, at the time than his *billet doux* to Sir John Malcolm. Yet even Lord Ellenborough himself might be the "tame elephant between the two wild ones," and be unconsciously trained on between the premier and his friend Sir George Murray, to say what might answer the purpose of two personages who have played many a *ruse* before now. His Lordship's letter declares, for it is nonsense to say that it has any other meaning, that the India charter is to be renewed. The declaration comes out under circumstances which make us conclude the direct contrary. And if the letter shall serve to lull the vigilance of the Company, it will have effected at least as much as any penmanship of poor Lord Ellenborough's could ever hope to do. The remainder of the debates have been busied about motions of such persons as Sir Robert Wilson (who is not yet a general), of Lord Holland, who will never be Secretary of State, and of Lord Palmerston, whom the Princess Lieven's most ardent influence has failed of making prime minister. Mr. Huskisson, who is not yet Secretary for the colonies, had made several speeches on the popular distress, to the existence of which he has pledged himself, with the happiest oblivion of his opinions six months ago. The stock question of East Retford has been talked over again for the fiftieth time, and the representative glories of Birmingham extinguished by 126 to 99. While such models of patriotic wisdom engross the public ear, we may congratulate the premier on his security from all the "natural shocks" that place is heir to. But this kind of debating must have an end! The country looks for something more from its representatives! There are the elements of an irresistible opposition in the legislature; and if they are not inclined to act there, they are likely to be summoned to a species of action, which we would as sincerely deprecate as the most luxurious sinecurist who ever smiled over an order on the treasury. The national feeling is deeply dyed with scorn! The session of 1829 is indelible! The Rat Cabinet is estimated at its proper value; and let the worst come to the worst, we say, "Long live the King!"

THE FOURTEENTH; OR, THE UGLY MAN.

BEFORE I enter upon my explanation of the riddle which I have just written—"The Fourteenth"—it is necessary that I should introduce myself to the reader "in my habit as I live."

It is the practice of writers who describe themselves to begin by saying—"I am five-and-twenty years of age. My manners are amiable, my address fascinating. My person is well-formed, and my features, though not handsome, are interesting. They are capable at times of an expression that is considered fine—indicating purity of mind, firmness of character, and sweetness of disposition." This at least is the style of those very old, or very young gentlemen, who offer themselves in the "Morning Herald," on such eligible terms, as sacrifices to rich widows and wards in Chancery. I am sorry that I cannot conscientiously adopt this style myself—a hero, in these days, being nothing if not handsome. But I must admit at once, in plain language, without shame or equivocation, that I am what the world calls—and particularly the female part of it—confoundedly ugly! There is not a feature in my face where it ought to be. I look as if I had just walked out of "Der Freischütz." You would fancy that I had been, not created, but guessed at—or that I had been made by mistake. I have been accused of picking up my countenance at a masquerade; and it has been stated that Mr. Farley invented me for a pantomime. People are surprised that they do not see a line of italics upon my forehead—"drawn and etched by George Cruikshank." Liston has frequently expressed his admiration of my ugliness, and regards me with a kind of envious enthusiasm. I was once obliged to fight a duel with a friend, only for looking at his little girl, whose imagination had been excited by reading the history of an ogre; and was, a short time ago, cast in an action preferred against me for stopping to admire a horse, that happened at the same moment to take fright. I am a particular favourite with the author of "Frankenstein," who thinks me philosophically frightful: I sate to her for the Monster. I have seen people stare at me, as if they wondered how I escaped from St. George, or wished to know when I was last at Wantley. Frequently have I been puzzled to think how Narcissus could fall in love with himself: the thing seems to me impossible. When I have surveyed my face in a glass, I have been rather alarmed lest, instead of passing a pocket, I should put my hand into it. How sorry I have sometimes been, when, calling upon a friend, I have seen all the little children, as they stole a glance at me on my entrance, prefer going to bed to the proffered privilege of a game at forfeits! Shakspeare must have seen me in a vision when he drew Caliban; Spencer also has very nearly described me in several places. One day or other, I shall be taken up for a triton that has strayed from its pedestal in a gentleman's pond. I should make a capital study for a knocker: Mr. Nash wishes to take a cast of my face for that purpose. It is not long ago since mine host of the "Saracen's Head" offered me a share in the concern, on condition that I put up my portrait for the sign. He little suspected the impossibility of painting it; it would be easier to personify a chaos. Fuseli could not have made me more frightful; nor could Lawrence have extracted a grace from me—even when the alchemy of his pencil found gold in all things. No painter, therefore, has yet had the courage to sketch me. Yes: as I stood the other day, looking at a Hercules and laughing at

evil. But the ministry by which this distress cannot be counteracted, acknowledges its own unfitness for its trust, and ought to be removed.

The Debates which have already occurred, shew the feeling of the country. On the first night, the whole power of the minister could not bring forward more than 158 members in the Commons. The address was carried by a trifling majority; though it is almost an etiquette that it should give rise to neither a debate nor a division. In the Lords, a division was called for by Lord Stanhope, evidently against the wish of the Noble opposition, who reverence etiquette more than their contemporaries in the lower House. The division was of course, in point of numbers, merely nominal, and for the purpose of avoiding a slight to Lord Stanhope. Yet, even in that division, appeared names of formidable import: the Dukes of Cumberland, Newcastle and Richmond.

A committee of eleven has been appointed for the India question; on which however there is no probability of a decision. Yet we draw no conclusion from Lord Ellenborough's elephant letter. His Lordship writes with an easy pen, and was probably more engaged with some new pattern of pantaloons, or some exquisite cosmetic, at the time than his *billet doux* to Sir John Malcolm. Yet even Lord Ellenborough himself might be the "tame elephant between the two wild ones," and be unconsciously trained on between the premier and his friend Sir George Murray, to say what might answer the purpose of two personages who have played many a *ruse* before now. His Lordship's letter declares, for it is nonsense to say that it has any other meaning, that the India charter is to be renewed. The declaration comes out under circumstances which make us conclude the direct contrary. And if the letter shall serve to lull the vigilance of the Company, it will have effected at least as much as any penmanship of poor Lord Ellenborough's could ever hope to do. The remainder of the debates have been busied about motions of such persons as Sir Robert Wilson (who is not yet a general), of Lord Holland, who will never be Secretary of State, and of Lord Palmerston, whom the Princess Lieven's most ardent influence has failed of making prime minister. Mr. Huskisson, who is not yet Secretary for the colonies, had made several speeches on the popular distress, to the existence of which he has pledged himself, with the happiest oblivion of his opinions six months ago. The stock question of East Retford has been talked over again for the fiftieth time, and the representative glories of Birmingham extinguished by 126 to 99. While such models of patriotic wisdom engross the public ear, we may congratulate the premier on his security from all the "natural shocks" that place is heir to. But this kind of debating must have an end! The country looks for something more from its representatives! There are the elements of an irresistible opposition in the legislature; and if they are not inclined to act there, they are likely to be summoned to a species of action, which we would as sincerely deprecate as the most luxurious sinecurist who ever smiled over an order on the treasury. The national feeling is deeply dyed with scorn! The session of 1829 is indelible! The Rat Cabinet is estimated at its proper value; and let the worst come to the worst, we say, "Long live the King!"

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myself, I turned and caught a pale thin young man pencilling my contour into his pocket-book; and a few days afterwards, while I was talking to some ladies in a carriage, what was my surprise at recognizing my own features, in all the sublimity of ugliness, painted upon the pannel! I was in the character of a griffin! What was worse, the ladies, who happened to be horribly handsome, observed the likeness, which they seemed to regard as a coincidence highly flattering to me. I fancied every moment that they would compliment me on the resemblance, and expect me to present them with their crest set in diamonds, for my miniature. While leaning over, they glanced first at the green pannel, and then at me—comparing the grin of the griffin with the smile of unconsciousness which I assumed, and which must have looked very like a paroxysm of horror. It grew more and more ghastly, as I affected to look pleasant. I endeavoured to twist my mouth into something not disagreeable, and tried it in every possible shape, from an *S* to a *Z*: but in vain. I only resembled a fury playing on the fiddle. At last, finding that the griffin had decidedly the best of it, I left the ladies to their scent-bottles. I believe one of them fainted. As I retreated, they seemed a little surprised at my walking away in the ordinary manner, like other people. They looked down, and consulted together—they had counted my legs.

I shall not attempt to convey to the reader any definite notion of my features. As well might I endeavour to paint the sound of the bagpipes, or to turn a barrel of vinegar into verse. It may be observed, however, that my eyes would not be so exquisitely disagreeable, if they were a better match either in colour, size, or situation. Eyes in general look much better for wearing lashes; but mine, being destitute of these ornaments, are not seen to advantage. Of my nose, which is constructed on true Bardolphian principles—but no, I should do it wrong to throw out even a hint respecting it. Let it pass for ever undescribed—a shape of shadows—a riddle to all ages. I bequeath its memory to mankind; and, in after-times, let it be said that there was at least one nose of which the human mind could form no conception. Pitt and Sheridan are reported to have had a duel of wit on this subject. The meeting took place; and spiry steeples and burning meteors were exchanged—but without effect: the affair was compromised. But mine—I will not compare it with the Pyramids. I will merely observe, that if it should acquire, either from time or the table, any other form or hue, it must inevitably be handsomer than it is. I shall close this part of my subject by saying, that my mouth seems cut in my face like a keyhole; that Mr. Kean has completely failed in his imitation of my legs in “Richard;” and that my feet very much resemble those which we frequently encounter in modern poetry, being sadly deficient in quantity when compared with each other.

After the incident related above, of my rival and representative the griffin, and his frightened and fainting patrons, the reader will be surprised to learn that I am an especial favourite in all societies; and that the more delightful as well as more discerning sex, in particular, has invariably received me with favour and partiality. I am, in fact, one of the most popular men of my day. A party is hardly considered complete without me. I take precedence of the youthful and the elegant. You will always find me in the loveliest, the liveliest, and the least superficial circle in the room. I attract about me the gay and the romantic—

the sentimental and the impassioned; all sects and parties, from the grave dowager to the graceful damsel. Mind, I am not hired like a genius or a juggler, who is expected to amuse in proportion to the honours that are paid him. I am not employed either to attract visitors or to frighten them away. My face is not my fortune. And yet I am hunted as a curiosity, and carried about like a new poet or a new shawl, and shewn to every body. But for what? I do not write songs—nor have I made any useless discovery in science. Of art, I am too ignorant even to talk fashionably upon it; nor am I sufficiently acquainted with the names of the old masters to pretend to admire them. “To be able to dance well,” says some great author, “requires a good understanding;” it also requires legs—which the articles that assist me in walking cannot with correctness be called. Of music I know little: I used to play on the flute; but a superstitious lady having been thrown into hysterics by the expression of my face during the performance, I have since thought proper to desist. As for my singing—it would only remind you of a frog imitating a blackbird, or affecting to hum “I’d be a butterfly!” There is some secret, then, by which ugliness may be made fascinating, and the absence of every accomplishment eminently profitable? There is—and I shall at once give this secret to the world, for the benefit of the ordinary and the uninvited. It consists simply in this singular fact—that I never in my life happened to read any one of the Scotch novels! This forms my character; I am known as “the gentleman who never read ‘Waverley’!” I live upon the *nil admirari*—I flourish upon nothing. I do not know “Salathiel” from “Pelham,” and my popularity is consequently prodigious. I am the first person singular—the curiosity of the hour. Every body is contending who shall get me into a corner to describe to me Amy Robsart or Mac Ivor. I am like the New World—all are anxious to cultivate me. My ignorance is universally coveted—to know is to be nothing. People are dying for the delight that awaits me on the first reading. How I am envied! All leave me with an impression that I am exceedingly well informed, because they have communicated to me every thing that they happen to know up to that period. I am locked into boudoirs and private rooms. Consultations are held as to which novel I am to read first, and at what part I am to begin to be enchanted. At one visit they unfold to me the entire plot; at another, they are all impatience to know how far I have read, and what my sensations were when I came to a particular chapter; at the third, they meet me on the stairs, to ask if I had the least idea of its being so interesting, and whether I am not perfectly enraptured.

Amidst these flattering successes, I am of course exposed to some annoyances. There are those that take a pride to gird at me—as men did at Falstaff. But my triumph is no less complete—I have captivated the loveliest of her sex. She writes romances, and I have promised to read none but hers. I am to furnish her with perpetual ideas for her corsairs and bandits: she will never want a demon while I live. But having accomplished my first object, by introducing myself at full length to the reader, I will proceed to my story.

My hopes of happiness just alluded to had not yet received a confirmation. I was in hourly expectation of a decision, and flattered myself—except when I happened to be standing near a mirror—that it would be favourable. My anxiety increased to the highest pitch, when I was informed that my fate would be decided as soon as the sentiments of a

rich relative should be known, and that in five days an answer should be sent. Well, five days were not quite an eternity; it was only to wait with patience—the hour would come. My heart beat responses to the clock, and ticked as if it had been warranted. I watched every hour that came, as a debtor does a dun, and was thankful when it was gone. Five days—twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth—it would be the fourteenth of the month. Memorable date! I fancied myself in my fourteenth year, and that I was going to be bound apprentice to Pan or Apollo. Nothing but delight was before me. There seemed to be no number beyond fourteen; that formed the sum-total of my arithmetic and my anxiety. Yet it appeared to contain more figures than the national debt; I thought it never would come. At last, however, it arrived. Heavens! what a discovery I then made: it was the commencement of a new hebdomad; it was a *dies non*; it was, in short, Sunday! I found it out by the title of my newspaper on the breakfast table. Watching for the fourteenth, I had overlooked the days of the week. I read the paper completely through, down to the printer's name, to revenge myself on my stupidity. The day, however, departed in the usual way; the sun sunk, and, to my great satisfaction, rose again. Now, then, for my letter. "Letitia," said I (these girls get such fine names), "you may bring up my coffee; and mind, I expect a letter this morning; pray let me have it the moment it comes." The girl stared at first, and then I believe almost tittered. "There has been one already, sir."—"There has!" exclaimed I, in a rapture; "never mind the coffee now; put that down immediately, and bring me the letter." She indulged me with another stare, and treated herself with another internal titter. "Oh! I refused it, sir," said she, with an air of discretion, and a smile that betrayed much satisfaction with herself, and surprise at my emotion. "Refused it! furies! when? why?"—"It came by the eight o'clock post, sir. I thought it was a valentine, and that of course *you* would not take it in." This was said with a significant glance at my figure, intimating, in very good English, that she considered me a fair subject for a quiz; and that the epistle she had, with so much tenderness for me, rejected, was a dispatch not from Cupid, but from Momus. I was in a violent rage, but I smothered it in its birth. I felt an earthquake within me, but stood firm. It was not so much at the girl's good-humoured glance, and the commiseration with which she regarded me, as at the loss of my letter, and the situation I was in, in expecting an epistle of such importance upon such a day. I summoned my wits, and held a select vestry in my mind. The result was inevitable; I was obliged to take in every letter that came, until the right one arrived. I communicated this determination to Letty, with instructions to deliver them to me without delay. "Certainly, sir," said she, "and if I had known that you take such things in, I would not have refused the one that came this morning—but I have seen rather handsome gentlemen send them back."

Determined not to be disconcerted by this incident, but to wait at home the whole day, I drew my chair almost into the fire, and invented a plan for laying out my grounds—when I got them; and then I longed for the lease to arrive—or in other words, for the letter! The post-hour came, and—*Heu mihi!* what an inundation of dispatches! I forget how many—some at twopence, some at threepence—none paid! The whole Post-Office establishment, backed by the Stationers' Company, had

conspired to prey upon me. Like the letters of the alphabet, which they exceeded in number, there were no two alike. Some were folded very mysteriously, and tortured into geometrical forms; others were not folded at all, but looked as if they had been doubled in the dark. The seals were no less multiform, and were graced by every impression from a sixpence to a key. There was, however, a surprising unanimity in their contents; they all struck at me with some silly satire. But it was quite in vain. Nature had done so much for me, that my enemies could not by any possibility caricature me. I wished that these were indeed my portraits: instead of scorning them, I contemplated them with envy. All that I regretted was, that the real letter, the Ariel among these mischievous imps, did not appear. I waited till the next post; to my dismay, the dose was repeated—"the mixture as before." Here they were again, some directed at the right-hand corner, and others at the left—many bearing the insignia of a button, and more of a thimble. I opened them one by one; and Letty found or feigned something to do about the room, in order to catch a glance at their contents, and to see how I bore my misfortunes. Every one I came to increased my disappointment. I looked for "South Audley-street" at the top, and "sincerely your's" at the bottom, in vain. Letty observed the change of countenance that attended the opening of these seals. She felt for me—I saw it in her face. She is really a kind creature, for she never laughs out even when I look serious. When I opened the last, and beheld a coloured nose extending all across the page, with "turn over" written beneath it, tears of disappointment gushed into my eyes. Letty attributed my grief to the sight I had just witnessed; she ventured to speak. "I wish you hadn't taken them in, sir; it's a shame that they're all so! I did think you would have had *one* rose, or a true lover's knot; and I'm sure if I'd known, and had thought you wouldn't have been offended, I'd have sent you one myself—with some verses out of Tasso, made by a friend of mine, a governess, that knows French very well."

After thanking Letty for all her intended kindness, I desired her to let me have the result of the next delivery. It was to the same effect as the preceding—they were roseless, torchless, heartless and dartless. Above all, they brought with them no redeeming companion, no saving clause or accompaniment, that, like a delightful air, might make even nonsense endurable. They were a flock of ravens—but where was my promised dove! My mortification rose twenty per cent. I paced up and down my apartment, ruminating upon philosophy and the post-office—on ill-directed love and mis-directed letters. At length the final double-knock was heard—the last delivery had arrived. The sound came upon me like the tolling of a bell; it announced the death of my hopes. Another moment, and a step is heard on the stairs, hurried and agitated. The door is flung back, and a packet of letters placed on the table—with four pence out of a half-crown that had paid for them. The door is shut again, and the candles brought nearer to me;—the seals are broken—the paper rent asunder. My eye glances rapidly over them one after another; my hand drops them tremblingly upon the table—the last wafer gives way—I turn paler than the paper, and sink back in my chair exhausted. It was not among them.

In this state of stupor I continued for an hour or two, when I rose, and once more paced the apartment. I began to sing, but a servant tapping at the door to tell me that her mistress had heard a strange

noise, and desired to know if anything was the matter, induced me to abandon this mode of cultivating my miseries. On looking in the glass, I beheld my features for the first time with complacency and satisfaction. They seemed to be the true outward and visible sign of the tempest that raged within. I saw—I felt—that I was “like no brother.” I could not help entertaining a belief that the ties that bound others did not extend to me—and I resolved to terminate my wretchedness at once. How could I live with such a face as mine! how should I look in old age—solitary and frightful! And then—wondering how Chabert could be so foolish as to refuse prussic-acid—a thing that seemed to me the elixir—I rushed out in search of it.

Many were the shops I visited—but I was not so lucky as Romeo; our apothecaries are too well off. Some considered me a madman—others seemed to think me far too demoniac to stand in need of such remedies, and that I was only tempting them to perdition. All refused. At last I found a shop with a boy whistling behind the counter. I made a desperate effort to be agreeable, and pleaded some experiments in natural philosophy—but he denied me like the rest. I begged for a little laudanum for the tooth-ache; the earnestness of my manner, I suppose, alarmed him, and he recommended tincture of myrrh. I gave him a look that I have no doubt haunts him to this day. As I stood on the step hesitating which way to go, I recollected a chemist of whom I had sufficient knowledge to calculate upon his consent; with him in some way or other I should effect my purpose. His house was only a street or two off, and I accordingly hastened thither. We chatted together about coughs and the currency, the weather and the Duke of Wellington. But, in spite of every effort, I could not introduce my subject. I reflected upon the trouble into which he would be brought by my death—to bring a person whom I knew into collision with a coroner would be selfish and cruel. My heart failed me; and, after one or two fruitless efforts to accomplish my request, I had only fortitude enough to ask for an ounce of acidulated drops! He wrapped up my change in paper, and I was again left in the world without a hope.

I now began to revolve in my mind the various modes of dying which human genius has invented. Drowning I entertained a particular aversion to—besides, the water was so extremely cold. Pistols occurred to me—but then I am no sportsman, and could never make sure of my aim. My razors I recollected required setting; but the instant this objection crossed my mind, I turned my head and saw that I was passing a cutler’s shop. I went in and selected a new set. They were not polished, and I could not have them that night. They were to be sent to me the next morning—certainly not later than nine. I consented to live till that hour. I felt relieved, and more satisfied with myself; and in this state returned home. Here, the first thing that met my sight was the hideous pile of letters—a Mont Blanc of paper, under which all my hopes lay buried. I calculated what they had cost me—and seventeen and sixpence sank deep into my soul. I vowed revenge. A flush of triumph pervaded my mind as I contemplated the pleasure of burning them. This was succeeded by a profounder thought;—why not set fire to the house, and perish like Sardanapalus! A moment’s consideration, however, convinced me that I had no right to do this, as I was only a lodger. Musing on the letters, I reflected upon the happy, the enviable lot of a twopenny-postman. He knows not the sickness of

hope deferred ; he never experienced what it is to open an unpleasant letter, or to wait for an agreeable one that has never been written. He has no letters—no correspondents of his own ; he has only to take twopences, not to pay them. How superior seemed the fortune of the man who had delivered these dispatches (probably a good-looking person), to mine, who had received them ! The contents of them were nothing to him—he looked only at the direction. He dreamed not of the agitation which his knock produced ; he presented the letter with a firm hand—while mine trembled as it touched the seal. It might bring tidings of the loss of friends—or of money ; and welcome for him—twopence being the boundary of his sympathies, the alpha and omega of his imagination. His bag and mind empty, he had gone home (perhaps in the omnibus) to his wife, whose kind heart and careful fingers were counting the copper for him into shilling piles ! Whilst I—but I could not trust myself to look at the picture. I had no wife ! I seized the letters and thrust them separately into the flames, to protract my entertainment. At last I became impatient, and consigned two or three at a time to destruction. The funeral pyre flourished—the coals crackled—the blaze ascended. I sate and surveyed it with a smile strengthened by a substratum of malice and revenge. But presently, in the midst of my enjoyment, I perceived that though the flames subsided, a sort of smothered light remained. I turned an inquisitive glance up the chimney—it was on fire ! What was my consternation at that moment ! I felt my brain spin round. An unnatural glare was thrown on the walls of the apartment—I shuddered at my own shadow. In a few minutes the house was alarmed ; the servants burst into my room, and saw the rug and fender covered with the fragments of my letters. They then rushed up stairs, to the roof of the house, with water ; thither, half-distracted, I followed them. The night being cold, my great-coat was brought to me ; and, in my confusion, I thrust it first into a tub of water, and then down the chimney ! After a little time the fire was extinguished, the crowd soon dispersed, the engines reluctantly retreated, and the house was restored to tranquillity.

In this calm, however, I had no share ; the events of the night had only confirmed my resolution, and I anxiously looked forward to the hour of nine, when my purchase of the preceding evening would arrive. Soothed by this reflection, I retired to bed—and to broken slumbers. I beheld nothing but scarlet coats and leather bags—a legion of postmen ;—I was wandering in a hall lined with looking-glass, that reflected my own figure a thousand times over ;—I was committed for trial for placing my portrait in the Royal Academy, to the great injury of the nerves of several persons of distinction. When I awoke it was very near nine—only a few minutes remained for me. My eyes fell upon the glass, and I gave the last shudder of disgust at the unhappy features that had involved me in ruin. The delay of the cutler rendered me impatient. I wondered what the papers would say the next morning, and whether they would publish woodcuts. Unconsciously I took up the wet sheet before me, to read my final debate. Underneath it lay—mysterious providence!—a letter. To seize it, to break it open, to devour it, was the work of an instant : it realized my fondest, my wildest dream. It was dated on the thirteenth ; but on Sunday there were no letters, on Monday too many ; the delay was clearly explained—it had just been delivered. At the same moment, Letty entered the

room. "Your razors are come, sir."—"Very well," said I; "then let me have some hot water, for I must dress directly."

I hobbled like Vulcan to his Venus. She is a splendid creature, and writes poetry so intelligibly, that you would hardly know it from prose. She possesses great originality of taste; for she does not think me at all too ugly—for a German tale. It is a maxim of hers that mediocrity even in ugliness is despicable. We are to be married on the First of April—the title of her next romance. Letty, who has a notion of literature, goes with us into the country.—Reader, whosoever you are, let this be at once your affliction and your balm—that you are less happy and less ugly than I am.

B.

THE EXISTING DISABILITIES OF THE JEWS IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

In the year 1753 the ministry gave their sanction to a bill enabling all foreign Jews, settling in England, to obtain letters of naturalization; the previous obstruction having been the necessity of their receiving the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The bill passed; but the public feeling was against it; circumstances raised this feeling into open violence, the ministry shrunk from resisting the national impulse, and the bill was speedily repealed. Since that period no effective effort has been made to influence the legislature on the subject of the Jews. They remain exposed to formidable civil disabilities.—In the first place, the usage of the corporation of London withholds from Jews the freedom of the city, and thus prevents them from exercising retail trades within its limits. And this, though but a *local* injury, yet becomes of the highest importance, when we recollect the magnitude of London, its influence on the country, and its being the chief residence of the British Jews.

The great general impediment to the Jewish possession of the rights of citizenship in the British islands, is the oath of abjuration, which, in denying the supremacy of any foreign potentate over England, pledges the taker of the oath, "on the faith of a *Christian*!" The taking of this oath, and of the oath of allegiance, on the holy evangelists, alike renders it obnoxious to the Jew. The oath of abjuration, containing the allusion to "the faith of a Christian," of course cannot be taken by a conscientious Jew; and by this impediment he is precluded from sitting in parliament; his vote may be refused at elections; he cannot practise at the bar as either barrister, attorney, or notary; he cannot even act as school-master or constable. An annual Indemnity Bill may protect him against penalties, as it did the dissenters before the repeal of the Test Act; but in all instances, where the oath must be taken *before* the office is assumed, it obviously acts as a direct disqualification. Another, though minor, disqualification arises from the 13th and 14th of Charles II., requiring persons who teach in private houses to have a license from the bishop of the diocese. Protestant dissenters and papists were relieved from this statute by the 31st of George III. Jews are still liable to it; and cases might easily arise in which it would form an obstruction.

It is a striking circumstance, that the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, by 9th George IV., should have actually placed the Jew in a worse condition than he was before. Until the year 1828, he might, like other non-conformists, have been protected by the annual act of Indemnity, in all cases where the oath of abjuration was not to be taken until after the assumption of the office. But the declaration which was substituted for the

abjuration oath contains the phrase, "on the true faith of a Christian," and is, therefore, still incompatible with the feelings of the Jew. There is now no bill of Indemnity, and he remains under the weight from which the late statute has relieved all but the Jew. But, by inability to make this declaration, he is actually excluded from all corporate offices, and all places under government.

In addition, it is still a question, whether the Jews are, even now, within the privileges of the Toleration Act, (1 W. and M., c. 18). That act, which was for the protection (from heavy penalties for non-attendance on the church service) of all non-conformists, except papists, and "*such as denied the Trinity*," obviously excluded the Jew from its protection. It may seem that by the statute of 1813, repealing the clause which contained the words, "*such as denied the Trinity*," the Jew was taken within its boundary. But the point is by no means settled, and the Jew remains liable to the chance of vexation on the statute. The conception, however, that a natural-born English Jew *cannot* be a possessor of real property, is a vulgar error, the opinions of the ablest lawyers having long decided the question. In the present time Sugden, Butler, Preston, and Humphreys, have distinctly expressed their opinions in the affirmative.

We have followed in this statement Mr. F. H. Goldsmid's intelligent pamphlet, as the most unequivocal evidence of the objects which the English-born Jew proposes in his appeal to the legislature. The boon which he asks is twofold: 1st. The removal of any doubts existing, relative to the operation of the Toleration Act, and the statute of 1813; 2nd. A statute allowing the omission, by English-born Jews, of the words "*upon the true faith of a Christian*," in taking the abjuration oath or the Declaration. To this it might be advantageous to add the direction, that all oaths administered to the Jew should be administered on the Old Testament, as they at present are in courts of justice.

We can see nothing irrational in these demands, nothing hazardous to the constitution, and nothing offensive to the religion of England. For the Jew is not bound by his tenets to overthrow protestantism in any shape. He is not chained neck and heels to the footstool of a foreign potentate, who looks upon protestantism as revolt, and who looks upon the revolvers as punishable by the sword and the flame, should chance ever give him the power. The Jew is not bound to make proselytes, by the belief that the making of proselytes secures his own soul from the penalties of the future world; that it is the only way to save the soul of the heretic from final ruin; and that to secure both results it is justifiable to use the extremities of persecution; or, in other words, to "consume the body for the sake of the soul." On those grounds we separate the claims of the Jew, by the broadest line, from the claims of the papist. To toleration we are the most unhesitating friends—to toleration on the largest scale—a total avoidance of every restraint upon a man's communion with religious things—a sacred sufferance of perfect freedom in his mode of address to the common Father and Lord of All! We resisted the demands of the papist, not as requiring religious freedom, for religious freedom he possessed in the fullest extent; but as compromising the safety of the state, as admitting into the councils, by which the protestant religion of England was to be protected, an influence always directly hostile to protestantism, and which is at this hour anticipating the period when it shall maintain a deadly struggle with our religion and constitution in their very temple. "Tolerate all religions," says Locke,

in his famous essay on "Toleration," "tolerate all religions *but Popery!* for popery tolerates none!" We resisted its demands, for the additional and still higher reason, that, seeing it denounced, in the most solemn words of Holy Writ, as the grand corruption of Christianity, which was to be suffered for a while, only for the trial of the human heart, and was finally to be extinguished by the open and tremendous vengeance of Heaven; the attempt to raise it into the place of power and honour was a national pledge to its support, and a public scorn of the high denunciations which had forewarned us of its offence to Heaven, and of its determined fall. Those reasons are as strong with us as ever; they were founded on neither party nor passion; and they will survive both: our opinions were not formed on the fluctuating policy of man; and they are not to be shaken by the temporary triumph of men, from whose principles we shrink with still more instinctive disdain, as their success urges on the crisis of their country.

But we can discover no sufficient reason why the Jew, if a natural-born subject of Great Britain, should not possess every privilege attached to so fortunate a distinction. He already exercises one office, which is, perhaps, more important to society than any other that England contemplates; he sits on juries, and thus decides on life and fortune. We are not aware that he has exhibited any unfitness for this important trust; and the chief qualities which it demands are satisfactory evidences of his fitness for the other general trusts of the commonwealth. We unhesitatingly lay down the principle, that religious opinions are not justifiable obstructions to public employments or national privileges, except where out of those religious opinions political prejudices or hostilities grow. To such exceptions the papist is as obviously exposed as the Jew is not; and on this ground we say, that the exclusion of the Jew is not less an act of injustice to himself, than a wrong to the country which is deprived of the public services of a portion of its people. As to any fear that the public councils may be perverted by the overflow of Jews into the legislature, the idea is chimerical. The Jews are a small community; in general a very poor one; and in general a very secluded and unambitious one. They have no party stimulant to urge them to faction, and the strong probability is, that if half a dozen of them became Members of Parliament, it would be the full number, and that of those the attention would be much more turned to commercial than political details. The whole population of the Jews in England is estimated under 30,000. The religious maxim of the Jews is also directly adverse to public disturbance. "Seek ye the peace of the city where ye dwell, and pray for it, for in the peace thereof ye shall have peace!" The Jew looks upon himself as of too distinct, and perhaps of too superior a race, to make the struggles for popular rank in other nations of much interest to him; he retains a good deal of the original impression of the patriarchal age of sojourning and pilgrimage; and, looking, like his great forefather, to a glorious consummation in his original land, feels but few of the stings that rouse other men to force their way to eminence up the perilous path of human passions. The Jew has been often a victim to popular violence or to regal rapacity; but it is remarkable, that during the long period of their residence in the British empire, there has been no Jewish insurrection. Mr. Goldsmid asserts, that there has not been even a single instance of a Jew being,—“he does not say guilty, but even suspected, of any offence against the state.”

If the wealth of the Jews be a subject of alarm to those who naturally desire to see Christianity take the lead in a Christian Legislature, the answer is, that the Jews, as a body, are, perhaps, next to the gipsies, the poorest body in England. A few of their community are always men of great wealth. Yet even that wealth is liable to strange fluctuations, and there seems to be something in the nature of Jewish opulence that always and in all countries prohibits it from taking the shape of solid and publicly influential property. But if alarms still exist, the Jew is ready to offer the strongest declaration that British law can require, as his assurance against disturbing the Religion or Constitution of England. He is ready substantially to take all the Oaths demanded of Dissenters; his only objection being to the phrase, "on the faith of a Christian"—a clause which must be altogether inefficient as to any security in his instance, if he were to adopt it; but which his national belief prohibits him to adopt.

It is observable that the admission of the Jew to all political privileges has been established during the last twenty years in France and Holland; and is almost cœval with the rise of the United States. This is no argument for its establishment here, from the difference of our Legislature. But the conduct of the Jew under the possession of those privileges in foreign countries, is entitled to rank among the probabilities of his future conduct here. And it is found that the sober and unambitious habits of the Jew have undergone no change by this participation of power. No Jewish interest has displayed itself in any of the Legislatures of the States into which they have formally gained admission.

To the question, why the Jews have not exerted themselves at an earlier period, or why they do not now press their claims more forcibly upon the public, the answer is not altogether easy; probably they have seen the Legislature too much occupied with the Dissenters and Roman Catholics, to expect much attention; probably, with that indelible pride which marks the character of the Jew, they have been reluctant to mingle their claims with those of other modes of belief; probably their desire for popular privileges is considerably restrained by the notorious existence of a strong body of opinion among them, which deprecates all public privileges, as injurious to the purity of their religious tenets, and looks to no final establishment but in the land of their fathers. At all events their moderation in pursuit of privileges may be fairly assumed as an evidence of their future moderation in the use of them.

But to all objections on the ground of religious difference, the answer is direct and irresistible. Christianity forbids all persecution, and allows no attempt on the faith of men by personal injury. In the first place, because the spirit of Christianity is benevolence; and in the second, because all such attempts, where they succeed, produce only hypocrisy, as, where they fail, they produce injury and unhappiness. That the Jews have long been persecuted, is the scandal of Christendom. But it was not by Christianity that they were persecuted. Their blood was upon the hands of rapacity, of tyranny, of furious prejudice, of brutal ignorance—not of Christianity. The men who dragged the unfortunate Jew to the scaffold, or crushed his limbs on the rack, or looked on as they were burned to cinders on the pile, were the same who slew or racked, or burned the Albigenses, and the early Protestants of Germany and Flanders. Men to whom the Bible was a sealed book, and who were sent forth by Rome to lay waste the early Church, and who were the sworn

enemies of all creeds but their own idolatrous and sanguinary superstition. In all Protestant countries all actual cruelties to the Jew may be said to have ceased with the commencement of the Reformation; and the example of Protestantism has, for a century past, sheltered him from the old violences of Popery. Yet, in the Popish countries he is still an object of especial insult. His confinement in the Ghetto, at Rome, and his compulsory attendance at the periodical sermons of the monks, whose zeal is measured by the force of their animadversions on their unwilling hearers, is a relique of their slavery, and an evidence of the spirit that would lay waste its victims on the first burst of popular rage or priestly fanaticism. On the part of Christianity, we wholly disclaim all right or desire of forcing human consent by human evil. Christianity is common sense elevated by divine obedience. It knows the folly of persecution, and would, on that ground, disdain to use it. But it knows the crime, and what it would refuse, as an abuse of reason, it abjures and abhors as a direct breach of the first law of religion.

It will be fully admitted, that the habits of the Jew have seldom lessened the prejudices of society. His determined separation, his peculiar ceremonial, his exclusive tenets, and his unequivocal assumption of a religious superiority, which some consider as ignorance and some as insult, have sternly prohibited him from entering within the social pale. His occupations, generally connected with the lowest livelihood; his avidity of trade, down to the most repulsive sources of gain; that love of money which has characterised him in every age of Europe, and has seemed to supersede every love of the honours of literature, the arts, and all those manly and graceful pursuits in which a high heart or a vigorous mind naturally solicits distinction; have nearly flung him out of the reach of public feeling. But much of this character must be accounted for by the difficulties of his position.

The legal disabilities which still beset the Jew, in the principal countries of Europe, shut him out from the career of a more honourable ambition. Trade, in some shape or other, has been left to him as his only resource. In the early ages of England and the Continent, the tyranny of the government would have instantly extinguished all his property, had he ventured to place it in a less transferrable shape than commerce. The doors of the law and the legislature were closed against him. Almost the whole range of professional life was closed against him. Trade was his only resource, and unless he were content to perish in the streets, he must be the thing that we have made him. It has been idly asserted that usury is a part of his nature. Yet, in his own land, the Jew was the least guilty of this vice, among mankind. While usury was the common practice of all other nations, and the chief source of misery, ending in tumults and revolutions, it was unknown in Judea. Even to take interest of any kind of one of the community of Israel, was a solemn prohibition of their law. Among all the nations bordering on the Mediterranean, they were also the least commercial. They saw the wealth of the East borne by their doors,—yet they seem to have felt no wish to share a traffic which has enriched in succession the chief nations of Europe and Asia. They were in all their institutes and habits an agricultural people. And, with the change of circumstances, they would probably return to a change of habits so strongly urged by their law, by their natural desire to throw off the past imputation, and by the original fondness of all mankind for that life of health, cheerfulness, and

innocent indulgence, which is reserved alone for the "sitter under his own vine, and his own fig-tree."

What public advantages may be derived from the admission of the Jew into the full rights of the Constitution must be decided by the future. But some good *must* result from turning into the various and nobler channels of the Commonwealth the powers which have been hitherto so rigorously and successfully exercised in the most unpopular one. That for a long period the chief pursuit of the Jew will be trade, and chiefly that branch of trade in which his foreign connexions and personal knowledge give him such peculiar advantages, we cannot doubt. But we can as little doubt, that by degrees the passion for mere accumulation will be superseded by the more generous enjoyments of wealth; that the Jew, feeling himself a citizen, will feel a growing gratification in contributing to the good and honour of his country; and that, among the rising generation, there will be found individuals not insensible to the noble stimulants of public and patriotic life. Genius is impartially distributed among the sons of men, and probably many a powerful mind may have been buried in the routine of the counting-house, or many a "fine spirit, finely touched," may have wanted only the "occasions clear" for the spreading of a wing which was fettered and unplumed by the consciousness of exclusion. But let the results be what they may, the true question with us is one of Duty! To give the Jew every freedom from personal or public injury is the dictate of our Faith. We rejoice to see that the measure is about to be brought forward in a substantial shape in the Legislature. We can anticipate no rational objection to it in politics;—we unhesitatingly disavow all resistance to it on the ground of religion. In its success we shall congratulate the Jew on the acquisition of a just claim; we shall still more congratulate the Christian on the triumph of the unsullied principles of Christianity!

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

HAIL! thou March of Intellect!
 Dear to every vagrant sect;
 Dear to all the New Light School—
 Compound rich of knave and fool!
 Dear to all "feelosophers"—
 Asses of supremest ears!
 Dear to every rambling scribe,
 Roving Southward for his bribe!
 Dear to all the race of Macs,
 (With their fortunes on their backs)!
 Dear to all the Irish O's,
 Bursting out their patriot prose!
 Scot unbreeched, unshod Milesian,
 Coming, like the old Ephesian,
 By the dagger or the flame,
 Seeking a short cut to fame.

Hail! thou March of Intellect!
 Brougham will ne'er thy praise neglect,
 While he lords it o'er the geese,
 (Sage at sixpences a piece),

Who in learned committees dabble,
 Stewing science for the rabble ;
 Teaching coalheavers the art,
 (Dear to Jack Macculloch's heart),
 Worthy of such men of *weight*,
 How to *carry* on the State ;
 Pouring on the barber's soul
 Light that spreads from *pole to pole* ;
 Cutting from the tailor's mind
Pattern morals for mankind ;
 Where the brawny butcher dozes
 In the hum of kindred noses,
 Stirring in his stagnant blood
 Passion for poetic food,
 Till he slices bone and chine,
 To the tale of Troy divine ;
 Pouring on the nightman's eye
Secrets of humanity ;
 Whispering deep to travelling tinkers
 (Souls confined too long in winkers)
 Theories sublimely penned,
 All the nation's *flaws* to mend.

Hail ! thou March of Intellect !
 In thy summer-badges deckt,
 May Apostates, out and in,
 Ropes of sand eternal spin !
 May the scoundrels be *rewarded*,
 Still unpensioned, still unlorded !
 May eternal itch of place
 Sink them deeper in disgrace ;
 Cheat them more, the more they stoop ;
 To the lowest dupes, the dupe ;
 Hourly more a laughing-stock ;
 Blockheads of the thickest block ;
 Dragging up the self-same stone ;
 Calling not their souls their own ;
 Gulping down their hourly bile ;
 Living on a great man's smile ;
 Writhing on the tenter-hooks ;
 Agonized by hints and looks ;
 Still the tantalizing prize
 Ever dancing in their eyes,
 Forcing them to bear the chain,
 Though it wring them heart and brain ;
 Though the beggar in his lair
 Well might shrink their feast to share ;
 Though the liver of their life
 Well might pray the speedy knife ;
 Still, condemned the pang to feel,
 Rolling round the fiery wheel ;
 Stretching forth the eager grasp,
 Still the cheating prize to clasp ;
 Gnawed in soul by hourly care,
 Denied the mercy of despair !—
 Till, when Scorn has done its worst,
 The wretches see the bubble burst,
 To poison or the pistol fly,
 And vindicate the earth and sky !

THE PROGRESS OF PHYSICAL DISCOVERY.—PART II.

(Concluded from page 28.)

IN 1818, chemistry was enriched by two entirely new substances, brought to light by two Swedish chemists. The former was found by Arfvedson, in a stone called petallite: it is both metallic and alkaline—that is, its oxyde is a fixed alkali, and it has received the name of *lithion*. The latter was discovered by the celebrated Berzelius, in a manufactory of sulphuric acid at Falun; it is both metallic and acidifiable, of a grey colour, yielding a red powder by trituration, and more analogous to sulphur than any other mineral. It bears the name of *selenium*, and has hitherto been perceived in so extremely small quantities, that it seems natural to believe that further researches may probably deprive it of its rank as an elementary substance. Vauquelin's examination of Prussian blue in this year is highly memorable, having led, among other results, to the discovery of an acid, called cyanic acid. The experiments of MM. Chevillot and Edouard upon that singular combination of oxyde of manganese and potash—called, from its facility in assuming different colours, mineral cameleon—led them to conclude that the intervention of oxygen in the formation of cameleon tends to oxydise the manganese, and convert it into a real acid; so that cameleon is a manganesiate of potash; red cameleon being a manganesiate perfectly neuter, and green a manganesiate with an excess of alkali. Another acid was detected also, in this year, called *pyromucic*, by M. Hontou-Labillardiere, in the saline matter produced by the sublimation of the mucic acid yielded by sugar of milk, and which appears to have been confounded by Tromsdorf with succinic acid. Fertile as this period had already been in acids, there was yet another ascertained by M. Chevreul, in the continuation of his researches into soap and fat, which was distinguished by the name of the *delphinic*.

The science of meteorology, from the irregularity of the atmospheric phenomena, especially in our climate, is yet very far distant from the rank of a positive science. Every additional observation, however, increases its importance; and we are especially indebted to that indefatigable and enlightened naturalist, the Baron Humboldt, for his remarks made this year in the torrid zone, in whose climate the atmospheric phenomena are the most simple and regular. Baron Humboldt directed his attention to the connexion between the declination of the sun and the commencement of the rains in the north part of the torrid zone. As soon as the sun approaches within one league of the tropic, the breezes from the north are replaced by calms, or winds from the S.E.; the transparency of the air diminishes; the unequal refraction of its settings makes the stars shine at 20 degrees below the horizon; the vapours gather together in clouds, and thunder is frequently heard. These phenomena he explains by the inequality which exists between this part of the torrid zone and the adjoining temperate zone. When the sun is to the south of the equator, it is the winter of the northern hemisphere; and the air of the temperate zone is as different as possible from that of the torrid. It flows constantly into the former in a fresh breeze, which carries the hot and damp air into the height of the atmosphere, whence it returns, re-establishing the equilibrium, and bringing with it moisture: the average heat also is less by five or six degrees in the time of drought than in the time of rain; but the south-east winds do not act like those of the north, because they come from a hemisphere abounding more

with water, and over which the current of superior air does not disperse itself in the same manner as in the northern hemisphere.

There are few names more celebrated in chemistry than that of Berzelius, Secretary of the Academy of Stockholm, whose work on the Theory of Chemical Proportions, and the Chemical Influence of Electricity, was the first that fixed our ideas on those two fundamental points—the relative disposition of the elementary particles of bodies when arrived at a settled combination, and the impulsive force which conducts them to that state, or which obliges them to change it and re-unite themselves in new combinations, either among themselves or with particles of other kinds. The theory of Berzelius supposes the existence of homogeneous substances, formed of atoms or particles of matter, not, indeed, absolutely indivisible, but upon which no mechanical power can effect any further division; and when the chemical forces are equally powerless, the atom is then, as Berzelius calls it, simple. In the inorganic kingdom, the first order of composition results only from the union of atoms of two kinds; in the organic kingdom, on the contrary, there are always at least three. The atoms composed of the first order unite in their turn into atoms of the second, and those again into atoms of the third and fourth; but the tendency of atoms to unite diminishes in proportion as their composition augments. For them to act, indeed, beyond a certain degree of composition, circumstances are required over which man has no controul; and although nature may annually have formed, and perhaps continues to form in the bowels of the earth minerals of a very complicated composition, though chemically homogenous, art is able to produce nothing similar in the rapid operations of chemical laboratories. Berzelius, in tracing the causes which assemble or disperse atoms, has greatly modified the doctrine of Lavoisier, which attributed all combustion to a combination of oxygen with bodies, and the heat produced to the disengagement of the latent caloric which kept the oxygen in a gaseous state before its combination. He showed that other causes of a higher and more general nature were to be looked for, and it is by means of the chemical action of electricity, in the discovery of which he himself had no inconsiderable share, that he recognized these causes. They consist in the electro-chemical affinities of bodies; oxygen, acids, &c. being of the negative character, and hydrogen, alkalis, and salifiable bases, being what are called electro-positive. Thus the combination, or mutual neutralization of chemical agents would be a direct effect of the two kinds of electricity; and heat and combustion produced by combination would be of the same nature as when caused by lightning or an electric shock, and a stronger affinity would be only a greater intensity of polarization. Berzelius's new Nomenclature, and his new System of Classification of Minerals, which first became known to Europe, by translation, in 1819, may be ranked with his System of Proportions, as some of the most valuable additions to physical science made in our time.

MM. Gay-Lussac and Welther, in 1819, discovered an acid, formed by the union of sulphur and oxygen, intermediate, between sulphuric and sulphurous acid. It was named *hypo-sulphuric*, and its salts, *hypo-sulphates*. Thenard succeeded in his endeavours to oxygenize water, so far as to saturate it entirely, by making it absorb 616 times its bulk of oxygen gas. Several animal matters, besides metals, possess the power of thus acting upon water, which makes these researches important not

only to chemistry, but to physiology, on account of their analogy with the mysterious phenomena of the animal secretions. Two new vegetable alkalis, called *strychnine* and *brucine*, were, in this year, recognized by Pelletier and Caventon; a third, by Boullai, in the poppy of the Levant; and a fourth, by Vauquelin, in the *Daphne-mezereum*, which, together with morphine, of which we have spoken, form an important acquisition to chemistry. They are composed of oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, and are a striking instance of the opposite means by which nature arrives at similar effects. Potash soda, and other mineral salifiable bases, are metallic oxides; ammoniac is a combination of hydrogen and nitrogen; and here are salifiable bases composed of merely hydrogen, carbon, and oxygen, elements which enter into various other kinds of vegetables which have no connection with alkalis.

In 1820, our countryman, Mr. Porrett, in his *Researches upon Prussian Blue, and its Combinations*, discovered that the salt, known as triple prussiate of potash, was composed of potash and a peculiar acid which combines the elements of prussic acid and oxide of iron. M. Roubiquet subsequently found that this acid contains no oxygen, and that the iron is consequently in it in a metallic state; he considered it as made of hydrocyanic acid and cyanure of iron, and that its union with peroxyde of iron is Prussian blue. In this year also, MM. Pelletier and Caventon made a discovery of the highest importance in the class of vegetable alkalis already mentioned, viz., the febrifuge principle of quinquina, which is found in the colouring matter of the quinquina, united to an acid which renders it soluble. It had, indeed, been perceived before by Gomés, a Portuguese chemist, yet he was entirely ignorant of its alkaline nature. This principle exists in the grey quinquina, and is called *cinchonine*; the yellow quinquina contains a principle slightly different, now in such familiar use under the name of *quinine*; and the red quinquina contains both principles in a considerable proportion. If the Jesuits have immortalized their order, as it is said, by the importation into Europe of Peruvian bark, these French chemists have reaped no less honour by bringing to light, substances, whose application to medicinal purposes has since become so valuable and extensive.

In analyzing various plants of the colchican species, Pelletier and Caventon, in this year, detected another alkaline substance, which they named *veratrine*, making the list of vegetable alkalis now contain seven, of which, four years ago, not one was known.

The researches of M. Chevreul on animal bodies produced an elaborate report in 1821. We have before alluded to his *stearine* and *elaine* principles, of the combination of which he considers organic bodies to be the result, when united to each other, as an acid to an alkali, or a comburant to a combustible. If his observations should draw attention to that chemical law, by which an energetic substance becomes able, by a kind of force, to effect the formation of opposite substances with which it unites, much light may thereby be thrown on the physiology of living bodies in this respect.

The works of Crawford and Lavoisier had caused the physiologists to revive the opinions held in the seventeenth century by Mayow and Willis, which attributed animal heat generally to the fixation of the oxygen absorbed during respiration, or, in other words, to the combustion which takes place in this act. M. Dulong, in 1822, by the aid of the calor-

meter for water, invented by Count Rumford, made repeated experiments, which, though they did not succeed in shewing what does produce animal heat, proved that it must be referred to some other cause than the fixation of oxygen. The clearing away of false notions in physics, as in all other things, is necessarily a preparatory step to the ascertainment of truth.

Dr. Liebig, in 1823, occupied himself with those combinations of silver or mercury with alcohol or nitric acid, which are known to fulminate so powerfully. This young German chemist precipitated the fulminating principle in the form of a white powder, which is one of the most complicated compositions that have yet been found, presenting a metallic substance, with the ordinary elements of animal matter, viz., oxygen, hydrogen, and azote. Professor Doeberimer of Jena, in this year also, made a curious discovery of the property of Platina, when passed through a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen, to effect the combination of these two gases, and to produce a heat by which it becomes itself red-hot. M. Chevreul, continuing his researches into the theory of saporification, discovered two principal acids in butter, the *butiric* and *capric*; one in the fat of the dolphin, named *phocenic*; and another in the fat of mutton, called *hircic*. M. Payen also found, in the bulbs of the Dahlia, a new substance, called Dahline, analogous in some respects to starch and gelatine, and which is converted, by sulphuric acid, into incrustable sugar.

Mr. Dalton, during the last seventeen years, had been making experiments on the mountains in the north of England, to determine the quantity of dew contained in water in a spring situated in an elevated place, and the degree of temperature of this water. In 1824 he ascertained the following results:—that the quantity and density of vapour diminish as you rise; that, whenever there is a thick fog, the temperature of the atmosphere, and the degree to which dew is produced, are the same; that, when a mountain is enveloped in clouds, we find, in rising, very little variation between the atmospheric temperature and the point where the dew begins to form; and that the atmospheric temperature generally sinks one degree of Fahrenheit to 240 feet of perpendicular elevation when the heat of the day has reached its maximum; and under the same circumstances, that where the dew is formed, diminishes by one degree to every 390 feet. As the dew-point and the atmospheric temperature approach each other as we ascend, we arrive at a certain height where they are the same; and hence it happens, that the highest regions of the atmosphere are often cloudy, and that the moss on the top of high mountains is generally damp.

It had been some time known that the nature of bodies may be changed by dilatation, but not until this year that compression has the same effect. M. Legmuth verified this proposition by experiments on sulphur, which, by compression, became grey, and detached itself by small parcels, the separation of each of which occasioned a detonation like that of the electric spark. The fact of the penetrability of glass by water was this year ascertained, by sinking two hermetically sealed bottles 1200 feet in the sea, which, on being drawn up, were found to be filled with water by the powerful pressure of the surrounding liquid.

M. Savart having made a series of experiments on the vibrations of solid bodies, brought to light the following results of high importance with reference to the theory of molecular attraction:—Wherever an in-

strument gives a sound, it is the seat of molecular motion. In every case of vibration the molecules move in a straight line; and however the system of bodies may be disposed, all the molecules move in right lines parallel to each other, and to the right line by which the bow is conducted, which leads us to consider such a system as forming but a single body, since the molecules all move in the same manner. But when we reflect that each of these molecules is, in fact, a world of itself, and subjected to laws as peculiar to itself as those which are assigned to the several planets in their spheres, we cannot but be struck with the manner in which the whole system of nature is, as it were, concentrated into one point, and reflected in the properties of every one of its most minute elementary particles.

In 1825 a new acid was detected by M. Braconnot, which pervades generally the vegetable kingdom, particularly bulbous roots, fruits, and grains. It is called *pectic*, and has the property of turning into jelly a large mass of sugared water, though used in a very small portion. Another vegetable alkali was found by Brandes in narcotic plants, and an acid called *pariglini*, in Sarsaparilla, by Palletta of Naples. In this and the preceding year, Sir Humphrey Davy made a most useful application of his observations on electricity, by his method of preserving the copper sheathing of ships from corrosion by the introduction of small pieces of zinc or iron, whereby the copper is changed from a positive to a negative state of electricity. M. Arago, in his experiments on the thermometer, found, that in no time or place will a thermometer, raised two or three metres above the sun, and sheltered from reverberation, reach the 37th degree of Reaumur, (115° of Fahrenheit); that at open sea, at no time or place, will the temperature of the air exceed 24° of Reaumur, (86° Fahr.); that the highest degree of cold observed on our globe, with a thermometer suspended in the air, is 40° Reaumur, (56° below zero, Fahr.); and that salt water, at whatever latitude or season, never takes a higher temperature than 24° Reaumur, (86° Fahr.)

M. Freycinet's observations on the pendulum, reported to the French academy on his return from his voyage round the globe in 1826, present the following result:—That the general flattening of the globe is sensibly greater than that which had been deduced from the measures of the meridian, or the theory of the moon—(a remark which has since been confirmed by Captain Sabine);—that there is no reason to suppose that the northern and southern hemispheres have different degrees of flattening; and that, in some parts of the globe, as in the Isle of France, local circumstances produce considerable irregularities in the oscillations of the pendulum. A new acid was in this year discovered by that persevering chemist, Mr. Faraday, called *sulfo-naphtalic*, from its being obtained by the mixture of naphtaline, disembarassed of naphta by sublimation, with three or four times its weight of cold sulphuric acid. A mineral substance, that had been some years ago found in the salt-works of Espartines, near Madrid, by a Spanish manufacturer, named Rodas, was now ascertained by M. Casaseca to consist of sulphate of soda, with a very small portion of sub-carbonate of soda, and was assigned the name of *thenardite*. The substance called *brôme* was now first detected in sea water by M. Balard. It is liquid under the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere; its colour in mass is from a red brown to a red hyacinth; and that of its vapour is very like the colour of nitrous acid. It is very volatile, and its odour is strong, and much resembles that of

chlorine, to which its properties are, indeed, in other respects, similar. Several new vegetable substances were perceived about this time—one by Mr. Osborne of Dublin, in the *saponarius officinalis*; and four by Baup, viz. *abietic acid* in the resin of the *pinus abies*; *pinic acid* from the *pinus maritima*; an extract from the *Arbol a brea*; and *élémine* from the *Amyris elemifera*. We should not omit also M. Bizio's discovery of *melaine* in the ink of the cuttle fish; a substance, black, light, without taste or smell, heavier than water, and not affected by the air.

Hansteen's experiments on the intensity of magnetism in different parts of the earth, are very numerous and interesting. His magnetic lines determine the intensity for each given place; the line 750" passing a quarter of a degree south of Paris; 775" intersecting Amsterdam; and 820" Edinburgh. The magnetic law varies gradually between the equator and the pole, being at 45° as 1·2, and at 86° as 1·7. M. Savarig's researches on electro magnetism are important, though it would be impossible to give here any notion of their extent. But one of the most striking facts ascertained this year, was, though simple, that of an English lady, Mrs. Sommerville, who effectually proved the magnetic powers of the violet ray of light, by drawing the ray upon only one extremity of the needle, the rest of it being concealed with a screen, when the extremity submitted to the action of the ray constantly became a north pole, and the other consequently a south one. The blue ray has a slight power of producing this phænomenon, but the red and orange rays, singularly enough, have none whatever.

We cannot here forbear from noticing, though they are rather physiological than physical, the very interesting investigations of Dr. Milne Edwards, an English physician, residing at Paris, on the elementary organization of living bodies. It appears from his "*Recherches Microscopiques*," published in this year, that the simple organic constituent parts of plants and animals, (which, as far as they are capable of analysis by us, are globules of the diameter of one eight-thousandth part of an inch,) are capable when dissociated of independent life; that the death of an organized complicated being does not destroy the capability of life in its organic constituent parts, but that the decomposition of the entire being gives life to these parts when separated. The constituent globules can, it seems, only be deprived of life by being decomposed into their ultimate chemical principles, viz. carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and azote; for, so long as organization remains, there is a capacity for life. If any thing was ever calculated to excite wonder and surprise, it is this discovery. That our bones and muscles—our fibres, hair, and nails—and in short, the solid matter of all animal and vegetable bodies contain the elements of life for myriads of individual beings ready to spring into action at the dissolution of the greater fabric in which they are merged, is one of the most remarkable truths that physiological science has yet brought to light. Well may each of us now exclaim, in the words of the poet, though in a more literal sense:—

Non omnis moriar; multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam!

The experiments of MM. De La Rive and Marcet, in 1827, upon the specific heat of the gases, ascertained—that under an equal pressure, and with equal and constant volumes, all gases have the same specific heat; that all other circumstances remaining the same, the

specific heat diminishes with the pressure, and equally as to all the gases, following a progression slightly convergent, and in a proportion much less than that of the pressure—and that each gas has a different conducting power, that is, that all gases have not the same power of communicating heat. Mr. Perkins's cylinder for the compression of water, as applied to his steam-gun, is too well known to require description here; and Mr. Oersted's researches on the relative compressibility of different fluids at high temperatures have established the following rules on that subject, viz.: 1st. That the compression of water is proportionate to the compressing forces, that produced by an atmosphere being nearly 45 millionths of the volume; 2nd. That relatively to the temperature of water compressed as far as 48 atmospheres, no heat is disengaged by this compression; 3rd. That the compressibility of mercury seldom exceeds a millionth of its volume for each atmosphere; 4th. That that of sulphuric ether is about three times that of alcohol, twice that of sulphuret of carbon, and only once and one-third that of water; 5th. That the compressibility of water containing salts, alkalis, or acids, is less than that of pure water; and 6th. That the compressibility of glass is excessively small and very inferior to that of mercury. Berzelius, in this year, directed his attention to the component principles of indigo, among which he recognized four perfectly *sui generis*, viz. a peculiar substance of a glutinous nature; a brown substance, neither acid nor alkaline, having a great affinity for acids; a red substance, which, with alcohol, gives a beautiful red dye; and the blue of indigo, a matter without taste or smell, and having neither acid or alkaline properties. Liebig also produced from indigo, by the action of nitric acid, a yellow bitter substance, which he judged to be an acid, and gave it the name of *carbazonic*. Brôme, which we have mentioned, has a strong analogy to chlorine and iodine, and it is not, therefore, surprising that M. Serullas should now have ascertained, that it forms similar combinations, and produces hydrobromic æther, or *cyanure of brôme*, in the same way as cyanure of iodine is formed. It was this year first announced by Mr. Walker, that for the excitement of electricity by contact there must always be three bodies of a differently exciting power, and that all phenomena are subject to this condition. As, for instance, if two portions of the same metal are put in contact, and electricity is produced, it arises from there being three different states of temperature put into action, and one of which is the result of the two others. What particularly supports this idea is, that the electric currents are always the more apparent, as a third more sensible state of temperature is produced.

The spirit of inquiry had not, in any degree, relaxed in 1828, nor is there any semblance of its stagnation in the present year. We learn from Schouw's Observations on the Winds the most perfect information hitherto ascertained with regard to their direction in the northern parts of Europe. It is a general rule, that the west winds are more frequent than the east; but the west winds become rarer as they approach the centre of the continent, being more frequent in England, Holland, and France, than in Denmark or Germany; and more so again in the latter countries than in Sweden and Russia. At London the east are to the west winds as 1 to 1.7; at Amsterdam as 1 to 1.6; at Copenhagen as 1 to 1.5; at Stockholm as 1, to 1.4; and at St. Petersburg as 1 to 1.3. In the western and central parts of the north of Europe, the west winds are more frequent in the summer than in the spring or winter, which is

not the case in Sweden and Russia; and in the winter the west winds are more southern, whilst they are more direct, or more to the north, during the summer.

The celebrated Chladni, whose recent loss will be deplored, not only in Germany, but by all who feel the importance of the study of the supreme law of nature by the analogy of its different elements, shewed, many years since, that the vibrations of sounds put into motion grains of sand, united on a glass plate, in such a manner, that when the tones are pure the grains unite in regular forms, and when they are discordant, the grains trace upon the glass figures without symmetry. His latest discovery, previous to his death, was that of the manner of the propagation of sound, by means of applying the theory of liquid waves to that of aërial ones. When a sonorous bar of metal or glass is plunged into a liquid surface, four currents are observed round this bar, two of which are in the direction of the vibratory movement, and the others perpendicular to the direction of the former. Two currents are excentric or flying, and two concentric or returning, and between them is formed an oval movement; and from these phænomena we may imagine what passes in the waves of the air, and explain the interruption of sound in certain directions where the waves take a transverse course, viz. when they pass from the centrifugal to the centripetal movement. Nothing is so highly satisfactory as this analogy when shewn to exist in different elements,—an analogy which it has been the especial merit of the Germans, and of none more than Chladni, to inculcate as one of the fundamental principles to be borne in mind in the study of nature.

Schabler's examination of the temperature of vegetables has ascertained the singular fact, that trees have always, at sun-rise, a higher temperature than the surrounding air; whilst in the afternoon, when the air is become hotter, their temperature is less. This is the case not only in summer, but also in the midst of winter, and even when the thermometer is constantly below zero. Vegetables always keep up a moderate temperature, which is best explained by their being bad conductors of heat, and which, their being fixed in the ground, tends to keep in a uniform state.

M. Robiquet had discovered, in liquorice root, a crystalline matter to which he had given the name of *agedoite*, and Vauquelin had found, in the juice of asparagus, a substance which he called *asparagine*. It was now ascertained by M. Plisson, that these two are, in all respects, identical substances, and not other, or different. Berzelius's examination of tannin, of gelatine and albumen, of copal, and gum lac, or liquorice sugar and amber, are equally valuable with the former researches of this distinguished chemist. In addition to the chromic acid of an orange colour, already brought to light by Vauquelin, M. Kœchlin now detected another acid in chromium of a green colour, imparting to acid salts a greenish violet, and to neuter salts a green hue. The influence of electricity, on the emission of odour, was perceived by M. Libri, who found, that when a current of electricity crosses an odoriferous substance, its scent becomes weaker and weaker, and at last entirely disappears; and many substances, as camphor, for example, do not resume their qualities of scent for a considerable time afterwards. M. Prevost has lately advanced the theory, that whiteness is only a relative sensation, depending upon the predominating light. Two lights, that of the day, and of a candle, when seen separately, appear white; when brought

together, the one appears blue, and the other yellow. And the same object lighted by either, or both at once, remains white. The light of a candle, so bright when it dissipates darkness, appears yellow at mid-day; and, although moon-light gives to the night the sensation of whiteness, yet, if we project upon a white body, a shade occasioned by the interruption of the light of a candle which illumines the other parts of it, the part only lighted by the rays of the moon appears of a greenish blue—facts which, *primâ facie*, confirm M. Prevost's doctrine, though we are not aware whether it is yet generally received. A German chemist, M. Osaun, has obtained also much celebrity by his preparation of three phosphorescent substances, viz. phosphorus of antimony—of realgar, and of arsenic, which powerfully absorb light. He has likewise ascertained, that cold favours the absorption of light, as heat favours the dispersion of it. Boiling water, it seems, destroys phosphorescence, and phosphoric bodies, left in darkness after their preparation, are not luminous, whilst they shine for a considerable time if exposed to the light of the sun.

We are here compelled to stop in our very abridged notice of a few among the many discoveries recently made in physics, which, if they were detailed at length in the whole, "the world itself would scarcely contain the books that might be written." The progress in the other branches of natural history has been equally rapid; in fact, in these sciences the advance of one furnishes a safe index to that of the rest, and it is more on that account that we have selected the physical branch, than by reason of any peculiar pre-eminence it has attained over others. Its pre-eminence, indeed, is that of its present over its former condition—of its state at the end of the last century, compared to what it was a century before; and, at the present moment, in comparison with what it was not thirty years since. If the last twenty years of the eighteenth century were the æra of glory to Lavoisier and his distinguished school, the succeeding years have produced a race of giants, whose knowledge and power over nature have been absolutely unexampled. The vulgar are now familiar with what, thirty years ago, were mysteries to the learned; and we cannot but be as clearly convinced of the vast distance between the chemistry of the revolution and of the present day, as we were whilst the illustrious Davy yet lived, that a greater than Lavoisier was here.

Besides the prodigious increase of periodical and other works, throughout Europe, upon natural philosophy, we hail the institution of the society of Naturalists and Philosophers, which meets annually in one of the principal towns in Germany, as an important sign of the times. The divided state of Germany makes such meetings particularly useful there, on account of the want of a capital as the centre of communication; but we find, from the Reports of the Assemblies, held at Berlin in September 1828, and at Heidelberg in September 1829, that they were attended by delegates, not only from all parts of Germany, but from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, Russia, Poland, England, France, and the Netherlands, amounting, on each occasion, to about 500. The institution is consequently become European; and it may easily be conceived how particularly advantageous must be the union of scientific men in an annual congress, which enables them to communicate personally, and adds so much to their zeal in the common cause during the ensuing year.

A benefit of another kind, too, may probably be reaped by the naturalists of the western states of Europe, in their intercourse with those of Germany. We mean, a more elevated and comprehensive method of studying nature in general. Something is evidently wanted, both in France, and in this country, to prevent the experimental system from degenerating into materialism—to fortify physical investigators against a degrading scepticism, which has already fastened itself upon too many of them. This scepticism has arisen from considering things exclusively under one point of view, viz., that of variety, or of their difference from each other, and losing sight of the universal harmony of all material existences with the human soul, and with each other; of the one idea which pervades all nature, reflecting itself constantly through every part of it; in a word, of the unity of the world. A perfect comprehension of this unity is indeed far from being attainable by man; but every advance in science brings us nearer to it, inasmuch as it enables us to compare each newly acquired fact with those already known, and to consider it in relation with the rest of the members of nature.

This philosophy, however, the Baron Cuvier, and other great naturalists, will say, is nothing but the speculation of a poetical imagination, and if intelligible at all, cannot possibly assist in the discovery of truth, and is therefore vain. If truth is only found out by experience, how can we be assured of the existence of what is called the principle of unity? The very essence of inductive philosophy is its rejection of all dogmas assumed *à priori*; and is not, it will be urged, this doctrine of harmony as much an *à priori* assumption as any that is contained in the Aristotelian System? "Let us," they say, "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Bacon has made us free, lest we be again entangled in Aristotelian bondage."

The fallacy, however, of this reasoning, consists in taking for granted, that because our knowledge with respect to matter can only be founded on the induction of particular facts by the aid of our senses, so neither can any thing belonging to our internal consciousness be admitted to exist unless evidence of the same kind can be produced for it. Now, without intending to inveigle our readers into a metaphysical disquisition, we cannot imagine how any one can deny the reality of the ideas in his own mind, without at the same time doubting his own personal existence. There is no man, who conceives of matter at all, who does not conceive of it under the idea either of unity or of variety; that is, every man regards it either as a connected whole, or as unconnected substances. The materialists, not having in their minds the idea of unity or infinity, are possessed by the opposite idea, that of heterogeneousness or variety; and hence arises their incapability of conceiving in another and nobler manner, and their disbelief of the existence of a certain immaterial principle, though they are themselves under the influence of a principle of an opposite tendency, but still equally immaterial.

We recommend those who are continually citing Lord Bacon as the pilot by whose guidance all new discoveries are to be attained, to consider well his explanation of that universal science, which he styles, *Philosophia Prima*,—the highway from whence the other roads part and divide themselves, as the branches of a tree from their common stem. "It is," he says, "a receptacle for all such profitable observations and axioms as fall not within the compass of any of the special parts of

philosophy or sciences, but are more common, and of a higher stage ;" and he instances as examples, the Persian magic, which consisted in the reduction of the principles of nature, to the rules and policy of governments,—and the resemblance of the quavering of a stop in music, to the playing of light upon the water. The *Philosophia Prima* of Bacon seems, in fact, almost as comprehensive as the Natural Philosophy of Schelling. It is the parent of all knowledge ; and, so far from being confounded with metaphysics, Lord Bacon took extraordinary pains to distinguish it from the latter, and to place metaphysics as a branch of natural science. Physics, then, are situated at a middle distance between natural history, which classifies and arranges things, and metaphysics, which, in Bacon's phraseology, describes their *fixed and constant*, as opposed to their *variable and respective*, causes. To attempt to assign to each of these its respective importance is not our present business, we are only desirous to state our conviction, that a just conception of the harmony of nature must necessarily be founded upon metaphysics as well as the natural and physical sciences, and that each branch is only valuable in so far as it tends to such a conception. To seize every opportunity of impressing this truth upon physical investigators, seems tenfold more important now than in the days of Bacon, when he declared, "that natural history, physics, and metaphysics, were like the three acclamations, 'Sancte, sancte, sancte'—holy in the description of God's works—*holy in the connection of them, and holy in the union of them in a perpetual and uniform law.*"

Those who gainsay the influence of imagination upon the success of physical investigations, forget, that it is no part of the experimental method to conceive any thing farther than experience has already demonstrated. The principle of gravitation would never have been known to Newton had not his consciousness first imagined its possibility, which excited him to prove, by experiment, its truth or falsehood. It is not, therefore, solely to induction that we are indebted for this or any other discovery. Former experience, indeed, forms the basis upon which the imagination rears itself, which, in its turn, requires experience to render it a substantial fabric ; but experience alone is as wholly incapable of generating any thing new as an organized body, whose life has fled, is of propagating its kind.

The operation of the imagination, then, is mysterious ; but is not life also a great mystery ? Will the vital principle ever be disclosed to us by chemistry, or the soul be detected by analyzation ? If we feel within us the uniformity of the law of creation—the harmony of nature with our own minds—the analogy of forms, of sounds, and colours—the relation that a noble poem bears to a fine picture or statue—the connection between sadness and clouds—between rage and the stormy sea—between joy and the sunbeam ;—if we perceive the resemblance of the history of a nation to that of man—of the course of a river to the course of human life—of the succession of the seasons of the year to the succession of our own infancy and manhood, our decline and decay ;—if, in short, we have any notion of that kind of likeness which schoolboys call a simile, we should think it absurd to require experimental proof of the resemblance, when we have a far more convincing evidence of it in the depth of our own sentiments.

If we are asked, what are the qualities which peculiarly fit a man for

the study of nature? we say, 1st. enthusiasm of imagination; and 2nd. patience and caution in investigation. That large stores of knowledge may be possessed by those who have the latter quality only, is undeniable, but it is the union of the two that mark the possessor of the *Philosophia Prima*. We need only refer to the Baron Humboldt, whose enlightened sentiments are only equalled by the immense mass of his experimental observations on nature—to Schelling, whose name will long live in the annals of physics as well as metaphysics, and whose system of natural philosophy demands so much attention in the state of the present age; and, as a more familiar example, to the late Sir Humphry Davy, whose researches were uniformly conducted in that enthusiastic tone and temper, and that ardent love of nature, the influence of which will, we trust, be widely extended.

If this spirit were more generally diffused among men of science, there seems little wanting, but that we should tend continually more and more to the perfection of the knowledge of nature. The zeal for inquiry is absolutely amazing; and if the experimentalists should become convinced that it is necessary that the whole of their moral being—their sentiment as well as their understanding—should be employed in this inquiry, we think we see the time approaching when the world will be peopled by a race worthy of being styled philosophers indeed, before whom the wisdom of even the present generation shall appear as foolishness. The human mind moves forward with a velocity continually increasing, as it were, in geometrical progression; and we should be extremely rash in forming our judgment of the extent of knowledge at the end of another century from the progress that has been made during that which is past. If we pride ourselves that our generation is wiser than our forefathers, let us not pretend to assign limits to the superiority which our posterity may attain over ourselves; let us console ourselves for our ignorance of what is still withheld from us, by the hope, that the veil will be one day removed by our successors; and let us pray for the advent of that glorious period when all mankind shall possess that intellectual greatness, that sublime capacity of thought, through which, (in the words of an eloquent transatlantic writer,) “the soul, smitten with the love of the true and the beautiful, essays to comprehend the universe, soars into the heavens, penetrates the earth, penetrates itself, questions the past, anticipates the future, traces out the general and all-comprehending laws of Nature, binds together by innumerable affinities and relations, all the objects of its knowledge, and not satisfied with what exists, and with what is finite, frames to itself ideal excellence, loveliness, and grandeur!”

THE CORSICAN BANDIT.

I HAD passed the mountain which separates the smiling valley of Ornano from that of Bastilica. Throwing the bridle upon the neck of my little, ugly, headstrong, fiery, Corsican nag, I trusted myself entirely to him for safe conduct as we descended a rapid slope together, and crossed the thickets of a forest as yet unprofaned by the woodman's axe. The beauty of the sylvan scenery—the balmy breeze, murmuring gently, as if fearful of disturbing the serenity of nature—afforded me some relief from the tattle of my talkative guide, whose tongue had rung a perpetual 'larum-peal since the commencement of my excursion. A shapeless garment, that it would have been a misnomer to have called an upper-benjamin—a fusil, slung across his shoulders by a broad uncouth belt—and the national cap, resembling a village-steeple, completed the equipment of the last-mentioned personage, who ambled on in front of me, occasionally slackening his pace, and enlivening me, according to the laudable custom of his tribe, with interesting episodes of robbery, rape, assassination, and other bagatelles. I began to feel fatigued with his incessant prattle; when, on a sudden, he made a dead stop, seized his long brass-mounted fusil, and alighted in a twinkling. With his nose in the wind, and his sunken grey eye peering suspiciously around, he examined every bush and brake with the scrutiny of one accustomed to such rural adventures as for a good hour had been his theme. A slight rustling was heard amongst the foliage. "By the Virgin," said my guide, "that must be a robber, or a wild boar:—here goes!"—and his hand was already on the trigger, when a frantic laugh proceeded from the midst of the thicket. "Cecca!"* cried he, "I had well nigh mistaken a Christian for a wild beast; and, by Our Lady, no great mistake this time!" A glance at the object which now issued from the thicket enabled me to comprehend his meaning. A female, or rather a half-naked human body, darted forwards, a rude goat-skin mantle scarcely sufficing for the purposes of decency, or protecting from the winds of heaven a form that had once perhaps been lovely. Her tattered scanty garment but ill-concealed her limbs, torn by the brambles, and emaciated by suffering. Her long, black, and matted hair descending to her waist, veiled a bosom that might once have glowed with feeling, with pity, or with impassioned fondness;—once, perhaps, fair as Pygmalion's sculptured marble, and far less cold. The summer's parching ray, the winter's blast, had wasted her bloom: the rose of health had drooped with her fond hopes, and withered with her broken heart. There was in her gait a step so hurried, so reckless!—a smile so joyless dwelt upon her lip, as if to mock the vacant expression of her dull, fixed eye!—and yet at times that dull eye beamed with a faint and feverish ray of consciousness—a spark of renovated mind, "false as the dream of the sleeper," and transient as the sick man's hectic flush!

The maniac approached with heedless step, and with one of those hideous yells of laughter whose mockery of mirth is more saddening than the wildest extravagance of sorrow. Stopping in front of us, and separating her hair on each side of her forehead—"Have you seen Pietro?" said she at length, gazing on me with "lack-lustre eyes," and with a painful effort to draw upon her scanty stores of memory. The

* An abbreviation of Maria-Antonia-Francesca.

light of pleasure for a moment brightened her countenance, and its fitful flash resembled a glimmering of reason. "Have you seen him?" repeated she more slowly, and with less vivacity than before:—and her eye again assumed its unmeaning, cheerless expression, benighted of intelligence, and bereft of hope.

Poor wanderer! I could understand thee! I had for a season known that sickness of the heart—that loneliness of suffering, which finds no echo in the sympathy of the hacknied, selfish crowd. Coarse, rustic hinds gazed upon thy agonies as on a holiday spectacle, or taunted thee with their witless jests. Thou hadst undergone the tender mercies of human kind—the inflictions of the experimental philanthropist, who wins back reason to her throne with the sovereign panacea of the prison and the scourge. But I could pity thy woes, for I had felt them: and could the accents of kindness now speak thee comfort, I would bear with thy frantic ravings;—I would soothe thee in thy milder hours of tranquil sorrow;—and "weep with thee tear for tear!"

My rude companion approached her, and tapping her on the shoulder,—"Ebbè, Cecca, non l'hai mica truvatu?"* said he, with insolent and boorish familiarity. Maniac as she was, the ill-timed raillery stung her to the quick: her lip quivered—her eye kindled. "No, che no l'haggio truvatu,"† replied she, gnashing her teeth with wild execration, and in an attitude of menace which forced my guide, though armed, to recoil several paces. But her ideas instantly taking another direction, she paused. "Aggia pazienza," said she, "so io, so bè duve lu truvero:"‡ and, with another convulsive laugh, she fled, swift as the chamois of her native hills, and was lost among the thickets.

During the rapid apparition of Cecca, astonishment and pity had rooted me to the spot. My eyes, fixed on the path by which she had disappeared, still followed her trance; but the volubility of my guide soon roused me from my emotion.—"You would see her once more?" said he, with an inquiring look; and without waiting for my answer, he led back the horses which had been grazing on the luxuriant herbage. As we resumed our route, my guide acquainted me with the poor creature's story.

Cecca was the daughter of a rich farmer, who lived in one of the most elevated of the little villages forming the canton of Bastilica. The tough old forester, who was an equal adept in the chase of the chamois and of the marauding poacher, felt his bosom swell with conscious importance as he boasted that his household could furnish, at a pinch, at least twelve good men at arms. His daughter was the prettiest maiden in all the canton; and as she attended her devotions each Sunday, adorned with her coral necklace, and the kerchief which vied in whiteness with the bosom whose charms it concealed, the old man's heart warmed with a father's fondness, and a tear of pride glistened in his eye as the glance of many a village youth told how he envied him his darling treasure. Cecca was his only child: her winning graces, her playful caresses, enlivened his drooping age, and softened his regret that he had been denied a son, to whom he might one day bequeath his antique chesnut-trees, his hereditary animosities, and his double-barrelled gun.—"The

* "Well, Cecca, have you not found him?"—[u for o in the Corsican dialect.]

† "No, I have not found him."—[l'haggio for l'ho.]

‡ "Have patience; I know where to find him."

flower of the village lads," said my guide, with a significant look that informed me himself was included in the list—"the comeliest and the bravest in the canton aspired to Cecca's hand, notwithstanding some five or six envenomed feuds which were to be espoused with the bride, and which formed part of her marriage portion. But, spite of their courage and their address at the carbine, Cecca had neither eyes nor ears for any of them. Her heart had long been devoted to Pietro, a rich proprietor, who lived in the village just below her own, but between whose family and hers a mortal hatred had for some time existed—the father of Pietro having been killed by Cecca's. In despite of the vengeful recollections which, in Corsica, are cherished with religious animosity;—in despite of the blood-stained shirt suspended over Pietro's bed, as a memento of the still more bloody deed;—in despite even of the ball which had killed his father, and which the son had vowed to wear as an amulet upon his heart till vengeance should be satisfied;—in despite of all, Pietro had been ensnared in the silken bondage of love. Perhaps a refinement of Italian vengeance, still more than Cecca's dark Italian eye, had inspired him with the idea of entangling the affections of the child of his bitterest foe. Perhaps, too, the very contrast between his hatred for the father, and his impetuous passion for the daughter, added fuel to the flame. Be it as it may, he loved and was beloved. For many years, the two families, actuated by a spirit of mutual hostility that defied all hope of reconciliation, had closed against each other the entrance of their respective villages; and more than one brace of whizzing bullets had been exchanged between the vedettes of the contending parties. But Cecca was a woman, and fertile in expedients: she was acquainted with the shortest by-roads to the place of rendezvous, and Pietro could have found his way thither blind-fold. Each night the lover glided unperceived along the narrow pathway of the village to visit his beloved, and the tell-tale guitar paid the homage of many an amorous lay to the shrine of his divinity. Love is a feeble reasoner: the path that Cecca trod was strewn with roses—so soft, so sweet, she scarce could feel the thorns. To love was an easy task:—to obtain her father's consent, more difficult than to level the mountain with the valley. Even had he consented, Pietro had sworn that steel should never cross his beard till life had been paid for life;—and Pietro was of a race that, from sire to son, had never violated an oath of blood. More than once poor Cecca had shuddered at the violence of his imprecations against her father. More than once, her gentle caresses had interposed "between the lion and his wrath:"—but Pietro might grapple with his enemy in the forest—and Cecca might not be there to soothe him with her caresses!

Cecca's apprehensions were but too well founded. Her father, informed by some jealous rival of the lovers' nightly meetings, watched Pietro in his path, insulted him with bitter taunts, and swore that, should he again be found within the precincts of the village, a bullet should effectually relieve him from his love-sick pains. Pietro's blood boiled with indignation. He forgot Cecca; he thought of his father's sad fate.—"Poor lad!" observed my guide, "his hand was unlucky—but he had his blow." Swift as the thought of vengeance that inflamed his soul, he discharged his carbine at the father of his mistress: filial affection turned aside the well-intended aim, and the old man, though within a few paces of his assailant, escaped with a slight wound. Pietro made for the forest, and from that moment commenced the wandering exist-

ence of a Corsican bandit—that miserable career generally terminated by the *gen-d'arme's* fusil, and, during its brief span, affording so many displays of energy and heroism worthy of a nobler cause.

Then commenced for Cecca a new existence. Confined to the narrow limits of the village by the suspicions of her father and the threats of her relations, she felt that her heart was steeled by persecution; and the very sufferings she endured for Pietro rendered him still dearer to her affections. Closely watched during the day, each night she quitted her sleepless couch to bear some message of peace and love to one that for her had sacrificed all. With feverish anxiety her eye watched the moment of his coming, and, if he came not, her scalding tears moistened the pittance of food which the fond girl had hoarded for the outlaw's subsistence. Cecca alone was acquainted with the impenetrable asylum where her lover had found a refuge. The thunder might roll over her head; the rain might drench her with its rushing torrents; the loftiest pines rent by the storm might impede her passage;—still would she climb the rugged path that led to Pietro's retreat among the mountains. She scarcely knew if the night was bitter—if the blast was loud. Poor Cecca! Whilst my guide told his artless tale in tremulous accents, that betrayed the emotions even of his rude nature, methought I could see her still lovely—her features still glowing with the angelic expression—the sublime of beauty which generous self-devotion lends. Methought I saw her sweeping along the valley with the swiftness of the blast that bowed her gentle head, or toiling up the steep whose flinty paths lacerated her delicate feet. Fancy conjured up her once gracious form, nightly cheering the sad repair of crime with one hour of peace—sharing her lover's hard, damp couch—his cold, exhausted frame pressed to hers—his icy forehead pillowed on her bosom—his aching heart soothed by the voice of her he loved! Oh! can the tame and vulgar spirits that love with cold precision—that measure out affection with the rule and square of formal, selfish, and sordid propriety—can the beings with hearts narrow as their vile systems, and hollow as their hopes—the traffickers in love, that bargain with their dull god even on his altar—can such conceive aught of the adoration, the world of tenderness, that filled the souls of two fond outcasts, isolated from their species by their affection and their guilt; forced to conceal their unhallowed flame among the ruder tenants of the forest, or in the solitude of the mountain; meeting with scorn the world's scorn; impassioned without hope, and devoted even in shame!

A sudden halt made by my guide roused me from my meditations. We had arrived at a sort of rocky platform commanding a view of the whole valley. At the extremity was a cavern, defended by a natural rampart—a mixture of rock and bramble. At the entrance, I observed two wooden crosses. There, as my guide informed me, was I to find Cecca. There she reigned and revelled in the wild riot of “a mind o'erthrown:”—on that spot her light of reason had been quenched for ever. With emotion amounting almost to terror, I approached:—she was not there. A couch of withered fern; a mishapen cross, rudely carved in the wall; and a few faded flowers, were all that the cavern contained. On the walls I could still observe the blackened marks of balls. In mournful silence we seated ourselves on the fern: at length, I requested the guide to continue his tale.

The lovers' mystery was soon discovered. Reproaches were spared,

they would have served but to awaken their precautions ; and, like the tame animal employed by the hunter to ensnare his fellow, Cecca was destined to discover Pietro's retreat. The following night she was allowed to escape as usual, and closely followed.—At this part of the narrative, my guide, rising abruptly, and with his Italian vivacity,—“There,” said he, “on that very spot where you are now seated, Cecca too was seated with Pietro by her side.” The full moon illuminated the valley and the entrance of the cavern, the interior of which was wrapped in profound obscurity.

It was one of those lovely summer nights whose refreshing breeze purifies the air so sweetly after the heaviness of a sultry day. No sound was heard save the distant murmur of the torrent, and the rustling of the wind amongst the foliage of the pines. Cecca, exhausted with fatigue, slept with her head reclined on the shoulder of Pietro, who, fearful of disturbing the slumbers of his beloved, scarcely allowed himself to breathe. Presently a slight noise was heard, which an inhabitant of the valley might have mistaken for that occasioned by the flight of some night-bird, or by the rapid pace of the chamois : but the bandit's practised ear was not to be deceived. In an instant Pietro was on his feet, and the suddenness of the movement awakened Cecca. “Hark !” said he. The noise had ceased. Pietro seized his carbine, and advanced towards the entrance of the cavern, the path leading to which was solitary as before : all was calm. The pale countenance of Cecca reposed on the shoulder of her lover ;—“I can see nothing,” said she.—“There they are !” repeated he. “By Saint !” “Is something more substantial than the breeze that agitates the foliage yonder !” At the same instant, a flash lighted up the spot to which he pointed, and Pietro fell to the ground. Quickly recovering himself, but too feeble to stand upright, he raised himself on his knees.

Concealed by a projecting fragment of rock, he gave his well-furnished pouch to Cecca, who, placing himself behind him, by turns loaded each of his two fusils, which she immediately afterwards presented to him. Heedless of danger, the generous girl thought but of her lover, whom she beheld pale and bleeding, leaning against the rock, and at every instant becoming more faint. The unequal struggle rapidly drew near its close. A ball grazed the cheek of Cecca, and fractured Pietro's right arm. His eye inflamed with the expression of hatred and desperate courage, he extended to Cecca his fusil, charged with his last remaining cartridge. “Fire !” said he, pointing with his finger to an advancing enemy,—“fire, like a true Corsican's wife ; but first take good aim.” The aim was but too well levelled ;—the enemy of Cecca's lover fell weltering in his blood. Making a last effort,—“I am revenged !” cried Pietro with a savage yell ;—“Cecca, 'tis your father !” The wretched Cecca heard no more. Heaven, in pity to her sufferings, deprived her of the gift of reason. Since that fatal moment the maniac has wandered through the forest, half-naked, and impatient of the slightest constraint. Forced occasionally, by the cravings of hunger, to make her appearance in the village, she begs a morsel of bread, which is never refused ; and afterwards, guided by a sort of vague instinct, returns to her miserable cavern, where she passes her nights. A faint hope of finding her Pietro urges her sometimes to wander on the high roads ; but, as my guide observed, “'tis more a habit than an idea !”

Poor houseless maniac ! thou hast indeed drank of affliction's cup. Thy fair promise has been blighted. Thy morn of life has vanished. Thy home, thy friends, thy lover, all are lost. Thou hast passed the gradations of worldly benevolence ; but thou couldst not taste their bitterness : Providence in its mercy has deadened thy heart to the stings of close-handed charity, cold neglect, or the still more galling pity that, looking down from its proud and prosperous elevation, insults the misery for which it feigns to feel !

We descended slowly towards the valley. I was silent, and my guide was less talkative than usual. We saw her no more ; but ever and anon the breeze, which now sprang up, wafted to our ears the distant sound of one of those lengthened Corsican airs—those sad mountain-melodies, whose last notes, like the plaintive strains of an echo, are repeated from the hills. I recognized a love-ditty, which I had often heard in the course of my excursions, and which perhaps had been sung by Pietro :

“ Specchiu delle zitelle della pieve,

“ Più biancu de lu brucciu e de la neve,” &c.*

—It was the poor maniac !

CARTHAGINIAN COMICALITIES :

BY ONE OF THE PUN-IC SCHOOL.

Punning is a talent which no man affects to despise, but he who is without it.—SWIFT.

NO. I.—TIM TIPPLE, THE TOPER.

TIM TIPPLE was a drunken wight,

In fact, a downright sot,

Whose friends with grief saw every night

Tim going fast to *pot*.

Yet still he kept his *spirits up*,

By pouring *spirits down* ;

And, whene'er he went out to *sup*,

He *supped* his cares to drown.

Tim drinking loved of every sort,

No matter where he went ;

For *sailors'* healths he drank in *port*,

And *soldiers'* pledged in *tent*.

Of *lisbon* he would swallow much,

Like Lisbon's famed *earthquake* ;

And *hollands* drank with all the *Dutch*,—

With *sextons*, grave would take.

Old *hock* he loved—nay, if 'twas new,

He could it not *decline* ;

And yet 'tis said, that of the two,

He'd choose the *elder wine*.

With *millers* he'd toss *sack* each day,—

With *gardeners*, *shrub* at lunch ;

And oft he'd drink old *car'away*

With *showmen* over *punch*.

In *Wales*, of *mountain* he'd his fill—

With *parsons* drank pure *rum* ;

With *coachmen*, lots of *cape* would swill—

With *silent women*, *mum* !

* Mirror of young maidens of the parish,
Whiter than snow and the brochio. [A sort of cheese.]

Of *porter*, Tim could carry much,
Though not as *porters* stout;
But *ale* he seldom dared to touch,
It *ailed* with the gout.

Yet Tim was called a bragging elf,
And lied beyond belief;
For oft-times he would *pique* himself
On drinking *Teneriffe*.

As happy as the king was Tim,
Nor feared his royal frown,
And boasted he would not give him,
Six shillings for his crown.

But yet Tim was a loyal chap,
And he, to shun all harms,
Would always take his nightly nap,
Fast locked in the *King's Arms*.

And that the king oft thought of him,
By many folks 'twas said;
For every day this loyal Tim
Would run in the *King's Head*.

Though fat as any prize-show pig,
Tim's mind on wedlock ran;
But, ah! the girls thought him *too big*
To be a *single man*.

And Tim, who never in his life
Through courtship liked to wade,
Wished a *maid ready* for a wife,
But no wife *ready made*.

Poor Tim was taken ill at last,
No hopes could physic give:
Said he, "Alas! my *die* is cast,
And long I cannot *live*."

The doctors came, and looked full wise;
Which proved Tim's ills no jest;
His pipe of port within him lies,
Turned water in the *chest*.

He, therefore, ere the ills he bore
Too much his health had sapped,
Or Death *tapped* at his chamber-door,
Must have his body *tapped*.

"Ah, no!" quoth Tim, "I'll ne'er agree
To be the *butt* and scoff
Of fools, and have a *cock* in me,
To draw the *liquor off*."

"Besides, when I've a vessel *tapped*,
In one short week at most,
To fly away the *spirit's apt*,
Or else give up the ghost!"

As nought could Tim's resolve subdue,
'Gainst tapping in the side,
He *day by day* more *weakly* grew,
And in a *fortnight* died.

No pompous funeral he had—
No friend to shed a tear;
Six *tapsters* were his *mourners* sad,
Six *porters* bore his *bier*!

SIERRA LEONE, AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

THE history of the settlement of Sierra Leone presents a stronger instance of the fatal consequences of zeal, untempered by discretion, than we recollect to have seen recorded in the annals of any country, ancient or modern.

Experience has shewn that colonization is, under the most favourable circumstances, a very difficult task ; and that to conduct and establish the first adventurers in a manner conducive to their future welfare, and consistent with the dictates of prudence and humanity, requires a rare unity of purpose and foresight in the projectors, and of local and general knowledge, combined with firmness and decision, in the immediate conductors,—together with such individual disinterestedness in all—as is seldom to be found in any body of men whatsoever.

In the instance before us there seems to have been a total want of all the qualifications enumerated, although their presence to unite and control the first motley and heterogeneous collection of emigrants was required in an eminent degree. Blind zeal seems, even as early as 1787, to have been considered all-sufficient in the first instance, and incipient personal interests, and a greater talent for humbug, seem to have been the only additional qualifications brought forward by the second conductors in 1791.

The subsequent progress of the colony exhibits such a mass of deceptive juggling, and of ambitious scheming for individual profit under the guise of philanthropy, supported at the same time by such industrious plausibility, that the eyes of the public, and, we may also add, of his late majesty's government, seem to have been completely blinded to the true condition of the settlement, and real views of the leading parties ; and if any individual, whose local knowledge and acquaintance with the actual state of affairs enabled him to detect and expose the current of misrepresentation, attempted to draw aside the veil,—evil intentions were imputed to him, his veracity and motives were impugned, and his single voice was drowned in the clamour immediately raised by a designing band of pretended philanthropists, and their well meaning, but ignorant, supporters.

Its progress since 1807, when the British government were unfortunately induced to take it off the hands of the Sierra Leone Company in order to combine and render its management subservient to the premature, ill-digested, and, consequently, abortive attempts, to put a stop to the foreign slave trade,—has been attended by such an extravagant waste of public money, and constant destruction of human life, without the slightest benefit either to this country or to the cause of humanity, that the mind seeks in vain for any rational grounds upon which to rest a justification of the past, or an excuse for keeping future possession of this great charnel-field, the climate of which has proved equally fatal to the brave and scientific European, and to the savage or semi-barbarous native of Africa !

We shall endeavour to give a brief sketch of the rise, progress, and present condition of this worse than useless settlement, stating such facts as have come to our knowledge regarding the loss of life, and treasure expended upon it ; premising that we shall consider ourselves at liberty to revert to the subject whenever further documents are made public, and that, when we have occasion to notice the conduct of individuals, it

will only be in reference to their actions, considered in a public capacity, leaving our readers to form their own judgment of the accuracy of our conclusions.

The first idea of attempting to introduce civilization amongst the savage tribes of Africa, by the establishment of a colony for that purpose on their own coast, seems to have originated with Mr. Granville Sharp.

Mr. Smeathman, a gentleman who had lived for some time at the foot of the Sierra Leone mountains, had also, but perhaps for purposes of a more practicable nature, entertained the idea of establishing a colony there; and the discussions which, about that time, took place before Lord Mansfield, on the subject of slaves who had come to England, gave an impulse to public opinion, which, with other circumstances, increased the number of liberated Africans until they had become a nuisance in the streets of London. Their patron, Mr. Sharp, in conjunction with Mr. Smeathman, collected above four hundred of them, and, with the aid and assistance of government, they were shipped off, with about forty Europeans,—most of them kidnapped prostitutes,—to Sierra Leone, in February, 1787, under convoy of a sloop of war.

Had Mr. Smeathman lived to conduct these unfortunate “civilizers of Africa” to their destination, his practical experience and knowledge of the country might have been of some service to them; but, unfortunately, he died in England before the sailing of the expedition, which therefore proceeded under charge of the *philanthropists*; and such was the incapacity or misfortune of its conductors, that, before the end of the first rainy season after their arrival in the country, scarcely one hundred and twenty out of four hundred and forty-one remained alive, and in one body! This number was still further diminished, by famine, disease, discontent, and desertion, to about forty; “they plundered and attacked one another, and sold all the stores that were left with them;”^{*} and the whole were almost entirely annihilated in 1789, by the hostile attack of one of the neighbouring tribes, whose enmity they had, perhaps justly, incurred.

Hitherto, therefore, the result of the scheme was a frightful sacrifice of human life and loss of property; but, instead of having made any progress towards conciliating or civilizing the natives, they seem to have roused their jealousy and provoked their resentment.

About this period, principally through the zealous exertions of Mr. Sharp, the Sierra Leone Company was formed, for the avowed purpose of extending to Africa the blessings of “religious instruction, civilization, and liberty.” The members subscribed liberally for this laudible purpose, and a charter was in due time obtained. Had their affairs been conducted with that sound judgment, attentive discrimination, and unity of purpose, which the association of so many respectable names, in a scheme of philanthropy, would seem to have warranted, the disgraceful close of the company’s affairs, which took place in 1807, might have been avoided; but, unhappily, in every scheme of this kind, individual members are generally too much engrossed by their own affairs to pay that attention which the strict discharge of their directorial duty would seem to demand, and, in consequence, the management and details too often fall into the hands of a few individuals, through whose eyes their asso-

^{*} Parliamentary History, vol. 29, p. 651.

ciates are content to see, and who are the more disposed to abuse the trust reposed in them, and to pursue their own individual interests, knowing that the censure which may attach to the company's actions must fall upon the members only in their collective capacity.

The company having nominated its directors at home, and its governor and council abroad, availed itself of the discontent created by the non-fulfilment of promises, alleged to have been made to the liberated negroes who had served in the British army during the American war, to invite them from the uncongenial climate of Nova Scotia to a country said to be more suitable to their habits and constitutions. Lands, houses, and every assistance was to be provided for them.

Above eleven hundred of these prematurely liberated slaves sailed for Sierra Leone in the year 1792, under Lieutenant Clarkson, but on their arrival they found that they had been deceived as to the state of the colony—that no proper provision had been made for their reception; they accused the Philanthropists of having most shamefully violated their promises;* they could scarcely be persuaded or compelled to make any exertion for their own support; and, instead of assisting in the civilization of others, soon became very unruly subjects themselves!

It might reasonably have been expected, that under proper management, these people would have proved an invaluable acquisition to the colony; many of them were intimately acquainted with every species of tropical agriculture, and disposed to make a good use of their knowledge. But if it be true, that “the Governor and Council were selected rather from their views of religion than from any knowledge of colonization and government, and when they ought to have been engaged in the discussion of parish boundaries, and the allotment of lands, they were thinking only of the conversion of souls,” we need not be surprised at the total failure of all the great expectations of advantage to Africa by this accession of “free labourers.” Certain it is, however, that the disposition to be industrious, which they are acknowledged to have possessed on their first arrival, seems to have been quickly destroyed; and even the survivors, now reduced to four or five hundred, are still characterized in the last report of the commissioners,† as being in effect the least industrious class in the colony.

The next body of any consequence, in point of numbers, that joined these “civilizers of Africa,” consisted of 550 maroons in the year 1800. The history of the surrender and deportation of these unfortunate people, from their native mountains in Jamaica to the severe climate of Nova Scotia, would seem to indicate that government still owes them reparation for the bad faith with which the terms of their capitulation in Jamaica was observed. They seem to be the only race whose numbers have not been permanently diminished by the pestilential climate of Sierra Leone; for, although there was a falling off while under the *tender mercies* of the Philanthropists, they have since recovered under the British Government, and in 1826 they amounted to 636 souls. They have always shown a disinclination to agricultural pursuits; but, nevertheless, in point of intelligence and industry, they seem to have taken the lead of the other settlers.

The Sierra Leone Company having got quit of their original capital of

* Vide Commissioners' Report—Parliamentary Papers, 1817—312—p. 10.

† No. 312, in the Parliamentary Papers of 1827.

£250,000, and an additional sum of £100,000, besides about £109,000 from government, had, in 1807, become bankrupt in resources; and we pause to consider whether up to the date of their dissolution, they had really accomplished even one of the "philanthropic" objects, which was the ostensible end of their labours, or done any one thing beneficial to Africa. True it is, that with a rapid diminution of their funds, every succeeding year produced very plausible accounts of the "flourishing state of the colony," the "great progress" made in "the establishment of schools," and "propagation of the gospel in Africa;" the "rapid improvement" in the condition of all classes in the colony, and the beneficial effect of all this upon the neighbouring country. The testimony of Governor Ludlam (whose letters, when unfavourable, seem to have been systematically suppressed),* Mr. Grant, member of the council of Sierra Leone, Dr. Thorpe, its chief justice, and various others, may be adduced in proof that these reports were most shamefully deceptive;—these persons, as well as others, give very different accounts of the matter.

Governor Ludlam, in his celebrated letter to Mr. Macauley, of the 14th April, expressly shews the inutility of the Company's schemes; and Mr. Grant, in a pamphlet published three years after the dissolution of the Company, says, "Their agents in the colony and their servants of every description, appear to have been almost uniformly selected from a class of men whose want of education was not compensated by liberal sentiments; and whose ignorance of the foundations of civil government and morality, was ill supplied by an austere tincture of sectarian piety. Instead, then, of courting the affections of the different chiefs by whom they were surrounded, they managed to foment their suspicions, to abuse their prejudices, to profit of their simplicity. It does not seem to have occurred to them that their own ruin or expulsion might be the ultimate penalty of this invidious and narrow policy. Uninstructed in human nature, they conceived their first duty to be the religious conversion of their neighbours; and to deride and insult their speculative notions, the surest means of effecting that conversion. It can, then, be no matter of surprise, that they soon found themselves besieged with the *hatred* and *suspensions* of the petty chiefs of their neighbourhood; or that they should not at this day (1810) have availed themselves of any connection with the more powerful and enlightened potentates of the interior, to explore the country or add to our general information by discoveries in that quarter of Africa."† And in regard to the progress of industry in the colony itself, he states, "in the course of twenty years passed under the Company's Government, and two more since the transfer, the settlers at this hour depend on imported produce for the whole of their subsistence. A small quantity of inferior coffee, and a few common vegetable roots, constitute the whole sum of its agricultural and manufactured produce.

"*Sierra Leone is behind* (and in a proportion that is not justified by the comparative lateness of its existence) *every other establishment on the whole coast of Africa*"!!‡

These assertions are amply confirmed by Dr. Thorpe, who, even at a

* *Vide* Thoughts on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, by the late Jos. Marryat, Esq., M.P. 1816.

† Recent Transactions in Sierra Leone, p. 52.

‡ *Ibid.* pp. 62, 63.

later period (viz. 1814), states, that "Sierra Leone itself produces nothing exportable but a few bags of coffee for Governor Maxwell, and a few bags of cotton for Mr. Kenneth Macauley, *from the appropriations of the unrewarded labour of the captured slaves,*" any other articles exported not being the produce of the colony, but brought from the neighbourhood; and these statements are more than fully confirmed by the more recent investigation of the British Commissioners. At home the Directors seem up to the last hour to have kept their seats, and to have continued to swallow the ready-made reports fabricated for their information; and it was not until they discovered that the whole funds received from subscribers, and from government, were exhausted, that they found it necessary to retire, which they were enabled to do with the less difficulty, as their confidential managers had already arranged for the transfer of the whole concern into the hands of government, and were ready to start a fresh scheme of philanthropy upon a similar footing, but under a different firm! A number of the subscribers, chagrined, no doubt, at this unexpected termination of their hopes, wished to institute an inquiry into the manner in which their funds had been squandered, and how the affairs of the colony had, from the beginning, been conducted; but this did not suit the views of the managing agents, they were outvoted, and the company ceased to exist.

Let it not be supposed, however, that under the conveniently assumed garb of philanthropy, the managing agents of the old company, or of the new association, were guided solely by the enthusiastic views of the original contributors. Subsequent exposures clearly evince designs of a more ambitious and less philanthropical nature; and, to their defeat may be traced the rancorous enmity which the disappointed projectors still bear towards our colonies in the West Indies!

In proof of the existence of these designs, the following is an extract from the report of a court of inquiry held by Governor Thomson:—"After considering the evidence produced before this court, we have no hesitation in declaring, that there appears to this court to have existed a plan, digested, concocted, premeditated, organized, for procuring the abolition of the general slave trade of Africa and the West Indies, and for *establishing on its ruins a monopoly in favour of this colony*, and of such other settlements upon the coast of Africa, as the persons concerned did expect should be committed to their management; but *with intent to promote the cultivation of tropical productions by slaves in Africa, in opposition to the cultivation by slaves carried on in the West Indian colonies*, with the advantage of having the raw material, the slave, at their doors, and of having thrown all competitors out of the market. We have marked the unravelling of the plot in the purchases of many slaves before the transfer of the colony; in the purchase of a whole cargo afterwards; in the letters, which here substantiate the fact, that they who did not know that the period of the abolition of the slave trade was the proper period to begin the direct purchasing of slaves 'did somewhat misconceive our ideas in England on the subject;' in the assertion of the Court of Directors that the money paid for the slaves to the sailors of the ships of war, was a 'premium of apprenticeship;' and, above all, in the anxiety displayed both in times past and at this moment, to introduce such measures as should prevent 'all attempts to revise what has been done.'*—Need we add any further explanation of

* Recent Transactions in Sierra Leone, pp. 85 to 106.

their motives for concealment? The purchase of slaves was at home disguised under the name of "ransoming captives" or paying "an apprentice fee," and the true character and intention of these measures were carefully kept out of view.

Although Governor Ludlam was desired to correspond with the Colonial Department upon the dissolution of the company in 1807, it would seem, that owing to difficulties in obtaining a proper transfer of the company's charter, government did not identify itself properly with the administration of the colony, by sending out a chief justice and judge of admiralty, for several years afterwards. And such was the confidence of ministers in the old agents of the company, that before the arrival of Judge Thorpe, their ignorant and selfish proceedings had deeply compromised government, particularly with Spain and Portugal—verifying by this imprudence the modest assertion of Mr. Zachary Macauley, in his letter (already quoted) to Governor Ludlam, wherein he says "*I have no doubt that government will be disposed to adopt almost any plan which we may propose to them with respect to Africa, provided we will but save them THE TROUBLE OF THINKING!!*" Is it possible for language to exhibit in a more humiliating, and even ludicrous point of view, the ascendancy which the "philanthropists" had at this time acquired over the colonial department? an ascendancy which has since cost the country, as we propose to shew, *many millions*, without the attainment of one useful object. Let any unprejudiced person of common understanding read a few of the speeches made in and out of Parliament by the Directors and others connected with this affair, and compare their bold assertions and plausible representations with the real facts, as they have since been discovered and stand confessed, and we venture to affirm, without fear of contradiction, that he must rise from the task with the most unfeigned astonishment and immeasurable disgust. A motion made by Mr. Dent, 29th July 1807, for repayment of the £109,000 lent to the company, on the ground "that parliament was not bound to pay for the fanciful notions of any class of men," was negatived, and every subsequent attempt at inquiry into the past conduct of the company and their agents, was quashed.*

Out of the materials of the Sierra Leone Company, the African Institution with its special *committee for Sierra Leone affairs*, was principally formed; and for some years government continued blindly to follow the advice of those members of the company who were supposed to be acquainted with the affairs of the settlement, and with the best method of civilizing Africa and putting an end to the slave trade.

One of the first errors committed through the influence of these advisers was to frame the most absurd instructions for the guidance of our cruizers in regard to vessels supposed to be engaged in illegally prosecuting the slave trade. The number of these vessels captured between the years 1811 and 1813, amounted to sixty-seven, many of them of great value; and before Lord Castlereagh, by his despatch of the 6th May 1813, put a stop to these unjust seizures and unwarrantable condemnations, our national honour had been compromised; we had roused the jealousy of the naval powers; exasperated Spain in such a manner, that subsequently she refused £800,000, and a loan of *ten*

* *Vide Parliamentary Debates, 1807, p. 1005—Mr. Thornton's Speech, &c. Also Vol. XIX. pp. 745, &c.*

millions of dollars for the immediate abolition of her slave trade ;—we have had to pay her for our unjust seizures £400,000 ; to Portugal we have had to pay on the same score about £350,000, besides £600,000 to induce her to forego the slave trade *north* of the line.* And to the irritation created at that time by the ignorance and imprudence of the abolitionists and their agents, as much as to the jealousy of foreign governments and their desire to rival the British colonies by increasing the number of labourers in their own settlements, we may attribute that private determination on their part, which has since been brought into full operation, to connive at that continuance of a contraband slave trade, which, in spite of all our exertions is now carried on with greater atrocity, and more activity than at any former period ;† and, to their blind zeal and the culpable rapacity of their agents, we may ascribe a great part of those horrors which have since been practised in carrying on this dreadful traffic.

To return to Sierra Leone—the supply of slaves consequent upon the seizure and condemnation of an immense number of valuable vessels, kept up and increased the number of settlers, adding, at the same time, in various ways to the immense fortunes acquired by certain individuals connected with the association. Their agents, with a view to commencing slave cultivation, obtained, as already stated, considerable numbers of these slaves, under pretence of apprenticing them for fourteen years (after the expiration of which period they may, according to act of parliament, be apprenticed for a further term.) And, to render it profitable to establish plantations by the forced labour of these slaves, they, in 1816, attempted to follow up their schemes by smuggling a bill through parliament, introduced by a leading philanthropist, called the African Goods Bill, which, if its concealed object had not been discovered and defeated by the West-India Body when it had nearly passed the House of Lords, would have enabled them to bring to England, rum, and all other West-India commodities (sugar excepted) on the same duties as those from the old colonies, and to compete with British sugars, in the European markets, with African slave-raised sugars !

Nor was this the only scheme for promoting private interests under the mask of philanthropy and pretence of civilizing Africa. Their attempt to get possession of the forts of the African Company—their endeavours to obtain British registers for ships condemned for carrying on the slave trade—which could only benefit individuals resident at Sierra Leone—and various other measures, clearly evince the *disinterestedness* of certain members of their body, and the blindness of government in becoming the dupes of cant and hypocrisy. We need only adduce one other instance of the deceptive nature of the “reports” promulgated at home, to show how little of the real state and progress of the settlement can be known from these reports. Their ninth report, dated in April, but not published till August 1815, states, in reference to the liberated Africans, that it could hardly have been believed how “comfortable” and *useful* they had in a few months become, and “that they appear now to be as happy and comfortably situated and as likely to rise in the colony, as any class of persons in it.” Now, it so happened, that, at a meeting of the mayor and aldermen of Freetown, held

* Papers respecting the Slave Trade (and Convention with Portugal, 21st Jan. 1815) p. 48.

† *Vide* on this subject Monthly Magazine for February last, pp. 144, 145.

in the month of December preceding, called, in consequence of a discovery that these *comfortably situated* people had *joined the neighbouring savages in a conspiracy to massacre all the white people* of the settlement; the civic authorities recommended that arms should be distributed, and that the captured negroes—happy and rising people!—should be shut up in the fort after a certain hour of the evening. Circumstances attended this proceeding, which made much noise in the settlement, and the matter was, of course, fully known, but carefully concealed, by the reporter at home!

Our limits will not permit us to scrutinize the measures of the managing members of this institution further at present, and we shall take leave of them by repeating, in the words of Judge Thorpe, that “their reports prove, that, in 1814, they were *beginning to inquire* into the condition of Africa and Sierra Leone, though they had pledged themselves to the performance of such wonders in civilization, cultivation, instruction, and morals, when the institution was formed in 1807;” and that the committee have not been able “to prove the institution had ever performed a promise, carried into execution a profession, or done any one thing beneficial for Africa, either before or after these representations.”*

Eighty-five rebel slaves, sent from Barbadoes in 1819, were, during that year, added to the colony; and, in 1822, the disbanded pensioners from the African corps and the West India regiments, amounting to twelve hundred and twenty-two men, with their families, were also brought to it. These, when added to the crowds of miserable Africans liberated from the slave ships, runaways, and people from the interior and other quarters, had, notwithstanding the constant mortality, increased the amount of the population, in 1822, to above fifteen thousand.

In pausing to consider some of the methods adopted for civilizing and improving the morals of the liberated Africans up to this period, we must not for a moment lose sight of one of the only inducements Great Britain has had to expend such enormous sums upon this modern Golgotha—namely, that by the influence and example of a European settlement planted in the country itself, and under the observation of its inhabitants, managed by humane and philanthropic governors and godly missionaries, industry, education, and a knowledge of the gospel, might be introduced among the savage tribes of Africa; that the most important part of this scheme had been for the preceding thirty-five years, under the particular direction of societies at home, possessing great influence with the legislature, and laying claim to greater sanctity, philanthropy, and humanity, than the generality of their countrymen; and that, during the whole of this period, they had *boasted of their eminent success*.

Some years prior to the arrival of the first judge appointed by the British government, and some time before the appointment of the mixed commissions, the liberated Africans were *entirely* under the guidance of these philanthropists; and it is painful to find, that against one of their principal agents, this judge should have found it his duty to prefer before the secretary of state for the colonies a charge of the following nature:—“That the aforesaid Mr. ———, in his capacity of superintendent of the captured negroes, did coerce and chastise the said negroes

* Preface to a *Letter to Mr. Wilberforce*. Third Edition, p. 11.

most cruelly ; that he allowed them, at one time, to be almost starved, and, at other times, suffered their hospital to be most shamefully neglected ; that he permitted them to stray away from the colony, many of them to be kidnapped and inveigled from the colony, and intrusted them to persons who sold or placed them in slavery ; that he has neglected to make suspected persons, to whom they were intrusted, account for them, or enforce the penalties against those who had used them ill ; that he has even entrusted them to a woman of infamous character, who was known to prostitute them in the colony ; that he was known to have debauched many of the girls, and to have lived with them in the most profligate state." Yet, such is the fatal consequences of the climate, that this miscreant—of "iron constitution"—has, from necessity, been permitted to fill places of power and authority, and to amass an immense fortune under the protection and auspices of leading philanthropists.

Is it matter of surprise, therefore, that, under such guidance, feeble attempts to introduce order and improvement were constantly defeated ; and that, instead of realizing the views of the projectors, the place has become a sink of infamy and a den of pollution, even to the untutored African ?

It will be recollected that, with a view of more effectually putting an end to the contraband trade in slaves, and, at the same time, to prevent the recurrence of those disgraceful blunders which took place during the first years of the abolition, Great Britain, in conjunction with other states, established in 1819 courts of commission, before whom are brought, for adjudication, all vessels detained or captured while in the act of pursuing this interdicted trade, and that a numerous squadron of British ships, under active and zealous officers, is kept upon the African coast, and elsewhere, for the purpose of hunting these slave traders. Many vessels have, in consequence, been captured, and thousands of wretched beings liberated from their pestilential holds. Yet, when we look at the dreadful mortality that takes place before the rescued slaves can be landed and located, and when we consider attentively *their subsequent* condition, we cannot help feeling that our present measures, on the African coast, at least, are diametrically opposite to real humanity.

The true state of matters there has been made plain by the reports of commissioners sent out by parliament, and can no longer be glossed over, or denied by the party usually denominated *the saints*, whether in or out of parliament.*

The instructions to these commissioners are dated November, 1825, and additional directions were given to them 18th January, 1826,† to which there is now appended a dispatch from General Turner, wherein he states, "Should the trade in slaves continue to increase in the manner it has done for the last two years, there is no doubt that the number brought in here will increase also."‡—"They have been distributed amongst the villages, where they have been for years supported in idleness by the government."—"In the cases where they have been located in the villages, and have received gratuitous maintenance, they can with difficulty be induced to give a day's labour, even for good wages."—

* Parliamentary papers, 312, Sess. 1827, and 552, Sess. 1829.

† Parliamentary papers, 532, Sess. 1826.

‡ Parliamentary papers, 369, Sess. 1826.

"The expense of this establishment has been very great."—"The whole system is defective."—"There is not one person who has the slightest knowledge of agriculture; nor can I learn that there ever has been any person employed in the colony who had any acquaintance either with European or tropical agriculture." The General proceeds to state, that by his exertions (exertions which, alas! soon brought him to his grave,) he had accomplished a saving of 17,000*l.* a year,* without reference to the stores from England, although he had greater numbers to support than at any former period; and that he had diminished the number receiving rations one half. Could there be a stronger proof of the necessity of inquiry? or of the serious waste of public property that had formerly prevailed? But the speculators know that dead men tell no tales; and that, while there are no living witnesses to confute them, the public money is safe in their pockets!

The impossibility of sustaining the cares and anxieties of office in such a climate, and amongst such a population, is too evident, by the sacrifices that have already been made. The nature of these difficulties cannot be more forcibly stated than in the ominous words contained in General Turner's dispatch of the 25th January, 1826:—"I am obliged to approve, sign, and become responsible for all expenditures, on account of these people; and it is quite impossible that I can examine into these matters, which are very voluminous. I happen to have very good health, and some acquaintance with business, but I cannot expect, in such a climate as this, to be able to continue such labours; those about me have all suffered, and I have lost their services."

It appears, by the report of the commissioners,† that, with a view of curbing the slave trade by interference in the interior of the country, General Turner had procured an extension of the territory of Sierra Leone in 1824, but that the influence of the *European slave dealers* had defeated his measures; and the commissioners recommend their discontinuance, as tending to warfare with the natives!

Notwithstanding that the settlement has been in our hands since the year 1787, no traces of agriculture are, generally, apparent. "The spontaneous productions of nature alone present themselves; and although a more intimate acquaintance with the localities and nature of the soil, in some measure accounts for this state of things, there is still sufficient to justify and confirm the unfavourable impression which this first view must produce of the progress in agricultural improvement."‡—"Near to Freetown stands a belt of thick forest, of considerable depth, breeding miasma and fever"—"its immediate vicinity (Freetown, viz.) wears an aspect of desolation."§ And all this with thousands of labourers at command, for each of whom the country has paid a large sum of head money, and an enormous sum in contingencies. Can there be a stronger proof of the folly of the whole system? The territory, generally, is said to consist of granite rocks and a surface of gravel; this soil, says General Turner, already "begins to refuse to them" (the liberated Africans) "a scanty subsistence; and they have begun to wander in search of better soil and easier maintenance: and the evident tendency of this is, that they will retrograde in the woods into a state of nature and

* Expenditure, in 1824, was £40,907; in 1825, it was £31,965; and, in 1826, only £17,671!

† Parliamentary papers, 312, Sess. 1827.

‡ Commissioners' Report.

§ Sierra Leone Vindicated, p. 105.

barbarism, or become vagrants about Freetown,"—or, what we consider still more likely, be caught by the nearest tribes, and massacred, or re-sold to the slave-dealers!!*

The second division of the report† states the number of the population, in April 1826, as follows:—

Europeans	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	113
Nova Scotians	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	578
West Indians and Americans	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	141
Maroons	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	636
Discharged soldiers	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	949
Liberated Africans	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	10,716
Kroomen, Mandingoes, Timanees, and others	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3,113
								<hr/> 16,246 <hr/>

It thus appears, that of the 441 original settlers in 1787, the 1131 in 1792, the 85 rebels in 1819, and the 1,222 pensioners in 1822, in all 2,879, only 1,668 remain. And what is still more appalling, out of 24,434 slaves, landed from 1808 to 1827 inclusive, scarcely 12,000 remain, being about one half, exclusive of births!! We have already seen, that it is not the poor and wretched alone that fall victims to this climate—the whole of our governors, (except Sir C. Macarthy) have been cut off. General Turner arrived in 1825; he died in 1826—and since then, Sir Neil Campbell, Colonel Denham, Colonel Lumley, and other brave officers, have followed him to the grave with frightful rapidity. The Church Missionary Society state, "that, to the end of 1824, they had lost by death, and removed, from ill health, 77 European, and 30 native, preachers and teachers in Sierra Leone."‡

"The proportion of deaths amongst the officers, may be considered as a tolerably fair criterion of the effects of climate. The total number of officers upon the coast during the eight years subsequent to the cession of Senegal and Goree, was 269, and the number of deaths 65, or one-fourth of the whole. In 1824, the total number was 41, and the number of deaths 26. In 1825, the total number was 51, and the number of deaths 17."

The European troops stationed on the western coast of Africa—June 1816 to December 1825—exclusive of officers, was 5,823,—the number of deaths was 1,912, or nearly *one-third*. But from the manner in which the returns are made up the *whole* mortality is not shewn.

In one year 301, out of 346, died!! In 1825 there were 1,193 Europeans—of these 621 died. "In the end of 1825, 108 young men, between 17 and 30 years of age, who had enlisted in the Royal African corps, and accompanied General Turner to the coast, were sent to the Isles de Loss. When these islands were visited by the commissioners in March 1826, 52 of them had died, and the remainder, with few exceptions, were suffering from disease. Out of 350 cases of fever in the hospital at Freetown, from 21st December, 1825, to 1st November, 1826, 160

* In fact, a recent traveller expressly tells us, "one of our companions had a slave whom he said he had procured at Sierra Leone."—"I saw the poor slave carrying on his head a burden (which he could scarcely carry), fastened to a rope, the other end fastened to his leg, so that it was out of his power to run away."—*Caillie's Tombuctoo*, vol. i. p. 256. Colburn and Bentley, 1830.

† Pages 18, 19, 21.

‡ Missionary Register for May, 1826.

have terminated fatally. At the Gambia, out of 112 admissions, only 12 have recovered."

"No cultivation, no sanatory regulations, I feel convinced," says Dr. Barry, "will ever render these colonies congenial to European constitutions, particularly to the common soldier, whose irregular habits are too strongly confirmed ever to be eradicated: and the generality of the men of that description who escape the first season, will drag on a miserable useless existence, exhibiting in their diseased and broken constitution, the most appalling spectacles of faded manhood."

Is it necessary to say one word more regarding the climate?

With regard to the progress of civilization and moral condition of the population, the African Institution, among other good news, told us, in 1816, that "the conduct of the settlers is said to differ very little from that of the generality of English villagers."* The Commissioners say, "with the exception of those who have been brought up to trades—those who have been educated and clothed for several years in the schools—and those who are employed as domestics, the *great bulk* of the liberated African population of Sierra Leone appears, at this day, as ill clothed as any of the native tribes on that part of the coast, and are, in this respect, *very far indeed behind the Mandingoes*, who occupy the opposite bank of the river." "Of two or three hundred women, frequently assembled in the market-place, from 15 to 20 would be a large average of those who have any other clothing than a piece of cotton or linen cloth fastened round the loins, and reaching nearly to the knee. This is the usual dress of the women, and of many of the labouring men in the villages."†

We presume, when such is the *market-day dress* of the females, their ordinary dress will be somewhat more scanty; and, in fact, we find, generally speaking, that the men use only a piece of clout before and behind, and that *full-grown young women go perfectly naked*, with the exception of a kind of stuffed cushion over certain parts, which only serves to make nakedness more conspicuous. Even at the boasted *schools* many of the children were nearly naked, and "some of them entirely so."‡

To expect any thing like delicacy or propriety of conduct in such a society, would evidently be absurd. We, however, find their moral degradation at a lower point than we could possibly have imagined. And "probably not a little" says the Rev. Mr. Raban, "may be ascribed to the unchristian lives of too many of the European residents, whose example, were they christians indeed, would have an influence on the minds of the natives which would be incalculably beneficial."

Concubinage is universal, and no punishment by loss of "caste" is the consequence of it. Prostitution of the most degrading kind is undisguised and regardless; "disgusting assaults upon female infants" say the commissioners, p. 98, "have of late been frequent." We forbear from further detail, but could a certain noble lord, a staunch supporter of the "civilizers of Africa" look in, for an hour or two, upon a "quality ball," or accompany some of the whites on a *Sunday's excursion* to the Bullam shore, he would not find it hard to believe that, instead of being likely to civilize Africa, the most untutored and unlettered African

* Appendix to 10th Report, p. 73.

† Parliamentary Report—312, p. 49.

‡ Parliamentary Report—312, p. 69.

would be more likely to learn corruption from the infamous and evidently retrograding populace of Sierra Leone! The Commissioners (p. 47) may well say:—"It will probably be inferred from the preceding part of this report, and it is with regret that we state it as our conscientious opinion, that the progress hitherto made towards the civilization of the liberated Africans, as exemplified in their present habits and condition, falls infinitely short of what might have been reasonably expected from the liberal means dedicated to this benevolent undertaking."

Such being the state of society, need we wonder that the different African tribes, even those living within the pale of the colony, or occasionally residing there, continue to be either pagans or Mahommedans, adhering to their own superstitions and equally adverse to Christians and Christianity;* and that so far from any thing having been attempted towards the civilization of Africa by sending missionaries to spread the light of the gospel, a white man, as in the case of Major Laing, would, within eighty or a hundred miles of the colony, be considered a curiosity?

Much has been said in this country about the "fourteen" churches, and numerous schools and other public buildings erected in the capital and villages. Our limits will not permit us to particularize the state of each, but we find the list of schools and churches composed of houses "in bad condition," "out of repair," in a "ruinous state," and "abandoned," "not finished," and never likely to be so—one church so ruinous that dogs and goats get in at any time, and "by no means," say the Commissioners, "kept in that clean and respectable condition which one would look for in a place dedicated to divine worship," others "never finished," and "out of repair," "a cattle house thatched with grass," in which divine worship is also performed—girls' schools in a very inferior "*wattle house*," several boys' schools no better—"doors and window shutters much wanted"—other expensive buildings, owing to the "bad construction" and "insufficiency of the workmanship," in a state of ruin. The large building intended for a church at Freetown stands unfinished, the service being performed in the courthouse. It is said, that after having been used as a market-place, where negroes were publicly flogged, it is now, or was lately, used as a government commissary's store!—It is evident the colonists "care for none of these things." "The neglect of public worship is very prevalent among the resident Europeans;" the congregation of Mr. Raban, the only officiating clergyman of the established church, did not on any occasion exceed twelve Europeans, fifteen persons of colour, the military, and some school boys.

The superintendants' houses are, however, generally in good order, and form a striking contrast with those for religious purposes. They are generally on a very expensive scale. At the Banana Islands, they are the only public buildings which, "like most of those built by the superintendents for their accommodation, appear unnecessarily large, thereby entailing expense, without ensuring the comfort which the climate requires." "A mud-house is there used as a church and boys' school, but it is by no means in a state to protect them from the weather." The Isles de Loss were purchased in 1818, in the hopes of finding them a healthy

* Caillié's Travels, vol. 1., p. 195, 256.

station for the military ; hopes which the event totally frustrated. The officers' quarters, in Crawford Island, are out of repair, and going fast to decay. The soldiers' barracks are ill calculated, either for the health or the comfort of the men. The hospital is decayed and out of repair. " It is perched upon the top of a hill, in so exposed a situation, that, at times, there is only the option of shutting up the doors and windows, or of exposing the patients to strong currents of wind, and occasional rains." With regard to public instruction, " all these schools," twenty-two in number, say the Commissioners (p. 67) " were visited and *minutely* examined." " An insuperable difficulty was experienced from the *absolute ignorance* of most of the teachers !" The pupils, of course, were tolerable scholars, except that they could neither spell, read, write, nor count their own fingers !! " The noting of times and seasons, or even the common modes of expressing them, has"—" formed no part of their education." Some of the Mulatto children had made more progress, but " few of them can spell the commonest word correctly." The whole affair appears to be little better than a mockery !

We wish, for the sake of humanity, that in describing the situation of the liberated Africans, we could draw a veil over the cruel destruction of human life, which the Slave Trade and our impracticable plans for its suppression—as well as our injudicious arrangements in regard to the survivors—are daily creating on the seas and coasts of Africa. It is necessary, however, to notice the subject, that our readers may be fully aware of the fatal consequences of those measures, into which the legislature were prematurely hurried by the blind zeal and heated imagination of a party, who still possess too much influence with the government ; and who, impelled by the same fanatical irregularity of mind, or influenced by men who seek the interest of their party under the garb of philanthropy, are making exertions to hurry the country into further errors. For, unless it is fully understood, it may be continued and extended. We, therefore, call upon every humane person in the empire to attend to the further facts of the case.

In consequence of the trade being now contraband, concealment has become necessary ; and the smugglers, in order to escape our cruizers, employ small fast sailing vessels, into which they put such an over quantity of slaves, that pestilence and disease soon destroys great numbers of them. There has been an instance where many, having become blind, were thrown overboard alive—others in casks during the chase, and the trade is, unquestionably, carried on with much greater atrocity than at any former period. When actually captured by our cruizers, their sorrows do not cease. All those captured on the African coast must be taken to Sierra Leone, however distant, and the mortality, during the voyage, is often dreadful.* In the instance of *La Fortune*, prize to the *Brazen*, of 245 slaves then on board, 46 died on the passage, and 77 in the harbour, when waiting for adjudication. In that of the *Rosalia*, taken by the *Athol*, 92 out of 285 died before they reached Sierra Leone. Many hundreds of these poor wretches die from previous suffering and the want of proper medical attendance, food, and lodgings, immediately after being landed, before it is possible to have them registered and located. Experience has shown that it is in vain to look for voluntary labourers among the survivors, and they are, therefore,

* *Vide Commissioners' Report.*

"maintained in idleness by the government,"—*compelled* to labour by fear of the whip—or to enter the army or navy; for to say that they do either voluntarily, would be a perversion of the term. "Some mild coercive power seems necessary, but this power should not be, *as in some instances it appears inexcusably to have been*, left in the hands of persons likely to abuse it"*—and that it has been most shamefully abused, there is abundance of evidence.

"The results of more than eighteen years' experience, as exemplified in the condition of those liberated Africans located in Sierra Leone, seem to justify the inference, that either the mode pursued, with the view of improving their condition by agricultural pursuits, has not been judicious, or that their character and habits are unfavourable to that kind of improvement, or, perhaps, that both these causes have operated to a certain extent. However this may be, THE RESULTS ARE IN THEMSELVES INCONTROVERTIBLE, AND LEAVE LITTLE ROOM TO HOPE, THAT WITHOUT THE ADOPTION OF MORE EFFECTUAL MEASURES, the adult class of Negroes will be induced to improve their present condition, which probably appears to them, when compared with the past, a state of considerable enjoyment."†

"Were the class of persons here alluded to available for the purpose, there is great reason to believe that a mild and well-regulated system of coerced labour for a limited period, and exclusive, with a view to the advantage of the Negroes, would be found the most effectual mode of attaining the end proposed; and it may be hoped, that its importance would remove objections to the manner of arriving at it."‡

"The punishment for minor crimes is hard labour and chains."—"It is by no means uncommon at Freetown to see thirty or forty culprits chained in pairs" (the chains round the middle) "and employed in a desultory kind of labour!"

In general when these wretched creatures, "the bad subjects of barbarous states," are landed—nothing in the human shape can exceed their gross ignorance; and, under all the circumstances stated, is it possible to expect that the slightest progress in civilization can be made under the Sierra Leone system, or by the irregular discipline to which they are there subjected?

It is difficult to state precisely, and under distinct heads, the different sums of money which have been taken from the people of this country, and uselessly spent in the maintenance of this worthless place. The pay-lists, vouchers, &c. are "so vague as not to justify even a loose estimate of the expense incurred in each particular one." (Here this, ye guardians of the public purse!) But estimating it by papers before the Finance Committee, not yet published, it appears, from 1807 to 1829, to be about £3,060,500! *sterling!** And this, owing to various con-

* Commissioners' Report, p. 55—*idem* 51.

† Parliamentary Papers, p. 55.

‡ *Ibid*, p. 55.

§ Viz. Payments to the Sierra Leone Company	£117,100
Army, ordnance, &c.	1,040,659
Civil establishment, and public buildings	507,540
Captured Africans, and other charges	573,152
	<hr/>
	2,238,351
Same expences 1825 to 1829	822,180
	<hr/>
	£,3,060,531

tingent charges which cannot be specified, is much under the mark. This sum, when added to the expence of the mixed Commissions and of our other attempts to put down the foreign slave-trade up to the year 1826, amounted to £5,708,908; and taking the three succeeding years at £350,000 each, the total will be about £6,800,000!!

A gentleman who has made it his particular study to investigate these matters, has estimated the sums paid by this country *for liberated Africans alone* (including those paid to the United States, Spain, bounties, maintenance, mixed Commissions, &c.), at nearly *four millions*, and the total expence of all our slave-trade abolition measures, *at upwards of fifteen millions sterling!!** without estimating the great deterioration of property in the West-Indies, the ascendancy given to the colonies of foreign states, and the future expence which our rash and precipitate conduct has entailed upon us. The country is now alive to the question, and to the enormous sums of money which have been squandered in measures which hitherto have only served to increase the sum of human misery.

We have no doubt it is the earnest desire of his Majesty's Ministers to cover up the errors of their predecessors: but how is that to be done?

It is true that the occupation of the Island of Fernando Po may be regarded as one step towards improvement, but it remains to be seen whether Government will follow up this measure, *or any other* connected with the colonies, with that firmness, justice, and manly decision which should mark the councils of a great nation, or whether they will continue to listen to the advice of those men whose fanatical irregularity of mind and maudlin ideas of philanthropy have already precipitated the country into such an incalculable train of evils.

With regard to Sierra Leone, it would appear little short of madness to retain it a moment longer than may be necessary to prepare for the removal of such of the settlers as are inclined to follow us. The only reasons that induced us to hold it have turned out nugatory. It is a place of no political importance in any one point of view. The total imports, taking as a criterion the average of nine recent years, amount to about £85,000 a year: the revenue collected, about £5,000. The exports *from the whole coast* last year scarcely equalled in value one year's ordinary expenditure.

Teake-wood, one of the principal exports, is not grown on the territory, but seems to be obtained by the agents of Messrs. Zachary Macaulay and Babbington from native chiefs—Dalla Mahomadder, for instance—*who employ slaves* to cut it down, and who *buy more slaves with the proceeds.*† That *firm* and its connections seem to have been the only gainers by this scheme of “philanthropy;” but looking at all the circumstances, we envy neither their immense wealth nor the feelings that must accompany it. According to the report,‡ they have also lately drawn the trade in gold dust from its usual channels, owing, say the other British traders, to the undue influence which have been acquired in the distribution of the *government presents* among the native chiefs!

It is evident by the Report of the Commissioners, that in order to retain Sierra Leone as a British colony, it would be necessary, at an

* Letter to R. W. Hay, Esq., by James McQueen, Esq.

† Commissioners' Report, p. 81.

‡ P. 79.

enormous expense, to repair every public building in it, to erect new barracks, hospitals, &c. at an enormous expense, to send out a numerous train of civil and military officers and clergymen, and to adopt an entirely new system of management. And after all this is done, we might ask what good object could be gained? would the climate be one whit better? or could any possible advantage accrue to the nation by such a continual waste of men and money?

Fernando Po, therefore, provided no circumstance of climate, or otherwise, forbids the transfer, seems to be the only station within our reach wherein the evil part of the abolition system is likely to be abated. We should there have the liberated Arricans, and general population, more under command; there would be no necessity for concentrating the population, and taking them from agricultural pursuits, to repel the attacks of hostile neighbours; we should, in time, be able, with the aid of steam navigation, to open communications with the interior of Africa, through the great rivers falling into the Bights of Benin and Biafra; and by rigid discipline, moderate coercion, and strict sanatory regulations, we might hope, ultimately, to introduce that degree of industry and good order, through which alone civilization can be effected. Let the Maroons, the Nova Scotians, and all who might, now, or hereafter, be desirous of placing themselves under our protection, have the means of transportation to the island, as quickly as circumstances, and their own safety, would permit—leaving Sierra Leone to the Kroomen, Fantees, Timanees, Mandingoes and those other precious allies, whose courage and attachment were so conspicuous when Sir Charles Macarthy was destroyed; and who, unless they preferred decorating some new *King Tom* with the jaw-bones of their enemies, would soon be merged in the general mass of the neighbouring savages, to whom philanthropic societies in Europe are incomprehensible, and who know so little of the power of the British nation, as to consider *Mr. Kenneth Macaulay king of the whites!** The buildings, except such as may be necessary for the defence of a factory, and “good will of the business,” might at once be left for the use of the Macaulays—*et hoc genus omne!*

The measures that ought to be adopted for putting an end to the foreign slave trade, are more difficult to decide, and require graver consideration.

It is evident that if, in spite of the utmost exertions of a numerous British squadron, consisting, in 1826, of the following ships—*viz.* The Ferret, Pylades, Martin, Champion, Diamond, Doris, Ranger, Bustard, Helicon, Fly, Rainbow, Pandora, Harlequin, Tweed, Warspite, Volage, Cyrene, Sparrowhawk, Hind, Druid, and Galatea—the colonies of France and Spain have been more fully supplied with slaves than at any former period, our efforts are unavailing; and will, so long as France and America deny the right of mutual search, only serve to entail upon us a further waste of men and money—the odious distinction of destroying thousands of Africans by our false humanity, and of maintaining in idleness a crowd of savages, who, *as even Mr. Kenneth Macauley now tells us*, are *not* innocent people, torn from their happy and peaceful homes, but beings “in the lowest state of ignorance and degradation, many of them *the bad subjects of barbarous states, enslaved for crime!*”

If France would consider her own honour, permit the right of mutual search, and join the maritime powers in declaring the slave trade *piracy*,

* Vide Caillie's Travels, pp. 215, 256.

we would venture to say, that three British cruizers, in a very short time, would put an end to the whole traffic, save Great Britain two or three hundred thousands a year, and enable us to do something effectual towards the civilization of Africa; but if our government cannot induce France and Spain to aid us *sincerely* and *truly* in putting an end to this traffic; and if Russia and other nations continue to hold out premiums for its continuance by preferring, through their fiscal regulations, Spanish sugars at a higher rate than British, of the same quality, what is to be done? Is Great Britain to go to war with Europe and America? or, shall we quarrel with the potentates of Africa for murdering our travellers, or on some other pretence, declare the whole slave coast in a state of rigid blockade?

It is evident, however, that hitherto the only results of the councils of the "philanthropists," has been to embarrass the country, put money in their own pockets, entail greater misery upon Africa, and advance the prosperity of Foreign Colonies upon the declination of our own. A very great part of the present internal distress is undoubtedly owing to external mismanagement; and we hope both houses of parliament will now insist upon the full discussion and final settlement of a question, which has, for many years, wasted our strength and resources, and rendered us the laughing stock of the politicians of Europe, without in the slightest degree benefiting Africa, or the cause of humanity.

GEORGE COLMAN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

THE proverbial dilatoriness of this man of pleasantry, has kept the public waiting his leisure for some years, and his facetious indolence has at length indulged us only with a fragment of his career. We shall write no review of his performance. It is only justice to let every man tell his own story, and we shall let the deputy licenser do this justice to himself. His story is a perpetual ramble through the most extravagant recollections; but jumbled in general with the easy gaiety that entitles its narrator at sixty-eight to subscribe himself "*The younger*," or any more jovial and juvenile appellation that he may please.

The first question which George discusses is, why he should write at all. "When in the scale of man's waning temperature, his quicksilver has fallen to the degree of *pruna*—that is, when he has ceased to flame, is only a *live coal*—which, according to Wadstroem in his *Metamorphosis Humana*, is at the age of fifty-six—he has then become, (and he should be ashamed of himself, if he have not become so sooner) what is vulgarly a *staid* person, which by the by is a misnomer; for at this period, he cannot be expected to stay so long as when he was forty." The treatment, then, recommended by this physician, is "after he has been whipping his talent, spurring it, and using it worse than a post-horse, not to turn it out to grass, but to get upon it deliberately and daily, and amble it about for a morning's airing and gentle recreation." This sensible system urges its prescriber to give the world his experience. "It accounts for the propensity in old writers to scribble, *pour s'amuser*, and therefore has become the fashion for dramatists; who, when they are grown grey, find that narrating anecdotes is much easier work than inventing plays—to turn autobiographers. Detraction, per-

haps, will affirm that they are past the greater effort, though equal to the less ; as, upon Falstaff's principle, ' Your worn-out serving man makes your fresh tapster.'—Still some fits of conscience seize him, and he takes refuge in example. "Cibber tells us that his principal object in writing his life, is to prevent others from writing it after his death. And now the motive for telling your own story is double. Since some people of late take the life out of your hands before the breath is out of your body, and that, without your leave, which does not appear to me quite fair.

"But the excuses of autobiographers are not yet worn out. Each crying, 'behold the maiden modesty of Grimbald,' till at last, my facetious friend and schoolfellow, Frederic Reynolds, with his *usual honesty*, asserts (A. D. 1826), that he has written, by the advice of his physician, to cure himself of the '*blue devils*.'" We have then a pleasant story, not the worse for its being as old as James the First's—"Counterblast against Tobacco."—"A little group of schoolboys took to the pipe, and like little Whigs, to show their independence of his Majesty, smoked day and night, like the kitchen chimney of a tavern. This, of course, was concealed, as much as you can conceal a smell, from the dominie. Till one luckless evening, when the imps were all huddled together round the fire of their own dormitory, involving each other in vapours of their own creation, in burst the master. 'How, now?' quoth he to the first lad, 'how dare you be smoking tobacco?'—'Sir,' said the boy, 'I am subject to head-aches, and a pipe takes off the pain.'—'And you, and you, and you?' inquired the pedagogue, questioning each in his turn. Each had something to say. One, 'a raging tooth,' another, 'a cough,' another, 'the cholic.'—'Now, Sirrah!' bellowed he to the last boy, 'what disorder do *you* smoke for?' All the excuses were exhausted ; when the urchin, after a farewell whiff, said, in a whining, hypocritical tone—'Sir ! I smoke for corns.'" George's secret is, at last, disclosed in a letter which he desires his correspondent to keep a '*profound secret*.' It is, his having received a very good offer from his bookseller. The reason is satisfactory. We now plunge into the bustle of his biography. "Beginning your life—I mean your paper,—is like beginning a journey in a post-chaise. You never start at the time you intended. There is always something you did not expect, to be said or done, before you set off ; some fiddle faddle thing to be looked after, at the last moment. Now, just as I was stepping into my vehicle, that is, into this chapter, a sapient friend stopped me, upon the very threshold of my existence, by warning me against rushing upon my readers, without an exordium."

George Colman was born in 1762. His grandfather, Francis Colman, married the sister of the famous William Pulteney, Earl of Bath's wife ; this grandfather died in Tuscany, where he was English ambassador. His father, then but one year old, was taken under Pulteney's protection, educated at Westminster, Oxford, and finally placed in Lincoln's-Inn as a student of law. The elder Colman was promised an estate by his protector ; but the death of Lord Pulteney in 1763, broke up the Earl's plan. The estate was left to General Pulteney's discretion, who appears to have exercised it by keeping the property to himself, Colman, receiving a legacy, and, subsequently, £6,000 by the death of his mother. This narrative is gone through, to refute a story in the old Margravine of Anspach's Memoirs, that the elder Colman was a natural

son of the Earl of Bath, and cast off by him for preferring the drama to Parliament and politics.

Young Colman's first perception of human cares was, like that of the rest of the world, his going to school; his remembrances show the fierce vividness of the miseries that brand that period on the back and brains of the rising generation. He was sent to the Mary-le-bone Academy, then kept by Doctor Fountain, "a worthy, good-natured dominie, in a bush-wig," whom this inveterate punster calls "*principium et fons*." His wife's head, however, seems to have attracted the chief notice, as may be discovered from his laborious account of "the messuage or tenement of hair, upon the ground-plot of her pericranium."

"A towering toupee pulled up, all but by the roots, and strained over a cushion on the top of her head, formed the centre of the building, tiers of curls served for the wings, a hanging *chignon* behind defended her occiput like a buttress, and the whole fabric was kept tight and weather-proof, as with nails and iron cramps, by a quantity of long single and double black pins."

The experience of a dramatist is worth recording, if it were for nothing but its warning to all those who, gifted with the power of play-making, or thinking that they have the gift, (which, for the purposes of their ruin, is much the same,) embark on the troubled waters of the stage. Let us hear the most popular dramatist of his time: or, if we are to estimate popularity by the continuance and repetition of successes, perhaps the most popular dramatist of England since Shakspeare. Congreve had but three successful plays. Wycherley perhaps no more. Sheridan but three, and the Critic; while Colman has gone on for years in a perpetual production of comedies, all popular, and some likely to survive his generation.

"Few avocations," says this man of success, "are, in my present opinion, less eligible than that of the drama; but it caught my fancy when a boy, for I began not long after nineteen. At first, the very act of scribbling gave me pleasure. But the novelty of the thing wore off, and soon after my amusement became my profession. I felt the irksomeness of every task, and contemplated probable vexation in the event of it. When you are labouring for fame, or profit, or for both, and think all the while you are at work, that instead of obtaining either, you may be d—m—d, *it is not pleasant!* Nor is it agreeable to reflect, that a handful of blockheads may, in half an hour, consign, first to disgrace, and then to oblivion, your toil of half a year; nay, that your own footman, who is one of what is called the "Town," can, by paying a shilling, hoot at your new comedy from beginning to end; and, having broken your night's rest, your judge in the upper gallery goes to sleep in your garret."

"But these considerations apart, I verily think that the wear and tear upon the nerves, occasioned by dramatic composition, may deduct some years from a man's life. It has been my habit, I know not why, except that the muse is more propitious after dinner, to write chiefly late at night; and when I have grown heated with my subject, it has so chilled my limbs, that I have gone to bed as if I had been sitting up to my knees in ice."

Of the wonderful facility with which some aspirants have rode their

Pegasus, this "veteran stager," as he calls himself, doubts, very naturally.

"Some few dramatists have told me, that they have written with such ease and rapidity, that I have been astonished, or indeed have scarcely believed them." He sarcastically adds, "My wonder and incredulity have generally ceased upon a perusal of those gentlemen's productions." His conclusion is fair and forcible. "After all, success may tickle an author's vanity, but failure sadly mortifies his pride: particularly in writing for the stage, where success or failure are so immediate, and so marked; and, to say the best of it, *a dramatist's is a devil of a life.*"

Here spoke the philosopher: the punster follows. "The theatre upon Richmond Green (where he saw his first play, he being then in petticoats), was built in 1765 by Mr. James Dance, better known as Mr. Love, which was his *nom de guerre* when he came upon the stage, a translation of his wife's maiden name Delamour. In this change of appellative, it is presumed that both husband and wife cordially agreed, it least it is evident that there was no *Love* lost between them." The anecdote of Dodd the actor, shews what helps a dramatic genius may give a man in doubtful circumstances. Dodd lived in lodgings near the Richmond theatre with a companion of his solitude, who assumed the privileges without the rights of a wife. They were fond, but they sometimes differed, to the full extent of matrimonial customs, and the argument was often reinforced by "missiles rather than metaphors; the chairs, tables, and chimney-piece crockery, flying about the room," until they produced conviction. In one of those domestic *fracas*, which happened at an early dinner upon a shoulder of mutton, while Dodd clattered and the lady screamed, the landlord rushed upon the scene of action, in hopes to prevent the further breaking of his property: "How dare you, Mister," exclaimed Dodd, who was brandishing the shoulder of mutton, "obtrude into our apartment while we were *rehearsing*?"—"Rehearsing!" cried the landlord, while the bits of china were crashing under his feet, "I could have sworn you were fighting."—"No, Sir," said Dodd, "we were rehearsing the supper scene in *Catherine and Petruchio*, or the *Taming of a Shrew*." Dodd directed him to examine the play-bill for the performance, which the landlord answered by presenting his own, with a formidable list of undone earthenware, headed, "Mr. Dodd, debtor to John Wilson, for choice articles of rare and ornamental china, broken at the *rehearsal* of the *Taming of the Shrew*."

Coleman was sent to Westminster School, then under Dr. Smith. "A very dull and good-natured head-master he was. Vincent, the late dean, was second master, 'a man of *nous* and learning, but plaguily severe,' which is partially accounted for by saying that there is 'no *ratiocinating* with the younger fry, and nothing is left for it but an appeal to their tails.' And this last was Vincent's way of disciplining his infantry, but he lost his temper, and struck and pinched the boys in sudden bursts of anger, which was unwarrantable." One of the boys drew a caricature of him, which was published in the print-shops with the following hexameter under it: 'Sanguineos oculos volvit, virgamque requirit.' We have the 'old Westminster's' verdict against Fagging, a practice whose absurdity can

be equalled only by its cruelty, and whose continuance in any school is the most unequivocal sign of the combination of blockheadism and brutality in its managers. The public are beginning to be awake to this abominable system, which gives ruffianism every incentive, and has broken the heart of many a boy, that might have been a happiness and honour to society.—“Fagging may inculcate subordination on the one side, but it encourages *tyranny* on the other. It may perhaps crush the overweening spirit of the heir-apparent to an earldom, when the son of a rich shopkeeper sends him on a message; but it may also fill the child of a dealer with notions of equality unfit for his future commerce; and as great boys fag the smaller, it seems that might overcomes right, which is the principle of the African slave-trade. At all events, it must strike the impartial that blacking shoes, and running of errands, are rather *redundant* parts of a liberal education!”

He might have added, that of all the systems hitherto devised to make a boy miserable while he remains at school, and mischievous to society when he comes into the world, a great school, on the present general system, is the most complete. That it breaks down the sensitive mind, while it hardens and ruffianizes the mind of ruder construction; that instead of giving boys the manliness that may be necessary for their struggle through the world, it makes them at once sheepish and self-willed; and that so far from teaching them delicacy or generosity in many matters, or a high spirited scorn of sycophancy, it teaches them the most corrupt and basest uses of money, and the most vulgar and palpable habits of subserviency to rank and fortune. The profligacy and the *tuft-hunting* of our public schools are notorious; and it is impossible to doubt that the scandalous vices, and the scarcely less scandalous servility of our public men and office-seekers of every kind, the whole multitude who solicit their idle bread from the lavish absurdities of the nobility, or the corrupt patronage of the State, are plants from the hotbed of our public schools! There are exceptions, but the exceptions only prove the rule. The whole system cannot be too speedily reformed.

“At Westminster he was drowned.” An ominous commencement for a poet, and portentous of his prowess in the *art of sinking*! “This submersion in the River Thames took place not far from Westminster Bridge, immediately opposite to the premises of the well-known Dicky Roberts, who for many years afterwards furnished school-boys with a capital opportunity of undergoing the same ceremony. This chance he provided at a moderate price, by letting out sailing boats, wherries, punch-hawls, and other aquatic vehicles, calculated to convert horizontal into *perpendicular* motion.

“My young friend George Craustoun and I happened to be the only boys who were then bathing: he swam like a duck, and I no better than a pig of lead. It was low tide, and the channel of the river was very near the bank from which I walked forward, up to my chin in the water, and then turning round, I began to strike out with arms and legs as an attempt at swimming, in order to regain the shore; but instead of approaching *terra firma*, the current, which was very strong, carried me out of my depth into the channel. It is a false notion that drowning people rise only three times, at least I found it so in my case, for my alternations of rising and sinking were many. Craustoun had wandered in the water to a considerable distance from me, but he had

seen my peril before I finally disappeared, and had to work up against a strong tide to come to my assistance. At length he gained the spot where I had gone down. I do not think that I had quite reached the bottom. He was however obliged to dive for me, when he caught me by the hair, and with great risk of his own life, kind-hearted fellow as he was, brought me to shore. But I was insensible, and on my return to a perception of what was passing, I found myself stretched on my stomach along the benches of a wherry drawn up on dry land, while Dicky Roberts was applying hearty smacks with the flat end of a scull to that part of my person which had so often smarted under the discipline of Doctor Vincent. This, no doubt, was Dicky's principle of restoring the animal functions, though it may safely be presumed that he had never studied Harvey on the Circulation of the Blood."

We are not sure that we are doing any service to the world in elucidating the theory of *hanging*; but coming from so high an authority in all that "comes home to the hearts and bosoms of men," we cannot prevail on ourselves to deprive the curious in *suspension* of the favourite dramatist's opinion. "I think that the sensation of drowning must be something like that of hanging: for I felt the sensation of tightness about the throat which I conjecture must be experienced by those who undergo the severest sentence of the English law. Yet, in the alarm and agitation of the moment I was not conscious of any great pain. A blaze of light flashed upon my eyes. This I imagine to have arisen from the blood rushing to the brain, though it might be occasioned by the sunbeams which were then playing in full force upon the water."

The subject is so attractive to all, and may be so *interesting* to certain individuals even of the class of marching intellect, that we must indulge our philosophy in a few sentences on the *funicular* close of the troubles of this very troublesome world. The sensation of drowning is a feeling of suffocation, sharpened by the rapidly growing belief that we are going to the bottom, there to lie. Of this sensation every one may have a foretaste who is absurd enough to dive, and may have the full fruition who dives too long. No amateur of swimming, who feels himself ten or twelve feet deep in a river, or arm of the ocean, with his last breath bubbling out, is to be envied. Nor is the situation increased in its comforts, by the consciousness that his feet are entangled in a mesh of weeds as inflexible as the Gordian knot, or encumbered by the branches of some monarch of the woods, fallen a century before into the bosom of the stream; or that he is whirled along by an under-current, that twists round him like a boa constrictor, pursuing the even tenor of its way to the brow of a precipice fifty feet perpendicular, the boasted ornament of my lord's demesne, and wonder of the country for fifty miles round. The truth is, that drowning is a disagreeable mode of shaking off 'life's coil,' and that hanging has little better to recommend it, *except* the publicity. The declarations of those who have recovered from the operation of the law, in less expert times, go for little with us. They generally make little of the affair. But, in the first place, their business is bravado; in the next, they forget it in the first carouse, which is generally evidenced by their putting themselves in the way of it again on the first opportunity; and thirdly, we are not in the habit of giving the deepest reliance to any thing that they say. '*Evita funem*,' therefore, as the philosophic Seneca said; and the maxim is worthy of his knowledge of the world.

Westminster supplies a few oddities more. In the following we see the incipient glories of one, who, if he had not been manager of a playhouse, would have driven a mail-coach, or flourished in the four-in-hand. "I was partner with a boy in a phaeton and pair, which we sported in Tothill fields—the equipage was of rather rude fabrication, consisting of unpainted pieces of rough wood, clumsily nailed together; and the cattle were a couple of donkeys, yclept *Smut* and *Macaroni*. Those quadrupeds enjoyed no sinecure, being in constant requisition for both draught and saddle; and when one happened to be lame or sick, the two proprietors rode double upon the other." Westminster, like every other great school, had its punster and its poet. "The punster was the head master, Dr. Smith, who, when the cook, according to annual custom, came to throw the annual pancake, on Shrove Tuesday, over the high bar which crosses the interior of the building, in which he always failed, by virtue of his office, and for the benefit of the anniversary pun; Dr. Smith regularly once a year cried out, at this exploit, *Παν κακον*, implying "*all bad*," while the pun *pan kakon*, convulsed the school with unusual and decorous laughter at the pleasantry of its chief."

But the poet (the college baker,) deserves a still higher commemoration. He comprehended all his desires of the goddess Fortune in four lines, much more expressive than Horace's "*Hoc erat in votis*," or Swift's,

"I often wished that I had clear,
For life three hundred pounds a year."

The verse is the happiest combination of pastoral feelings with civic cupidity.

"If I had a field, a garden, and a gate,
I wouldn't care for the Duke of Bedford's estate;
That is, I wouldn't care for his Grace's estate,
If I had Covent-garden, Smithfield, and Billingsgate."

But the world was now beginning to open. The Elder Colman kept up an intercourse with the leading writers of the day; and his son had the advantage of being introduced at his table to Johnson, Foote, Gibbon, the Wartons, Garrick, Beauclerk, Reynolds, and others, chiefly of the celebrated "Literary Club." On the dogmatizing of this club, he makes the sensible observations that,—"*Though it boasted certain individuals of the first order, it was rated too high; or, rather, society rated itself too low;—for so pusillanimous in that day were educated persons in general, that they submitted to the dominion of a self-chosen few.—Of Boswell's attempts to make Johnson amiable, by saying, that he had a love for little children, 'calling them pretty dears, and giving them sweetmeats,' George altogether doubts, and says, in his characteristic style, 'The idea of Johnson's carrying bonbons to give to children, is much like supposing a Greenland bear to have a pocket stuffed with tartlets for travellers.'*" He was at length brought into the formidable company of Johnson at his father's house in Soho Square.

"On our entrance, we found Johnson sitting in a *fauteuil* of rose-coloured satin, the arms and legs of which were of burnished gold. The contrast of the man with the seat was striking. An unwashed coal-heaver, in a *vis-à-vis*, could not be much more misplaced. He was dressed in a rusty suit of brown cloth, with black worsted stockings;

his old yellow wig was of formidable dimensions, and the learned head which sustained it rolled about in a seemingly paralytic motion, chiefly inclining to one shoulder; whether to the right or left I cannot now remember;—a fault never to be forgiven by the *Twaddleri*, who think these matters of the utmost importance.

“He deigned not to rise on our entrance; and we stood before him while he and my father talked. There was soon a pause in the colloquy; and my father, making his advantage of it, took me by the hand, and said, ‘Doctor Johnson, this is a little Colman.’ The doctor bestowed a slight ungracious glance on me, and continuing the rotatory motion of his head, renewed the conversation. Again there was a pause; again the anxious father, who had failed in his first effort, seized the opportunity for pushing his progeny, with—‘This is my son, Doctor Johnson.’ The great man’s contempt was now roused to wrath; and, knitting his brows, he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder—“I see him, Sir.” He then fell back in his rose-coloured *fauteuil*, as if giving himself up to meditation, implying ‘that he would be no further plagued with either an old fool or a young one.’” This was savage enough, and we can scarcely wonder at the title conferred by the indignant object of his rejection.—“A new species of Barbarian, a learned Attila, come to subjugate polished society.”

He had previously seen Goldsmith, and found him the good-natured doctor that all the world found him. He was but five years old when the doctor first took him on his knee, and was rewarded for it by a “blow which left the marks of his little spiteful paw on his cheek.” For this the striker was banished to an adjoining room, to enjoy the benefit of solitary imprisonment. But Goldsmith himself came to liberate the prisoner, brought him back to the dinner table, and finally completed the treaty of pacification by showing him his skill in art magic. “He placed three hats upon the carpet, and a shilling under each, which represented England, France, and Spain. ‘*Hey, presto, cocolorum*,’ said the Doctor; and, on removing the hats, the shillings were found congregated under one. I was no politician at five years old, and, therefore, might not have wondered at the sudden revolution which brought England, France, and Spain, under one *crown*; but as I was also no conjuror, it amazed me beyond measure. From that time, whenever the Doctor came to visit my father, a game at romps constantly ensued, and we were always cordial friends, and merry playfellows. Our unequal companionship varied somewhat in point of sports as I grew older, but it did not last long. My senior playmate died, alas! in his forty-fifth year, some months after I had attained my eleventh.”

Of Foote, of course he must know much; but his avoidance of building on the foundations of other men is so punctilious, that his only record is, of the player’s *wooden leg*.—“This prop to his person I once saw standing by his bedside, ready dressed, in a handsome silk stocking, with a polished shoe and gold buckle, awaiting the owner’s getting up. It had a kind of *tragi-comical* appearance. And I leave to inveterate wags the ingenuity of punning upon a *Foote* in bed, and a leg out of it. His undressed supporter was the common wooden leg, like a mere stick, which was not a little injurious to a well-kept pleasure-ground. I remember following him after a shower of rain upon a nicely rolled terrace, in which he stamped a deep round hole at every other step he took, till it appeared as if the gardener had been there with his dibble,

preparing, against all horticultural rule, to plant a row of cabbages in a gravel walk."

With Garrick, his acquaintance commenced in boyhood; and his sketches of that extraordinary performer on and off the stage, are graphic and forcible. "The frequent letters passing between him, at Hampton-court, and my father, at Richmond, were so many opportunities for me to take airings on horseback, attended by the servant, who carried the despatches. On these occasions, I always, on arriving at Garrick's, ran about his gardens, where he taught me the game of trap-ball, which superseded our former nine pins. He practised too a thousand monkey tricks upon me. He was Punch, Harlequin, and a cat in a gutter; then King Lear, with a mad touch, at times, that almost terrified me, and he had a peculiar mode of flashing the lightning of his eye, by darting it into the astonished mind of a child, as a serpent is said to fascinate a bird, which was an attribute belonging only to this theatrical Jupiter." To Garrick, he gives the palm of all the actors whom he has ever seen. "He has only to repeat what others have said a thousand times—

'Take him for all in all,
I ne'er shall look upon his like again.'

The uncommon brilliancy of Garrick's eye was proverbial, and yet "he had the art of completely quenching its fire, as in his acting Sir Anthony Brainville, a personage who talks passionately, with the greatest *sang froid*, and whose language opposing his temperament, breathes flame, like Hecla in Iceland. In this part he made the twin stars look as 'dull as two coddled gooseberries.'—But his *deaf man's eye* evinced his minuteness of observation and power of execution. There is an expression in the eye of deaf persons, I mean such as have not lost *all* perception of sound, which consists of a mixture of dulness and vivacity in the organ of vision, indicating an anxiety to hear all, with a pretending to hear more than is actually heard, and a disappointment in having lost much; an embarrassed look, between intelligence and stupidity—all this he conveyed admirably. On the whole, with all his superior art in pourtraying Nature, it is to be lamented that he outraged her in one character; he over-acted the part of Garrick, he converted his companions into critics in the pit, practised clap-traps upon them, and had the row of lamps in front of the proscenium eternally under his nose."

Of Gibbon the historian's prejudices and powers, the world has known a good deal already, but no man has left fewer records of his effect in social intercourse. His long residence abroad alienated him from English society, even when he occasionally returned home. Colman has laboured a portrait of him with more than the usual felicity of labour. "Gibbon was a curious counterbalance to Johnson. Their manners and tastes were not more different than their habiliments. On the day I first sat down with Johnson in his rusty-brown coat and black worsted stockings, Gibbon was placed opposite to me in a suit of flowered velvet, with a bag and sword. Each had his measured phraseology; and Johnson's famous parallel of Dryden and Pope might be loosely parodied in reference to himself and Gibbon. Johnson's style was grand, and Gibbon's elegant: the stateliness of the former was sometimes pedantic, and the polish of the latter was occasionally finical. Johnson marched to kettle-drums and trumpets. Gibbon moved to flutes and hautboys. Johnson

hewed passages through the Alps, while Gibbon levelled walks through parks and gardens.

"Mauled as I had been by Johnson, Gibbon poured balm upon my bruises by condescending once or twice in the course of the evening, to talk with me. The great historian was light and playful, suiting his matter to the capacity of the boy, but it was done *more suo*, his mannerism prevailed; still he tapped his snuff-box, still he smirked and smiled; and rounded his periods with the same air of good-breeding, as if he were conversing with me. His mouth, mellifluous as Plato's, was a round hole, in the centre of his visage."

This last touch of description is not very complimentary to the historian of the Decline and Fall, but it is true; and Colman, in giving it, boldly shows, that he was superior to the mellifluous civility that flowed from it on his young brow. Sheridan he met, of course, in all kinds of life; and he idly thinks it necessary to apologize for "thinking that Sheridan did not excel in light conversation." The fact was notorious, and easily accounted for. Sheridan was a wit—perhaps the most acute and finished writer of good things in the whole range of the English language. He sometimes said excellent things too. But wit is at all times an exercise of the understanding, and is often the gift of the gravest temperament. Humour is of a totally different calibre; it is light, obtrusive, and gay. The wit often becomes a silent man, from a jealousy of his own reputation. The humorist, seldom having any reputation to lose, which may not be regained by the next trivial pleasantry, strikes at every thing, and is the best companion in common society, for there the secret of success is to keep up the ball. In Sheridan's instance there was the additional obstruction, that he loved wine; and a lover of wine is, by habit, out of spirits until he is at least half drunk. The first hour after dinner found Sheridan much more disposed to sleep than to talk, or to growl at every thing round him than to make the most of the passing pleasantry. His planet seldom rose until the third bottle began its gyrations. He then felt the reviving lustre, and shone, when three-fourths of his fellow sitters were saturated and sleepy. Even his shining was but brief. Brandy gave the effulgence, which was but thinly supplied by claret; and the flow of soul, which had so tardily superseded the feast of reason, suddenly terminated under the table.

"Many men of inferior powers were, in my humble conception, pleasanter dinner companions—his son Tom, for instance. I admit, that nobody, sitting down with him for the first time, and even ignorant of his abilities, could have mistaken him for a common-place character, nor would the evening pass, without some thoughts or turns of expression escaping him, indicative of genius; but he wanted the flickering blaze of social pleasantry, the playful lightning of familiar discourse: his style appeared to me more an exercise than desultory table-talk. I have heard him late in the evening recapitulate nearly all that had been said at table; and comment on it with much ingenuity, and satire. But, to say nothing of people's disliking to find their careless chat thus remembered, and *summed up*, this was rather speechifying than conversing, and less fit for a dinner party than for a debating society." The narrator pushes his illustration of this parliamentary propensity to an extreme in which we suspect him of exercising his own pleasantry. "The habit of

harangue grew so much upon Sheridan in his declining days, that he would, in answering the observation of any person in company, call him "the honourable gentleman."

"The late Joseph Richardson, Sheridan's '*fidus Achates*,' was, with all his good nature and good temper, a huge lover of this particular kind of disputation. Tell Richardson where you dined yesterday, and he would immediately inquire, 'Had you a good day? was there much argument?'"

Erskine was of the Colman diners-out, and was then what he was when he became more known, and what he continued to his last hour, prodigiously fond of talking, and pre-eminently fond of talking of himself.

"My father often met Erskine in the street, and invited him to dinner on the same day. On those occasions, our party, which, when I was at home, formed a *trio*, might as well have been called a *duo*, for I was only a listener; indeed, my father was little more, for Erskine was then young at the bar, flushed with success, and enthusiastic in his profession. He would, therefore, repeat his pleadings in every case. This I thought dull enough, and congratulated myself, (till I knew better,) when the oration was over. But here I reckoned without my host; for when my father observed that the arguments were unanswerable—'By no means, my dear Sir,' would Erskine say, 'had I been counsel for A. instead of B. you shall hear what I could have advanced on the other side.'—Then we *did* hear, and I wished him at the forum."

To Bath Colman went like all "the other fine gentlemen about town" for a season. Bath was then the haunt of the *ultras* of fashion, the original Almack's, with only the difference, that it was on a larger scale, and that, instead of being ruled by the sceptre of Lady Jersey, it submitted to the ruder supremacy of Beau Nash. It had its living absurdities, as well as its successor. "The chief exquisite, or dandy, (*macaroni* was then the term,) who figured in the Upper Rooms, was the well known Tom Storer, *bien poudré*, in a fine coat with gold frogs; he moved the *minuet de la cour*, in buckram solemnity, pale, tall, thin, and ugly, making strange contortions of his legs when he turned a corner."

Mrs. De Crespigny's masquerade, at which Colman exhibited as Prince Arthur, extorts from him the very correct opinion, that "an English private masquerade, where people are striving to be clever, is the dullest of all dull vivacity—a public one is the most vulgar of vulgar dissipation." In the fury of his anti-masquerade ire he gives some lines, written for the benefit night of Jones the comedian, whom, by a well-deserved compliment, in which we believe the public fully join, he designates as "one whose domestic worth and gentlemanly manners are equal to his histrionic talents." We give a fragment of them as being among the smartest of their author's, and as hitherto unpublished:—

* * * * *

"Then pouring in, come punches, Turks, and tailors,
Heavy heeled harlequins, and inland sailors.
Jews without Hebrew, brogueless Pats from Cork,
And clodpoles without dialect from York,
Sportsmen, who've scarcely seen a furrow's ridge,
And ne'er shot any thing—but London bridge.

* * * * *

Here songsters squall, fat waltzers there advance,
 To crush our toes with what they call a dance.
 A dance, at which a well-taught bear would blush,
 Till supper is announced, and then—a rush ;
 The masks pour in impatient all to stuff
 Rolls stale, ham rank, pies mouldy, chickens tough,
 Cold punch grown warm, dead porter, wine half rum,
 And waiters ' coming,' who will never come.
 The scramble o'er, the revel rises high,
 With debauchees and dollies in full cry.
 Till all in blazing sunshine reel away,
 With fevered headaches to doze out the day."

In a visit to Oxford he makes some mention of the "Connoisseur," a paper started in 1754, by his father, when he was but an under graduate, and at the gay age of twenty-two. Bonnel Thornton was his coadjutor. Thornton was a man of some ability, some pleasantry, and with a growing propensity to get drunk, which soon completed his literary career. Thornton, as might be expected, generally shrank from his share of the task, and Colman was driven to double labour. "When the *onus* fell upon Thornton, he *waddled out*, like a lame duck in the alley, that is, he was delinquent, and his partner was left to supply the deficiency. On one of those occasions the joint authors met, in hurry and irritation, to extricate themselves from the dilemma—my father enraged or sulky—Thornton muzzy with liquor—the essay to be published next morning—not a word of it written—not even a subject thought on, and the press waiting ; nothing to be done, but to scribble helter skelter. 'Sit down, Colman,' said Thornton, 'we must give the blockheads something.' My industrious sire, conscious of obligations to be fulfilled, sat down immediately, writing whatever came into his head. Thornton, in the mean time, walked up and down, taking huge pinches of snuff, seeming to ruminate, but not contributing one word. When my father had thrown upon paper about one half of a moral essay, Thornton, who was still pacing the room, with a glass of brandy and water in his hand, stuttered out, 'Write away, Colman, you are a bold fellow ; you can tell them that virtue is a fine thing,'—implying that my father wrote nothing but common places. Thornton's worthless life had the natural termination. He was seized with dropsy, and died, talking in a style which it is only mercy to suppose was the language of insanity or intoxication.—"His relations surrounding his death-bed, he told them that he should expire before he counted twenty ; and covering his head with the bed-clothes, he began to count—one, two — eighteen, nineteen, twenty. He then thrust out his head, and exclaimed, 'It's very strange, but why ar'n't you all crying ? Teach my son, when I am gone, his A B C. I know mine in several languages. But I perceive no good that the knowledge has ever done me—so if you never teach him his A B C at all, it doesn't much signify.' Within an hour after this he died."

From Oxford George we went to see the wonders of the Peak ; where he set fire to the straw on which he lay in the boat that carried him through the cavern : an accident which reminds him of the good luck of a military officer, who could boast of having been nearly burnt to death, hanged and drowned in the course of five minutes. This happy person, who contrived to crowd so much adventure into so short a time, was on board a transport with his regiment. "They fell in with an enemy's

fleet, and the engagement began. The transport by some accident was set on fire; it blew up, and he was flung into the sea. Unable to swim, and expecting to sink immediately, an English vessel threw out a rope to him with a noose in it: in his hurry to fix it under his arms, it slipped round his neck; and when a friendly sailor tugged at him to haul him on board, the endeavour to save his life almost put an end to it. He was dragged upon deck, half singed, half drowned, and half strangled. The triple escape may be considered as quadruple; for he ran the immediate risk of being shot in the action!"

The elder Colman had promised to pay a visit to Lord Mulgrave at his seat near Whitby; and from York they set out with Captain Phipps, the captain's brother Augustus, Sir Joseph Banks, and Omai, the Otaheitan, all in one coach; no bad imitation of the stowage of the Wronghead family in the journey to London. The coach was the ponderous property of Sir Joseph, and it was as "huge and heavy as a broad-wheel waggon. It carried six inside passengers, with somewhat more than their average luggage; for the packages of Captain Phipps were laid in like stores for a long voyage; he had boxes and cases crammed with nautical lore, books, maps, charts, quadrants, &c. Sir Joseph's stowage was still more formidable—unwearied in botanical research, he travelled with trunks containing voluminous specimens of the *hortus siccus*, in whity-brown paper, and large receptacles for further vegetable materials, which he might accumulate in his locomotions. The vehicle had, also, in addition to its contingent loads, several fixed appurtenances with which it was encumbered by its philosophical owner—in particular, there was a remarkably heavy *safety-chain* (a drag-chain upon a newly-constructed principle), to obviate the possibility of danger in going down a hill; it snapped, however, in our very first descent. It boasted, also, an internal piece of machinery with a hard name—a *hippopedometer*, by which a traveller might ascertain the rate at which he was going. This also broke in the first ten miles of our journey, whereat the philosopher, to whom it belonged, was the only person who lost his philosophy."

We are afraid that botany is not the most sublime of the sciences, and that Sir Joseph, if not a little of a quack, was a very bustling and *boring* gentleman in his chace of flies and his plucking of roses. They were tormented by his indefatigable botany. "We never saw a tree with an unusual branch, or a strange weed, but a halt was immediately ordered, and out jumped Sir Joseph, out jumped the two boys, Augustus and myself, and out jumped Omai after us all. Many articles which *seemed* to me no better than thistles, and which would not have sold for a farthing in Covent Garden Market, were plucked up by the roots, and stowed carefully in the coach as rarities."

It is to be presumed, that a hedge-row in Yorkshire did not contain many extraordinary discoveries in the botanical world even in Sir Joseph's day, and that the gathering of horse-mushrooms and thistles was as much intended for the fame of Sir Joseph's love of science, as for the benefit of mankind. But the finest display of zeal for science was to come. "Among all our jumpings, the most amusing to me was, the jump of a frog down Sir Joseph's throat; having picked it up from the grass, he held it in the palm of his hand till it performed this guttural somerset, to convince his three followers, the two boys and the savage, that there is nothing poisonous in the animal, as some ignorant people

imagine. As far, therefore, as enlightening the minds of a couple of lads belonging to the rising generation of England, the frog took his voluntary leap of self-destruction, like another Curtius, for the good of his country!" After this, we may believe any thing that we are told of the coxcombry of Sir Joseph's science. Peter Pindar should not have let this exploit escape him; it was even better than that celebrated experiment which ended in—"Fleas are *not* lobsters, d—mn their souls!"

At Scarborough George for the first time saw the sea, with which he was inclined to be disappointed, for he had always conceived it from the poets, to be in a fine frenzy rolling, to rage in a perpetual storm. However, he was on more mature knowledge convinced, "as George Hanger wrote of an army of many thousand men, that it was not to be *sneezed* at." On the morning after his arrival, he walked down to the beach, where he entered a bathing machine, to take his "maiden plunge." He found Omai wading in the water, of whom he gives this curious description. "The sun-beams shot their lustre upon the tawny priest (Omai's profession in Otaheite), and heightened the gloss he had received from the water; he looked like a specimen of moving mahogany highly varnished; not only varnished, indeed, but curiously veneered—for from his hips and the small of his back downwards, he was *tattooed* with striped arches, broad, and black, by means of a sharp shell or fish's tooth, imbued with an indelible dye." He invited young George to take a swim on his back. The offer was accepted. "Omai, who was highly pleased with my confidence in him, walked a considerable way out before the water came up to his chin; he then struck out, and having thus *weighed anchor* for this my first voyage, I found myself on board the Omai, decidedly not as commander of the vessel, but as a passive passenger, who must submit without an effort to the very worst that might happen. My wild friend appeared as much at home in the waves, as a rope-dancer upon a cord. But as soon as he had got out of his depth, my apprehensions were aroused, and I began to think that, if he should take a sudden fancy to dive, or to turn round, and float with his face to the sky, I, who was upon his back, must be in a very awkward situation. Every fresh motion of his arms and legs carried us some yards further out; after a time, however, we went on so steadily, that my fears subsided. At last I felt not only quite at ease, but delighted with my mode of vectigation; it had, doubtless, one advantage over sailing in a ship, for there was no rolling and pitching about, to occasion sea-sickness, and I made my way as smoothly as Arion upon his dolphin. I could not, indeed, touch the lyre, nor had I any musical instrument to play on—unless it were the comb which Omai carried in one hand, and which he used, while swimming, to adjust his harsh black locks, hanging in profusion over his shoulders. Having performed a trip of full three-quarters of an hour, the Omai came gallantly into harbour, all safe—*passenger* in good health."

A pleasantry is next recorded of John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, (afterwards Duke of Buckingham). This "warrior, politician, courtier, and poet, had fled from the plague of 1665 in London to his Yorkshire estate; there he rendered himself so popular, that on his return, his tenantry attended him in a body to some distance, trying to extract a promise of his soon coming to reside among them again. The request was evaded for a while; but the crowd at last forced an answer. 'My worthy friends,' said the Earl, 'I shall make a point of coming among you—at the next plague!'

After a lapse of forty-five years, George visited the seat of the Mulgraves once more. It had flourished prodigiously in the interval, the house had grown into a castle, and the grounds into woodlands and forests. His time passed delightfully, except for the peculiar regard of his noble host for his comfort. For two days he was laid up—by Friar Bacon, on whom he had taken a ride to Whitby. “The fat of this handsome pampered animal proclaimed him an old favourite, and the width of his back distended my femoral sinews, as if I had been put to the *question* by the Inquisition. My kind and noble friend had, I know, been studying my comfort before he mounted me upon this corpulent quadruped, whose ambling pace was smoother than the swing of a cradle; but, oh—his rotundity! take him altogether, he was one of the mildest tortures that ever stretched the limbs of an elderly gentleman.” The Mulgrave expedition passed off pleasantly, furnishing the wit with some sketches of character for his next drama, and supplying the reader with some odd anecdotes. The following slight exaggeration is new to us; he gives it in illustration of the *sang froid* with which the miners in the alum-pits on the Mulgrave estate sling themselves down the quarry. “A Scotchman slipped off the roof of a mansion in Edinburgh, sixteen stories high (at the least); when midway in his descent, he arrived at a lodger looking out of the eighth floor window, to whom, as he was an acquaintance, he observed, *en passant*, ‘Eh, Sandy, mon, sic a fa’ as I shall hae.’ He declines saying anything more on the alum-works, from the *astringency* of the subject, but refers the inquisitive to the Encyclopædia. He now studied botany in the evenings, under the indefatigable Sir Joseph, who sliced cabbages, cauliflowers, and every thing that came in his way, for the honour of science; from which study his pupil declares, that he rose with the power of distinguishing between “a moss-rose and a Jerusalem artichoke.” Growing sick of science, he naturally gives a passing rebuke to every project that withdraws a man from the cultivation of the play-houses and fire-sides of London. “What is,” says this gay Utilitarian, “the endeavour of *boring* beyond a frigid zone? If by possibility a passage were obtained this year, it would be blocked up in the next.” He accordingly pronounces the North-West passage as hopeless as “a turnpike road over the sands of the desert, or a permanent bridge across the crater of *Ætna*.” So much for the glories of Captain Parry and the projects of Mr. Barrow. The world has been long of the wit’s opinion; but he shines in description, and he gives us an excellent roasting of a pig, *au naturel*, by Omai, in the manner of the royal kitchen of Otaheite. “One day we had a barbecued hog—a huge whole monster. I took a prejudice against him while roasting—he was put down to a blazing fire in the field, where he was burned, and scorched, and blackened, until he looked like a fat protestant at the stake, in the time of Bishop Bonner—we all had a flap at him, with a rag dipped in vinegar, at the end of a stick, by way of a basting ladle, otherwise he would have been done to a cinder.” The monster was better than he looked. “As to Omai’s dish, in the eating nothing could be more savoury.” Sir Joseph too, that man of all arts, figured as a cook. “Sir Joseph made very palatable stews, in a tin machine, which he called by a hard name; but which is now very common.” But their experiments were sometimes more diversified than successful. “One day we roasted a sea-gull, which was enough to turn

the stomach of a *cormorant*. The raw dinner of a Hottentot would be a refuge from it."

They then took to boring the burrows or *tumuli* in the neighbourhood, from which they extracted some bones, potsherds, and copper coins, which, he observes, "it was impossible to *toss up*; they having neither heads nor tails." Two or three of them were given to him as the reward of his exploratory prowess, but they did not remain long with him. On this he makes the pleasant, yet pathetic reflection: "From that time to this, I have evinced no talents as a hoarder of coin. My attempts in that way, indeed, have been generally made with a view to *modern English specimens*, stamped with heads of the Brunswick line. Many of those have, at different times, been in my hands; but somehow or other, they have soon passed out of them again; and I have never been able to succeed as a *collector*."

On his tour homewards, he visited Sir Charles Turner, a famous country gentleman—"who persecuted a fox with joyful inveteracy, and was the most formidable Nimrod of his district. He showed us a picture of a favourite white hunter, surmounted by himself, in the act of leaping a five-barred gate, being the last of an uncommon number of similar jumps, which this fine animal had accomplished, with Sir Charles on his back, during one day's chase. When such paintings formerly met my view, they excited in me an admiration for the rider, which I have long ago exclusively transferred to the horse."

The observation is excellent; and a proof of the advanced rationality of the writer. One trait more of this fox-hunting family. "Sir Charles had a son, whom he was educating to be in all points his representative—"a fine dashing fellow!" When I first saw him, he ran into a drawing-room, full of company, with a live mouse in his hand. 'Bite off his head, Charles,' said the father. The boy obeyed the word of command; his *dental guillotine* instantly fell, and the mouse was executed." This was a fine touch of country exploits. But he met a more interesting subject in the neighbourhood. "In the village of Kirkleatham, was an individual, who excited great interest in the visitors of the hall. His looks were venerable, from his great age, and his deportment was above that which is usually found among the inhabitants of a hamlet. How he had acquired this air of superiority over his neighbours, it is difficult to say, for his origin must have been humble. His eightieth summer had nearly passed away; and only two or three years previously, he had learned to read, that he might gratify a parent's pride and love, by perusing his son's first voyage round the world. He was the father of CAPTAIN COOK!"

On the whole, the Random Records are pleasant specimens of old George Colman, the younger. He might have given us more anecdote—for who possesses so much? and a little less loyalty in his panegyrics, for who in this country has not heard all that can be said of the virtues of kings? His preface is a little *ventre à terre*, and his principles are those of the "deputy licenser." But his book is a pleasant one after all. He promises to give more, and we hope he will keep his promise; the present volumes flutter only about the first twenty years of his life. What flights of stronger wing, and broader sweep, may he not take in the forty that have followed them! Let him but begin!

A CHAPTER ON OLD COATS.

I LOVE an old coat. By an old coat, I mean not one of last summer's growth, on which the gloss yet lingers, shadowy, and intermittent, like a faint ray of sunlight on the counting-house desk of a clothier's warehouse in Eastcheap, but a real unquestionable antique, which for some five or six years has withstood the combined assaults of sun, dust, and rain, has lost all pretensions to starch, unsocial formality, and gives the shoulders assurance of ease, and the waist of a holiday. Such a coat is my delight. It presents itself to my mind's eye, mixed up with a thousand varying recollections, and not only shadows forth the figures, but recalls the very faces, even to the particular expression of eye, brow, or lip, of friends over whom the waters of oblivion have long since rolled. This, you will say, is strange. Granted; but mark how I deduce my analogy!

In that repository of wit, learning, and sarcasm, the "Tale of a Tub," Swift pertinently remarks, that, in forming an estimate of an individual's trade or profession, one should look to his dress. The man himself is nothing; his apparel is the distinguishing characteristic; the outward and visible sign of his inward and spiritual grace. What, adds the satirist, is a lawyer, but a black wig and gown, hung up on an animated peg, like a barber's caxon on a block? What, a judge, but an apt conjunction of scarlet and white ermine, thrown over a similar peg, a little stouter, perhaps, and stuck upright on a Bench? What, a dandy, but a pair of tight persuasives to corns and gentility, exuberant pantaloons, and unimpeachable coat and hat, trimly appended to a moving stick, from a yard and a half to two yards high, grown in Bond Street, and cut down in the fulness of time in the King's Bench? What, a lord mayor, but a gold chain stuck round the neck of a plump occupier of space? What, a physician, but a black gilt-headed cane, thrust, with professional gravity, under the snout of an embodied "Memento Mori?" What, an alderman, but a furred gown and white napkin stuck beneath the triple chin of a polypetalous personification of dyspepsia?—Caxon the barber held opinions similar to these. "Pray, Sir," said he to the Antiquary, "do not venture near the sands to-night; for when *you* are dead and gone, there will only be three *wigs* left in the village."*

If then we look to the dress—of which the coat, of course, forms the chief feature—as the criterion of a man, it is logically manifest that the appearance of certain coats will renew the recollection of certain individuals; or suppose we substitute the word "coat" for "man," and it will be equally manifest that a certain coat is *bonâ fide* a certain man. Now, whenever I see an old coat, brown, rusty, and long-waisted, with the dim metal buttons at the back, sewed on so far apart, that if a short-sighted man were to stand upon the one, he could scarcely—according to the ordinary laws of probability—see over to the other; I imagine, on Swift's principle, that I see my fat city friend, Tims, who died of a lord mayor's feast, ten years since come Martinmas. In like manner, whenever I behold a gaunt, attenuated blue surtout, so perfectly old-fashioned in shape, that I should hardly be justified in making an affidavit before Sir Richard Birnie, that, to the best of my belief, it was younger than the Temple of the Sun, at Palmyra; I think that I behold mine ancient college-

* *Vide* Sir W. Scott's novel of the Antiquary, Vol. I.

the stomach of a *cormorant*. The raw dinner of a Hottentot would be a refuge from it."

They then took to boring the burrows or *tumuli* in the neighbourhood, from which they extracted some bones, potsherds, and copper coins, which, he observes, "it was impossible to *toss up*; they having neither heads nor tails." Two or three of them were given to him as the reward of his exploratory prowess, but they did not remain long with him. On this he makes the pleasant, yet pathetic reflection: "From that time to this, I have evinced no talents as a hoarder of coin. My attempts in that way, indeed, have been generally made with a view to *modern English specimens*, stamped with heads of the Brunswick line. Many of those have, at different times, been in my hands; but somehow or other, they have soon passed out of them again; and I have never been able to succeed as a *collector*."

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A CHAPTER ON OLD COATS.

I LOVE an old coat. By an old coat, I mean not one of last summer's growth, on which the gloss yet lingers, shadowy, and intermittent, like a faint ray of sunlight on the counting-house desk of a clothier's warehouse in Eastcheap, but a real unquestionable antique, which for some five or six years has withstood the combined assaults of sun, dust, and rain, has lost all pretensions to starch, unsocial formality, and gives the shoulders assurance of ease, and the waist of a holiday. Such a coat is my delight. It presents itself to my mind's eye, mixed up with a thousand varying recollections, and not only shadows forth the figures, but recalls the very faces, even to the particular expression of eye, brow, or lip, of friends over whom the waters of oblivion have long since rolled. This, you will say, is strange. Granted; but mark how I deduce my analogy!

In that repository of wit, learning, and sarcasm, the "Tale of a Tub," Swift pertinently remarks, that, in forming an estimate of an individual's trade or profession, one should look to his dress. The man himself is nothing; his apparel is the distinguishing characteristic; the outward and visible sign of his inward and spiritual grace. What, adds the satirist, is a lawyer, but a black wig and gown, hung up on an animated peg, like a barber's caxon on a block? What, a judge, but an apt conjunction of scarlet and white ermine, thrown over a similar peg, a little stouter, perhaps, and stuck upright on a Bench? What, a dandy, but a pair of tight persuasives to corns and gentility, exuberant pantaloons, and unimpeachable coat and hat, trimly appended to a moving stick, from a yard and a half to two yards high, grown in Bond Street, and cut down in the fulness of time in the King's Bench? What, a lord mayor, but a gold chain stuck round the neck of a plump occupier of space? What, a physician, but a black gilt-headed cane, thrust, with professional gravity, under the snout of an embodied "Memento Mori?" What, an alderman, but a furred gown and white napkin stuck beneath the triple chin of a polypetalous personification of dyspepsia?—Caxon the barber held opinions similar to these. "Pray, Sir," said he to the Antiquary, "do not venture near the sands to-night; for when *you* are dead and gone, there will only be three *wigs* left in the village."*

If then we look to the dress—of which the coat, of course, forms the chief feature—as the criterion of a man, it is logically manifest that the appearance of certain coats will renew the recollection of certain individuals; or suppose we substitute the word "coat" for "man," and it will be equally manifest that a certain coat is *bonâ fide* a certain man. Now, whenever I see an old coat, brown, rusty, and long-waisted, with the dim metal buttons at the back, sewed on so far apart, that if a short-sighted man were to stand upon the one, he could scarcely—according to the ordinary laws of probability—see over to the other; I imagine, on Swift's principle, that I see my fat city friend, Tims, who died of a lord mayor's feast, ten years since come Martinmas. In like manner, whenever I behold a gaunt, attenuated blue surtout, so perfectly old-fashioned in shape, that I should hardly be justified in making an affidavit before Sir Richard Birnie, that, to the best of my belief, it was younger than the Temple of the Sun, at Palmyra; I think that I behold mine ancient college-

* Vide Sir W. Scott's novel of the Antiquary, Vol. I.

chum, Dickson—the cream of bachelors—the pink of politeness—the most agreeable of tipplers ; who expired last year of vexation, the necessary consequence of his having been married a full fortnight to a Blue-Stocking. Peace to his ashes !—he always spoke respectfully of whisky punch !

Old coats are the indices by which a man's peculiar turn of mind may be pointed out. So tenaciously do I hold this opinion, that, in passing down a crowded thoroughfare, the Strand, for instance, I would wager odds, that, in seven out of ten cases, I would tell a stranger's character and calling by the mere cut of his every-day coat. Who can mistake the staid, formal gravity of the orthodox divine, in the corresponding weight, fulness, and healthy condition of his familiar, easy-natured flaps ? Who sees not the necessities—the habitual eccentricities of the poet, significantly developed in his two haggard, shapeless old apologies for skirts, original in their genius as Christabel, uncouth in their build as the New Palace at Pimlico ? Who can misapprehend the motions of the spirit, as it silyly flutters beneath the Quaker's drab ? Thus, too, the sable hue of the lawyer's working coat corresponds most convincingly with the colour of his conscience : while his thrift, dandyism, and close attention to appearances, tell their own tale in the half-pay officer's smart, but somewhat faded exterior.

No lover of independence ventures voluntarily on a new coat. This is an axiom not to be overturned, unlike the safety stage-coaches. The man who piques himself on the newness of such an habiliment, is—till time hath "mouldered it into beauty"—its slave. Wherever he goes, he is harassed by an apprehension of damaging it. Hence he loses his sense of independence, and becomes—a Serf ! How degrading ! To succumb to one's superiors is bad enough ; but to be the martyr of a few yards of cloth ; to be the Helot of a tight fit ; to be shackled by the ninth fraction of a man ; to be made submissive to the sun, the dust, the rain, and the snow ; to be panic-stricken by the chimney-sweep ; to be scared by the dustman ; to shudder at the advent of the baker ; to give precedence to the scavenger ; to concede the wall to a peripatetic conveyancer of eggs ; to palpitate at the irregular sallies of a mercurial cart-horse ; to look up with awe at the apparition of a giggling servant girl, with a slop-pail thrust half way out of a garret window ; to coast a gutter with a horrible anticipation of consequences ; to faint at the visitation of a shower of soot down the chimney ;—to be compelled to be at the mercy of each and all of these vile contingencies ; can any thing in human nature be so preposterous, so effeminate, so disgraceful ? A truly great mind spurns the bare idea of such slavery ; hence, according to the "Subaltern," Wellington liberated Spain in a red coat, extravagantly over-estimated at sixpence, and Napoleon entered Moscow in a green one out at the elbows.

An old coat is the aptest possible symbol of sociality. An old shoe is not to be despised ; an old hat, provided it have a crown, is not amiss ; none but a cynic would speak irreverently of an old slipper ; but were I called upon to put forward the most unique impersonation of comfort, I should give a plumper in favour of an old coat. The very mention of this luxury conjures up a thousand images of enjoyment. It speaks of warm fire-sides—long flowing curtains—a downy arm-chair—a nicely-trimmed lamp—a black cat fast asleep on the hearth-rug—a bottle of old Port (vintage 1812)—a snuff-box—a cigar—

a Scotch novel—and, above all, a social, independent, unembarrassed attitude. With a new coat this last blessing is unattainable. Imprisoned in this detestable tunic—oh, how unlike the flowing toga of the ancients!—we are perpetually haunted with a consciousness of the necessities of our condition. A sudden pinch in the waist dispels a philosophic reverie; another in the elbow withdraws us from the contemplation of the poet to the recollection of the tailor; Snip's goose vanquishes Anacreon's dove; while, as regards our position, to lean forward, is inconvenient; to lean backward, extravagant; to lean sideways, impossible. The great secret of happiness is the ability to merge self in the contemplation of nobler objects. This a new coat, as I have just now hinted, forbids. It keeps incessantly intruding itself on our attention. While it flatters our sense of the becoming, it compromises our freedom of thought. While it insinuates that we are the idol of a ball-room, it neutralizes the compliment by a high-pressure power on the short ribs. It bids us be easy, at the expense of respiration; comfortable, with elbows on the rack.

There is yet another light in which old coats may be viewed: I mean as chroniclers of the past, as vouchers to particular events. Agesilaus, king of Sparta, always dated from his last new dress. Following in the wake of so illustrious a precedent, I date from my last (save one) new coat, which was first ushered into being during the memorable period of the Queen's trial. Do I remember that epoch from the agitation it called forth? From the loyalty, the radicalism, the wisdom and the folly it quickened into life?—Assuredly not. I gained nothing by the wisdom. I lost as much by the folly. I was neither the better nor the worse for the agitation. Why then do I still remember that period? Simply and selfishly from the circumstance of its having occasioned the dismemberment—most calamitous to a poor annuitant!—of the very coat in which I have the honour of addressing this essay to the public. In an olfactory crowd, whom her Majesty's "wrongs" had congregated at Hammersmith, my now invalid habiliment was transformed after the fashion of an Ovidian metamorphosis, where the change is usually from the better to the worse, from a coat into a spencer. In a word, some adroit conveyancer eloped with the hinder flaps, and by so doing, secured a snuff-box which played two waltz tunes.

The same coat, on which subsequently, by a sort of Taliacotian process, a pair of artificial skirts were grafted, accompanied me through Wales, among mountains where the eagle dwells alone in his supremacy. It was the sole adjunct who was with me, when I rambled along the banks of the Sawthy, when the lark was abroad and singing in the sky, or the shy nightingale flung her song to the winds from among the hushed dells of Keven-gornuth. It was at my back when I climbed the loftiest peak of Cader-Idris, and when with feelings not to be described, I looked down upon sapphire clouds floating in quaint huge masses at an immense distance below me, and saw through their filmy chinks the glittering of thirty lakes, the faint undulating line of a thousand billowy ridges, or the blue expanse of the drowsy ocean, dotted here and there with a passing sail, and bordered far away on the horizon by the dim boundaries of the Irish coast. Moreover, it was at my back when I plunged chin-deep into the isle of Ely bogs, in which picturesque condition I was shot at, (and of course missed) by a Cockney sportsman, who had mistaken me for a rare and handsome species of the wild duck.

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appanage ever bore a part, was one which took place at night-fall at a lonely dwelling in the neighbourhood of the Black Mountains. I had been sporting over those delectable wastes for the greater part of a day, and having as usual shot nothing but an old furze bush, was making the best of my way home towards the village inn where I had taken up my quarters, when the shades of night somewhat suddenly and inconveniently dropped around me. I say inconveniently, for I knew little or nothing of the neighbourhood, and as is always the case on such occasions, took the wrong by-path, which led me far down into a romantic hollow, in the centre of which stood a lone, gloomy-looking hut. I think I never saw so forlorn an object. Its every lineament spoke of solitude and murder.

While hesitating whether or not to pass this cut-throat tenement, a light glanced suddenly forth from one of the fissures that time and neglect had made in its walls. This decided me; I felt that I now stood a fair chance of gleaning some information respecting my road; so brandishing my gun like a quarter-staff—for I had consumed all my powder—I strode resolutely forward, though not without certain awkward misgivings, which a satirist might have tortured into apprehensions, in the direction whence the light proceeded, and was fortunate enough to secure a position, which, without being seen or heard, enabled me to see and hear, all that took place within the hut.

And a most picturesque discovery I made! Salvator Rosa would have given his ears to have been beside me. At the further end of the ruin, holding a lamp in his hand, whose wild fitful glare fell with strange effect upon his dark swarthy lineaments, stood a brawny ruffian, with a face eloquent of burglary. Near him was stationed another worthy, younger, though equally ferocious in aspect; with black grizzled hair; side-long look, like a fox on a poaching tour; snub nose, and mouth from ear to ear. Both were speaking in under tones; and as the younger, in reply to some question put by his companion, stole a fearful glance about him, I observed a spot of blood on his forehead, and that his hands were stained with the same crimson hue. Horror-struck by such a sight, I was just preparing to retreat, when the following sentences, spoken at intervals in a whisper that sent a thrill through every vein, rivetted me to the spot.

“Whereabouts did you catch her, Owen?”

“Just in the lane by the pool side; she was walking alone, so, as I owed the old woman a grudge, I”—and here the wretch chuckled like a fiend—“made no more ado, but grasped her by the neck, and cut her throat!”

“We must go and fetch her away then to-night; and above all, cover up the blood with earth, or else”——

What followed, I was unable to make out; enough, however, had been said, to convince me that I was standing within a yard of two deliberate murderers. What a situation! Alone, at night, in the wildest part of the Black Mountains, with two such villains: I felt that one movement, were it ever so slight, one sound, were it ever so fine, might reach their practised ears, and prove my instant destruction. But I had little time for reflection, for the ruffians making a sudden move towards the door, I moved off also, nor ever once halted, till cut short in my career by a projecting blackthorn, which had attached itself, after a very uncommunal fashion, to my person. With the usual difficulty I procured a divorce from this annoyance; and after rambling about some hours, up

one lane, down another, coasting this moor, and crossing that, I at length got into the right track, and arrived at my quarters with the sole inconvenience of having my coat a second time dismembered, like Absyrtus, by his kind aunt Medea.

But this was a trifle compared with the more momentous secret that engrossed my whole thoughts. For two days and nights I did nothing but ponder in my mind the way in which I could best disburthen myself of it. At first I thought of telling every thing to my landlord; but when I reflected on the character of my communication, there appeared a something so strange—so romantic—so altogether *outré* about it, that—will the reader credit my weakness?—I actually had not the courage to incur the hazard either of being laughed at, or scouted as a fabricator.

But the mind, like the body, when overcharged, must find a market for its surplus commodities. In other words, it must have a vent for its uneasiness. I soon felt this to be the case; and after bearing my secret about with me a full fortnight, it became at length so wholly insupportable, that I resolved, come what might, to rid myself of the burden; and accordingly, by my landlord's advice—to whom I imparted every particular—set out for Carmarthen, which was the nearest civilized town, in order to put the whole affair into the hands of the proper legal authorities.

It so happened, that the day of my arrival there was the second of the assizes, and as the magistrate before whom I was advised to lay my case, was in court, I made the best of my way thither, and arrived just in time to hear the trial of two murderous-looking felons, in whose intelligent faces I at the very first glance recognised my old acquaintances of the hut. The wretches then were at length detected! Thank God! I involuntarily exclaimed, and waited with throbbing heart the particulars of the solemn charge. In a few minutes, the trial commenced. The counsel for the prosecution drew forth their briefs; those for the defence looked ominous and full of apprehension; the Judge shook his wig; the Jury frowned in horror; the Court was hushed in awful expectation, and—Owen Rees and Davy Thomas were formally called on to plead Guilty or Not Guilty, to the charge of having, on the night of the 20th of June—the very night on which I had overheard their conversation,—“*—stolen a Goose, the property of Sarah Stubbs, ALIAS Long Sal, spinster*”!!

Shade of Martinus Scriblerus! was ever sample of the bathos equal to this?

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

POLITICAL Economy is a science against which we, poor untaught, un-Scotchified, and un-Jacobinical creatures, will never venture to lift up our finger. First, because it is the “grand science” of the age. Secondly, because it is a science that every body, born to be a light of the earth, or not born for that, or any other visible purpose, thoroughly understands. Thirdly, because it is a science in which no one of its illustrious lecturers, worshippers, and writers, ever contradicts the other, or contradicts himself; calls his brother a blockhead, or proves himself one; insults common sense in mankind, or burlesques it in his proper person. Fourthly, because it is, *par excellence*, a *lecturable* science, or

M.M. *New Series*.—VOL. IX. No. 51. 2 T

science on which every body may lecture with rival profundity, novelty, and example; it supplying the ignorant with instantaneous knowledge, the stupid with intuitive sagacity, the narcotic with glowing eloquence, and the silent among the souls of men with argument eternal. Fifthly, because it is the peculiar science of those peculiar friends to England and her establishments, the Edinburgh Jacobins, the Paris Jacobins, the Dublin Jacobins, and the London Jacobins. Sixthly, because it is a science comprehending all other sciences, and capable of being naturally diversified and embroidered by digressions upon every subject comprehensible by the "energies" of man, or the boundless literature of a travelling tinker or lecturer; relieving a discussion upon poor-rates by an episode on the seraglio, the new receipt for water-proof leather, the history of Lady Ellenborough's Apotheosis, and the private memoirs of Mademoiselle Jelk, the reigning ornament of the Adelphi. Seventhly, because it is the science that feeds Mr. Macculloch's pen, and empties Mr. Huskisson's pocket; that has fixed the one in a professorship; and turned the other out of every thing but the seat for Liverpool, out of which we predict that he will speedily be turned, never to return.

With this strong consciousness of the blessings of Political Economy, let none suppose that we would whisper a syllable in its dispraise. Quite the contrary. As one of our poets of the Political Economist school of poetry sings:—

Hail for ever, Huskisson!
Of the mightiest, mightiest one!
First of English, first of Scotch,
Fittest our finance to botch;
Fittest of all ministers
To awake the House's jeers;
Fittest of all geese to write
Notes at "two o'clock" at night;
Fittest to get footman's warning,
Dated "ten o'clock" at morning;
Fittest thy own fall to spout,
When his Highness tossed thee out;
Mighty soul of mighty mouse,
Fittest to amuse the House,
When with roars the laughing tribe
Heard thee all thy woes describe;
Fittest for Macculloch's List—
Hail! thou great Economist!

As to the effects of the Huskissonian principles (!) we sincerely absolve that memorable statesman and philosopher from all blame; for the business of statesmen and philosophers being solely with the origin of things, the *ultima causa*, or primary conceptions of those noble discoveries that are to restore (or upset) mankind, they are fairly disengaged from all human responsibility for the results. We are perfectly convinced that Mr. Huskisson was so far from intending that twenty thousand Spitalfields weavers should be thrown out of bread within the first week of his triumphant theory, that he actually thought his activity would have had quite the contrary effect: that twenty thousand more weavers would be set to work, and that they would all have double meals. If in this he made a "trifling mistake," it was any thing but a mistake of the heart. But to our topic, gin! Science leads one of the new school naturally to think that the cultivation of French silks, gloves, &c., is a suitable object

of encouragement to England; and the cultivation of British gin is, as naturally, the "remunerating boon," as "Science" says.

Science is vigorous in its proceedings, and the cultivation of that truly British commodity has succeeded to a flourishing extent, which must enrapture the eye of an economist. But to the fact. In the year 1825, Science reduced the duties on British spirits, with the avowed purpose of increasing their consumption. Many persons doubted the wisdom of such a step, and foresaw its consequences. But the measure was recommended by Mr. Huskisson; and, being founded upon the most approved principles of political economy, the apprehensions for the health and morals of our population were treated—economically. The result, it must be admitted, has completely answered the purpose of those who recommended the expedient. The consumption of British spirits has, within these few years, prodigiously increased. The police reports give the most attractive evidence of the zeal with which the populace second the zeal of the philosophers; and we must give credit to Mr. Peel for his provident invention of the blue devil police, whose chief office being, to pick up those practical "economists" from the kennel, we understand that they intend to apply for a new civic order of merit, which Lord Alvanley says should be the "*Spinning-ginny*," and the name, the *Blue-ruins*. But to the fact again. It appears, from papers laid before Parliament, that the average consumption of 1820, 21, and 22, amounted, in round numbers, to 11,974,000 gallons; while the average of 1825, 26, and 27, was 23,540,000 gallons. In the last of these years it was 24,346,460 gallons! Of those, nearly twenty millions of gallons were the manufacture of the United Kingdom, and produced a revenue of 4,107,582*l*. The public evidence of this brilliant change is palpable in the enlarged magnificence and picturesque beauty of the gin-shops, in the rapid conversion of all the minor sinning tribe of coffee-shops, wine cellars, porter houses, &c. into vermilion and gold-flourished and decorated temples of the gin Goddess, and in the crowd of devotees that bring their hourly offerings to the shrine, and continue their prostrations all the way home.

Mr. Hodges has just announced a boiler that would float a seventy-four; and Mr. Deady has threatened to rival him before a month is over, with a boiler that empties the Islington reservoir to cover its bottom to the depth of one inch "imperial." The truth is, that the trade thrives, and gin is "looking up," whatever its drinkers may do. The ordinary statesman may go the way of so many other statesman; and sink into a babbler at Brussels and Boulogne; or repose himself in the majesty of gout on his borough sofa, until he ceases to haunt back-benches, and becomes divested of the power of scribbling a frank. But the tomb of the philosopher deserves to be not unknown; they should not "sleep without the meed of some melodious tear," to whom during life, so many owed "a drop i' the eye." Where is the feeling that would deny to him a cordial recollection? They should not sink into unregarded clay to whom so many owed "spirit;" they should not be pressed by the common obscurity, whom the arts of decorating shop windows, and painting noses, hail as revivers and Raphaels.

All the world knows the reply of the Sultan Mustapha to Cromwell's Ambassador, who wanted to make a protestant of the magnificent unbeliever:—"If I ever turn Christian it shall be Catholic; for I never heard

of a protestant kingdom having good wine." The Turk was right in his oinography, or as the Gresham professor of Greek has it, *vino-graphy*; and undoubtedly popery and potation (or as the Gresham professor of Latin has it, "*potus drinkabilis*") go hand in hand with marvellous coincidence of virtues; thus we have Claret and confession, Port and purgatory, Tokay and transubstantiation, Madeira and monkery, Burgundy and bulls, and so forth.

But if there are men who have no vinous enthusiasm, we suppose every body wishes to escape all hazards in the other world, and there the papist distances all other men in the most steam engine style. Nothing can be plainer on the face of the Romish budget, than that if a man is roasted for a million of years, more or less, the whole is a matter of taste; for he might have escaped the torrefaction with the greatest ease, the process being merely to pay a certain number of pence into the pocket of a certain number of priests, to say masses for the culprit yet Catholic soul. We give one of the registers of this wholesale anti-roasting machine:—

"The sacred and royal Monte de Piedad, of Madrid, has relieved from purgatory, since its establishment in 1721, till November, 1826,—

1,030,395 souls, at an expense of £1,720,437

11,402, from Nov. 1, 1826, to Nov. 1827 14,276

1,041,797

£1,734,713

The number of Masses, celebrated to accomplish this pious work, was 558,921, consequently each soul cost 1 9-10 Masses, or 34s. 4d."

This is one of the triumphs of the church; and we congratulate the Lazaroni of Naples, the bandits of the Roman states, the Rockites of Ireland, and all the cut-throats, poisoners, and pilferers, from one end of the popish world to the other, on this splendid facility of Elysium, this golden or silver ladder to paradise.

"The honourable Mr. ———, being at variance with his father, sometimes speaks very freely in reprehension of his conduct, but plumes himself on allowing no one else to do so. A sprig of fashion, conversing with him on his sire's undutiful conduct, broke out with "That fool of a father!"—"Hold!" cried filial piety, "I will allow no man to call Lord ——— a fool of a father."—"It was a mere slip of the tongue," replied the other, "I only meant to say *that father of a fool*." Such are the ways of newspaper mystification. The Honourable Mr. is a noble lord, and the noble lord a very pleasant theatre-loving fellow, who is keeping up the glory of Old England in 'far distant lands,' as the romance writers say or sing. Happy England, that, if it produce nothing else, produces fiddling ambassadors and greenroom lords. Will the following paragraph explain?

"Florence is still more gay than it was, occasioned chiefly by the attraction of Lord Normanby's private theatricals, and the splendid hospitality of his table. Young Charles Mathews designs all the dresses, and suggests the subjects of the new and beautiful scenes with which the theatre is decorated."

As to what Young Charles Mathews may do in the "designing way," we suppose nobody cares but himself. But if my lord should ever condescend to honour London with the light of his countenance again, we hope he will bring, at least, the Duchesa de Belgiojoco, or whatever her exquisite name may be, in his suite. *Vive la Drame!*

The election of the reverend gentleman, now parish sexton of St. Giles's, has not yet passed away from the memory of mankind; and the industrious determination of so worthy a personage, to take care of the bodies as well as the souls of men, will, we hope, recommend him to the love of the bishops.

A Flanders mail announces the departure of a vessel, a few days since, with "a cargo of rather a novel description, consisting of dead human bodies, for the resurrection-men on the banks of the Thames. The wits are merciless on the Election and have illustrated the event with several intolerable puns. One of them observes, that though this reverend person's office has excited a good number of enemies in the parish, as well as a good deal of ridicule out of it, he is in the happiest situation to make the laughers "*grave men*," and is ready to *bury* all animosities.—Another observes, that his having played his game so well is entirely owing to his having "*spades*" in his hand, which gave him the command of king, queen, and knave.—Another, that, notwithstanding the contrivances of his canvass, he may be relied on for plain speaking, as no man is more likely to call a "*spade a spade*."—Another, that if his knowledge of books be but shallow, no man can look more profoundly into *human nature*.—Another, that his humility is worthy of all admiration, for he is the very first of his cloth who voluntarily chose his station six feet below the lowest of living mankind.—Another, that he deserves to be honoured for exploring a new source of clerical substance. Another Wit has embodied his panegyric in immortal rhyme.

STRANGER, *loquitur*.

Digger, in the shovel-hat,
Tell me what the deuce you're at;

Digging, delving,
Sweating, shelving,
Night and day;
Six feet in clay,
Tossing bones,
Picking stones,

Startling worm, and rousing rat;—
Tell me, what the deuce you're at!

SEXTON, *loquitur*.

Digging, in this shovel-hat,
Here I lay St. Giles's flat.

What are all men,
Short or tall men?

Flowers in May,

Sons of clay,

High and low,

Down they go.

Wives of farmers,

London charmers,

Are all laid

By my spade.

Winter, June-light,

Sunshine, moonlight,

See me neck-deep in the grave,

Leaving scarcely time to shave;

Working on through deal and lead;

Turning dust and bones to bread.

Ask you why I bustle here?—

'Tis for fifty pounds a year!

This is all very captivating. But one of the best hits was the observation of a neighbouring rector of high classical attainments:—"The reverend sexton," said he, "may in one instance be culpable—as, he *hides* his talent in the *earth*; but, in another, he is meritorious—for he clearly is 'able to *dig*, and to beg he is not *ashamed*.'"

Some time since, a fellow with a paper pasted on his back, declaring him a clergyman! took to sweeping the crossing near Hyde Park Corner, in sight of Lord Eldon's parlour windows. He was removed shortly; whether promoted or not, we cannot say. But the grave-digging expedient we think better still, on the principle that when a man is at the lowest, any change must be a rise. We wonder whether the Bishop of London has ever seen this coadjutor of the doctor and the hangman laying the dust.

The old proverb "*Noscitur à sociis*" is curiously exemplified in the crowd of Byron's familiars, among whom Hobhouse and Moore are almost the only respectable survivors, as they were almost the only men of respectable habits, for Hobhouse has long been sick of radicalism, and Mr. Moore has, to his honour, made every amends in his power for Mr. Little. But where are the set with whom he flourished his fantasies in the face of the staring world—his Cambridge fellow rakes, his Italian fellow libellers, and his Greek fellow banditti? Even his English man of business could not escape the fatality. Hanson was once a thriving man; he is now "*across the Atlantic*," we believe, in that delightful land of refuge for the Rowland Stephensons. Byron was drawn in to busy himself in Lord Portsmouth's marriage with Hanson's daughter. Her thanks, it seems, was given to his lordship. A miserable exposure occurred some few years ago, which ended in making her Miss Hanson again. The "*good girl*," as he calls her, was not thought to be "*a good wife*."

"Received many and the kindest thanks from Lady Portsmouth, *père* and *mère*, for my matchmaking. I don't regret it, as she looks the Countess well, and is a very good girl. It is odd how well she carries her new honours. She looks a different woman, and high-bred. I had no idea I could make so good a peeress."

It came out on the inquest into Lord Portsmouth's brains, that at the time of making this match, he was "*madder than the maddest of March hares*," and that all sorts of dexterity were used to make the "*good girl*" a countess. But with this Byron was, we take it for granted, unacquainted, as he was then but a boy. Or if he knew it, he probably, in the saturnine spirit of his poet days, looked upon it as a capital joke on the aristocracy; of which, worshipping the class, he seems to have hated every individual.

The Universal-knowledge sixpenny system finds no advocates in us. Nor have we yet been enabled, with all our inquiries, to discover a single cobbler turned into a genius by the whole steam-engine-pamphlet process. On the contrary, we will confess, that so strong are our prejudices, that if we should find our tailor proving by the differential calculus, that three yards of cloth ought be charged to his customers as six, we should seriously hesitate to employ him for the equipping of our person; that if our wine merchant demonstrated by the most refined solution of Cubics, that the less wine and the more logwood there was in his casks, the more Burgundy was the result, we should be much

inclined to abandon the pleasure of getting *vinous* at his hand; and that if our baker had satisfied his rational-material portion, (which men of old called soul, but which later and wiser men know to be *medulla*, modified with gin and water,) that three-fifths of pipe clay, and one of marble dust to one of wheaten flour, make the most legitimate loaf, not the subtlest metaphysics, from Hume to Maculloch, could prevent us from calling him a rogue.

But such prejudices, ferocious and unphilosophical as they may be, by no means leads us to the length of doubting that "innocent little men and women," as Cumberland used to call boys and girls, may be much benefited by books suited to their years. We acknowledge that we read all kinds of things—that we are *Helluones librorum*, perfect Magliabechis—true De Bures; and yet among the various volumes that have fallen in our way for assisting the early mind on its path to vigour, taste, and intelligence, we have seen nothing superior to the little volume, published by Harris, and named "Stories for Short Students, or Little Lore for Little People," by the Rev. Edward Mangin, A. M.

"Having had boys of my own," says the author, "to teach and to amuse, my lessons are chiefly such as I thought would best suit them. I have endeavoured to find, or to invent, narratives of a brief and striking description, and to tell my stories in the most simple words that presented themselves, to avoid perplexing my young reader by too many circumstances in each tale, and to abstain from *comment*; so as in general to leave children at liberty to exercise the mind by drawing natural and obvious conclusions for themselves." This we think an excellent conception, and fully agree with the author, "that there is no act which contributes more to the cultivation of the growing faculties."

The stories are nearly forty, and are all striking, from the force of their incidents, and the simplicity of their style. Some of them are new to us, as the anecdotes of Colonel Caillaud, and the French General Lally, the village feeling for General Wolfe's mother, &c. &c., and are admirably told; with that true skill which belongs to a master of narration. But the author's name was a sufficient sanction for the value of any work proceeding from his pen. The "Essay on Light reading" is well known as one of the most graceful and interesting performances of its kind in the language. But we must hope to see Mr. Mangin also remembering that there are wants in the mature, which it is only for manly and accomplished minds like his own to supply, and that the public would be gratified by seeing him turn some part of his literature and knowledge of life to higher objects than the construction of even these admirable little narratives.

The present volume is embellished with a considerable number of pretty and expressive engravings, and it altogether forms one of the most attractive additions to the Young Library. On one or two points we differ with him. We cannot believe Shakspeare to have painted Richard the Third blacker than he deserved, to make his court to Elizabeth; for Richard was, undoubtedly, an usurper, a tyrant, and a murderer, whether his back were straight or crooked. Shakspeare, too, did not live "decently with his wife and daughters for some years after quitting the stage," but seems to have quarrelled with his wife, and died within *two* years.—As to Washington, he was a great man, but a rebel, and a violator of his oath to the king. The resistance of America was *unjustifiable* in conscience. He died, not "a little after sixty," but

at sixty-eight, after an illness of only one day, Dec. 14, 1799.—We again commend this clever little volume.

The GEORGES have always been lucky. The first George left the most pitiful sovereignty in Germany, to sit down in the finest sovereignty in the world; the second broke up a rebellion, half-a-dozen factions, and kept two mistresses in order at a time; the third had half-a-dozen escapes from maniacs, bent on reforming him with poison or the pistol; and the fourth has actually survived the vengeance of Lord Byron. Why his Lordship should have “raged so furiously” against the royal person, is beyond our comprehension; but he certainly “levied war” against our Sovereign Lord the King, if epigrams could sink, burn, and destroy. He sends the blow home in a note given in the memoir:

“I have nothing of the sort you mention but *the lines* (the Weepers), if you like to have them in the Bag. I wish to give them all possible circulation. The *Vault* reflection is downright actionable, and to print it would be peril to the publisher; but I think the Tears have a natural right to be bagged, and the editor (whoever he may be) might supply a facetious note or not, as he pleased.”

But fiercer than all this was meditated, as we shall see. The *Vault*, the epigram on the exhumation of Charles I., beginning with

“Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,”

was, by his own admission, tolerably strong:

“I cannot conceive how the *Vault* has got about—but so it is. It is too *farouche*; but, truth to say, my satires are not very playful. I have the plan of an epistle in my head, *at him and to him*; and, if they are not a little quieter, I shall embody it. I should say little or nothing of *myself*. As to mirth and ridicule, that is out of the way; but I have a tolerable fund of sternness and contempt, and, with Juvenal before me, I shall perhaps read *him* a lecture he has not lately heard in the C—. From particular circumstances, which came to my knowledge almost by accident, I could ‘tell *him* what he is—I know *him* well.’”

We have no doubt that he would have made a fine Court Review of it. Possibly the following verses were some of his sketches—the *primæ linæ* of the epistle that was to reverse the order of things. They are capital for force, though we fear that they had not quite weight of metal enough to overturn thrones:

“The Devil return’d to hell by two,
And he stayed at home till five;
When he dined on some homicides done in *ragout*,
And a rebel or so in an *Irish* stew,
And sausages made of a self-slain Jew,
And bethought of himself what next to do,
‘And,’ quoth he, ‘I’ll take a drive.
I walk’d in the morning, I’ll ride to-night;
In darkness my children take most delight,
And I’ll see how my favourites thrive.

“‘And what shall I ride in?’ quoth Lucifer, then—
‘If I follow’d my taste, indeed,
I should mount in a waggon of wounded men,
And smile to see them bleed.
But these will be furnished again and again,
And at present my purpose is speed;

To see my manor as much as I may,
 And watch that no souls shall be poach'd away.
 I have a state coach at C— House,
 A chariot in Seymour Place ;
 But they're lent to two friends, who make me amends,
 By driving my favourite pace ;
 And they handle their reins with such a grace,
 I have something for both at the end of their race."

The French are proud of their being the gayest people on earth, and they carry their gaiety with them on all occasions. To a dance or a funeral, to the Opera or the guillotine, alike. A scene in Paris lately exhibited this gaiety in a brilliant point of view. A horrid miscreant was sentenced to the guillotine for the murder of his uncle. His two accomplices shared his sentence, and the whole train of the circumstances, the guilt, and the nature of the punishment, which though brief, is one of the most startling, and even sickening and hideous to the eye, that was ever invented by man ; were calculated to produce a deep sense of awe and horror in the public mind. The result was quite the contrary ; for the execution was one of the gayest things that has occurred since the last Carnival, in Paris. The multitude were in roars of merriment, from the beginning to the end. It reminded the elder people of the pleasantries of the Revolution, when even the playhouse was deserted for the *Place de Grève*, and the wives and mothers of the multitude took their stations in the morning round the guillotine, knitting in hand, and continued working and chatting all day, while the executioner's carts unloaded the *victims* by dozens at the foot of the scaffold, and the axe-above did its work with patriotic rapidity. In those days woe to the bungling finisher of the law ! the least deficiency of expertness produced a torrent of indignation from the circle on circle of industrious ladies ; as the evidence of skill was applauded with smiles, bravos, and clapping of hands !

Two of the criminals were overwhelmed with their situation. The third and principal, Chaudelet, probably half mad, or drunk, gave the tone to the pleantry. On the attendant priests offering him the crucifix, as is customary, "the reply of Chaudelet was a gesture of the most horrible impatience and rage so violent that he loosed his hands. He then recommenced his imprecations against the police, invoking the vengeance of all true thieves on those vile scoundrels (*canaille*), particularly him of the Quarter of St. Jean, 'that veritable Vidocq ;' and comforted the spectators with the idea that, while they crowded to see three honest fellows *fauchés* (mowed), other honest lads were plundering their (the spectators') houses." But the point which strikes us, is not the frenzy of the wretched being, but the conduct of the spectators. "The mob loudly applauded this pleasant sally, and were gratefully rewarded for their approbation by Chaudelet's repetition of a song, in which the sentiment was embodied, and which, while under sentence of death, he had composed for the occasion." This had occurred on the way to the *Place de Grève*, the usual scene of death, which was crowded with the applauders. On the death of his comrades, Chaudelet was brought forward. " ' Now, my dear friend,' said one of the priests to Chaudelet, ' there is yet time to make your peace with God ! One word of repentance ! ' A new burst of impiety, indecency, and apparent mirth, was the reply to this exhortation. ' We lose time,' said he ;

'look at my friends—they have been more fortunate than I!' and, saying this, he ran up the steps of the scaffold with so much haste and grimace as to provoke a loud laugh from the populace, one half of whom were women! and who had within the preceding three minutes seen two fellow creatures perish." The fate of those wretched men was now decided, but the "peuple gai" had another indulgence in contemplation. The remains of the executed are put into a large chest, in which they are conveyed to the place of burial for criminals. "The mob entreated, but without success, for the further savage gratification of looking into the case or chest. Disappointed in this, they merrily departed; and this applies to fifty thousand men and women, in equal numbers, of Paris! The laugh, the jest, and the song, were heard on every hand!" We can have no vindictiveness against the French. But details of this kind startle us by their evidence of the tremendous evil which may be waiting its development only for the next great popular commotion in France. The horrors of the "Reign of Terror" rise before our eyes, in such scenes as those, and the question occurs with irresistible force—to what is due this propensity to delight in blood, and extinguish in the heart all sorrowing and solemn emotions at the sight of things of crime and suffering? We can find but one solution for the problem. The human heart, naturally tenanted by fierce passions, requires a direction higher than that of human laws or customs. But the religion of France is not capable of giving this direction. A succession of pompous ceremonies, or blind worship, with the populace, have made them singularly insensible to the true power of Christianity on the heart. The same succession of empty forms has made the higher orders, almost to a man, utter unbelievers in revelation. They see only a pageant, they justly ridicule the pageantry; and they will not take the trouble to inquire whether there may not be a system more pure, more devoted, and more authentic. They have been taught to hear Protestantism scoffed at as heresy, or have seen its profession punished as a public crime. Thus the only hope of righteous intelligence is closed upon them; and the higher ranks, in general, give up life to intrigue, gaming, and utter waste of time, means, and understanding. The lower, where they are not compelled by the salutary restraints of poverty and the peasant life, to the rustic virtues, are ready for every fury of unlicensed passion, and every frenzy of popular overthrow. But all are "the gayest of the gay," and they are equally gay at a feast and at a murder, in a Sunday play-house, and in the presence of an execution. Christianity in France would give them feeling without saddening their hearts! and supply that rational and generous cheerfulness, without which mirth is the most melancholy thing in the world.

Perfectly satisfied that, if among the Saints there are some honest men, they are generally foolish enough to give the management of their "Slave Trade" affairs to rogues, we have pleasure in adding, as far as we can, to the public contempt for the trickeries of this troop of politicians in general. Some months ago the public were surprised, and the managers of saintship were in a state of extacy, at the appearance of some statements in the *Morning Chronicle*, temptingly headed "Cruelty as at present practised in the West Indies, from an eye-witness." In due time it found its way back to Jamaica, and was there published in a paper called the *Watchman*, where it met the eye of Mr. Evelyn, the collector of the Customs at the same port.

This gentleman, from the conversations he had with Mr. Smith, collector of the Customs at Savannah La Mar, was induced to suspect him as the author of the letter in question, which Mr. S. subsequently acknowledged. The result was, the appointment of a Committee to inquire into Mr. Smith's statements. The Committee proceeded to procure the evidence and depositions of every person who could in any manner give information on the subject, among whom were the Rector of the parish, the Baptist and Methodist Missionaries, the whole contradicting in the most unqualified manner the entire of Mr. Smith's statements. But this was not all: the Committee examined Mr. Smith himself, to give him an opportunity to prove his charges; and how did he so? By acknowledging that he had not seen a single circumstance described—that he had manufactured his letter partly from what he had heard from others, whose names (very prudently, no doubt) he declined giving, and partly from prejudices he had formerly imbibed in a great measure from the work of *Mr. Stephen!*

The indignation of the West Indians was natural, and the result has been a direct denial of Smith's calumnies.

The following is an extract from the Report of the Committee of investigation:—"Your Committee, on reviewing generally the evidence before them, conclude that Mr. Smith has *not proved himself to have been an 'eye-witness' to a single charge of cruelty, as by him stated.* Mr. Smith has, moreover, admitted before us that 'he had procured his unfounded slanders partly from the calumnious production of Mr. Stephen on Slavery,' and partly from prejudiced persons in this country, but whose names he refused to give up."

As to Master Stephen, we charge him with no cardinal sins. But he is a confoundedly cunning fellow, and has contrived to feather his own nest and that of his family in a most comfortable style of public plucking. One of the papers lately gave a list of places to the amount of no less than 17,000*l.* a year, held by this pious and unworldly personage and his family! Where is the reforming Duke in all this?

As for Zachary Macauley, no one can doubt his being the pattern of a saint, and a gloriously thriving one besides. He first pushed himself into the Sierra Leone trade, by which we hope that he has lost nothing! Then he pushed his boy into a Commissionership of Bankrupts; then he pushed him into Parliament for the Devonshire borough. In all this, he is of course, not thinking of our very wicked world!

How long are the public to be *bored* by the fuss made about the merits of actresses? The stage is at this time in the deepest degradation, in every sense of the word. Its authorship, in any true sense of the name is utterly gone. No man now takes the trouble of writing any thing original for the stage. There are some ingenious writers connected with the principal theatres, but their efforts are limited to translation. But our present and more repulsive topic is—the state of female character on the boards. One of the papers, which, to do it justice, is among the most measured in its language, tells us—

There are reasons for every thing. A gentleman of some taste and judgment lately expressed surprise at seeing Miss C—— brought so much before the public, while other singers of talent were kept in the shade. "Ah!" said a person who is in the *secret*, every young lady has not a lord for a friend. Her patron sends *ten pounds'* worth of tickets into the house every

night she plays. This answers the purpose of the theatre, and makes her worth her salary."

So much for the *protégée* system. We should like to know how many pounds or farthings this noble ticket buyer gave to the poor during the late frost!

Another gives us the information that Madame Sontag, who made so many annual protestations of her being married to Count somebody or other, varying from A, to X, Y, Z, in the Court alphabet, is now Sontag again, pure as ever, the marriage having been merely a *civil act*, an act by which we suppose there is a privilege for actresses to have as many unions and separations as they please. Then comes another imported ornament to our country, Mademoiselle Jenny Colon, the admired of all the *élite* of English society. "It will be remembered that last year the French drama at the English Opera House, was enlivened by the beauty and talents of Jenny Colon. When she came to this country she was called Colon; she afterwards took the name of Madame Colon-Lafont; and, last of all, was designated Madame Lafont, from a marriage which she contracted with the actor Lafont, who performed here along with her. On their return to Paris, it would appear that these loving parties did not live in that harmony which was to be expected from their new matrimonial union, and that they resolved to break or unloose those ties which had been bound in London. The mother of the young lady, therefore, to suit probably the object of both, has applied for and obtained for them a decree of nullity of marriage, on the ground of the minority of her daughter, and of her own want of consent to the match at the time it was contracted. The husband, Lafont, made no opposition, so that Madame Jenny Colon-Lafont is, by the authority of the tribunals, Mademoiselle Jenny Colon once more." Then comes Malibran. We should like to know in what part of the universe she has deposited Monsieur her husband? But passing by the foreigners who are entitled, of course, to do what they will with themselves or their husbands, what a showy circle of home exhibitors our stage can furnish at this hour! It is fulsome to mention the names of those wretched women. They are known to every one. But can we wonder at the loss of public respect for the stage when it has such exhibitors? Without a total change of system, the drama must go down into still deeper neglect, if that be possible: nor can it ever become an object of National interest, until the managers come to the wise and decent determination of purifying both their companies and their theatres; and equally expelling vileness from their lobbies, and their green-rooms.

This season has been a singular contrast of frost and fire. There have been more houses burnt within the last month, than in any six before. Lord Rendlesham's enormous mansion in Suffolk was burned down a fortnight ago. The loss is reckoned at 100,000*l.*, of which not a shilling was insured. We have no great pity for his lordship, who may be consoled by the recollection that he saved the insurance, which might actually have cost his purse the formidable sum of twenty pounds a year. The newspapers tell us that his lordship and family were in Paris at the time. Again we say that we have no pity for his nobility. Why was he not at home among his tenantry, as he ought to be, distributing charity among the people to whom he owed his own daily bread?

If English landholders will carry over their incomes to Paris, and make a flourish there, while their countrymen are struggling with cold and hunger, the sooner and the more severely they suffer for it the better. If all the houses of those nobles, who run away to revel among foreigners, leaving the poor people round them to get through the worst season of the year without help, abandoning their natural station among the gentry of their neighbourhood, and exhibiting nothing but closed doors in return for the enormous rents poured into their coffers, were burned down; we should only think that the calamity was retribution, and that we might easily dispense with the houses, when they were good for nothing to the nation.

The unfortunate close of Lord Graves's life has excited long and furious controversy in the papers. The result has been, the withdrawal of *all charge* against the Duke of Cumberland. The grounds of the self-murder are to be looked for partly in the weakness of a temperament, enfeebled by nervous disease; but probably much more in the pernicious self-will inculcated and inflamed by all the habits of high life. To a man reared in the perpetual indulgence of all his inclinations, the first shock of adversity is generally fatal; and even the most trivial perplexity is exaggerated by this unthwarted and unexercised self-will, into the most irresistible affliction. The history of suicides is seldom more than the history of a pampered mind, suddenly disturbed by some vexation, which a more familiar experience with the rough work of life, would look upon as too trifling to be thought of. Lord Graves's pistol is the natural resource of those Sybarites, whom we see lounging about the world, borne by the labour of others, living in a languid anticipation of every natural appetite, and urged into a fever of impatience from the mere misfortune of never having been contradicted!

But the merits of those who were involved in public calumny by his death, are of more importance to us; and it is only due to "*The Age*," (a paper which is rapidly compelling the attention deserved by vigorous writing and sound politics), to say, that it was among the very first to set the public mind right upon the subject, and strikingly to sustain the truth of the case by the force and manliness of its vindication.

The destruction of the English Opera House afforded one of those instances, which have so frequently occurred in the case of theatres, that we can scarcely call them otherwise than providential. The fire broke out at two in the morning. Two hours before, the theatre was crowded, and many persons of high rank were present. The consequences of alarm must have been dreadful. But the confusion would have been still greater behind the scenes, a place which towards the close of the performance is generally filled with the theatrical attendants, &c., and where the first burst of the conflagration would have cut off all escape.

The fire was probably commencing while the audience were in the house. And from the complicated state of the avenues to the boxes, pit, and galleries, the alarm must have occasioned a dreadful loss of lives by the trampling of the people upon each other, and not improbably by the enclosure of some part of the audience in the intricate passages of the burning theatre. We regret Arnold's losses, as he is a very respectable man; obliging and honest in his general transactions, and a

good manager of his theatre. But heavy as his immediate pecuniary suffering is, there are hopes that it may be in some degree compensated. *The Morning Post* says—

“We are glad to find that no doubt is entertained but that the English Opera House will rise, phoenix-like, from its ashes, in time to open, as originally intended, on the 1st of July. The business is in Mr. Beazley's hands, who, arduous as the task may be, pledges himself, we understand, for its accomplishment. It is confidently anticipated, that the present opportunity will be taken to make the new street direct from Waterloo-bridge northward, which will afford room for a handsome frontage to the new theatre. Government, we hear, is favourable to the plan, and a noble lord on the other side has signified that no opposition will be offered to it by certain noble proprietors, whose interest, it was presumed on a former occasion, would have been compromised in the selection of that line of road.”

The Noble Lord on the opposite side is Lord Exeter. The opening of a new street, which would lead to the new British Museum, would be of important advantage to the whole line of building from the Strand. If it were to pass through the Seven Dials, it would render to that quarter of the town the same service which Regent-street rendered to the squalid district in the rear of St. James's-square, and convert a sink of abomination and insalubrity into decency and cleanliness. We hope that Lord Lowther will look to this, and entitle himself to the epitaph of Augustus, for his exploits in brick—“*Luteam invenit, lateritiam reliquit.*”

We are glad to believe that the destruction of the English Opera-house will not ruin Arnold, as was at first stated. In addition to the theatre, he had nearly thirty houses in the neighbourhood, of which those destroyed were chiefly insured. Mrs. Arnold has also, we understand, a good income in her own right. Arnold's loss by the fire is 66,000*l.* His friends propose calling a meeting early in the week, at which the Duke of Sussex will preside, to consider what steps, under all the circumstances, ought to be taken with respect to rebuilding the theatre.

The inferiority of the sons of celebrated men to their fathers, has been often remarked, and the comparative obscurity of the sons of Alexander, Cicero, Napoleon, Sheridan, Burke, and other leaders of their times, certainly argues little for the theory of hereditary genius. But it would seem that the degree of talent is much influenced by the mother; for it is a curious fact, that where the mother has been remarkable for intelligence, the son has seldom failed of the possession of ability, even where the father was undistinguished. We give some of the examples:—

Lord Bacon.—His mother was daughter to Sir Anthony Cooke, she was skilled in many languages, and translated and wrote several works, which displayed learning, acuteness, and taste.—*Hume* the historian, mentions his mother, daughter of Sir D. Falconer, President of the College of Justice, as a woman of “singular merit,” and who, although in the prime of life, devoted herself entirely to his education.—*Sheridan.*—Mrs. Frances Sheridan was a woman of considerable abilities. It was writing a pamphlet in his defence, that first introduced her to Mr. Sheridan, afterwards her husband. She also wrote a novel highly praised by Johnson.—*Schiller*; His mother was an amiable woman—she had a strong relish for the beauties of nature, and was passionately fond of music and poetry. Schiller was her favourite child.—*Goëthe* thus

speaks of his parents:—"I inherited from my father a certain sort of eloquence, calculated to enforce my doctrines to my auditors; from my mother I derived the faculty of representing all that the imagination can conceive, with energy and vivacity."—*Lord Erskine's* mother was a woman of superior talent and discernment; by her advice, her son betook himself to the bar.—*Thomson*; Mrs. Thomson was a woman of uncommon natural endowments, with a warmth and vivacity of imagination scarcely inferior to her son.—*Boerhaave's* mother acquired a high knowledge of medicine.—*Sir Walter Scott*; His mother, Elizabeth, daughter of D. Rutherford, W. S., was a woman of accomplishment. She had a good taste for, and wrote poetry, which appeared in print in 1789.—*Napoleon's* father was a man of no peculiar mind; but his mother was distinguished for her understanding.—*Lord Mornington*, the father of the Wellesleys, was an excellent musician, and no more, but his lady was remarkable for her intellectual superiority. The father of the Emmetts, in Ireland, was a babbler, but the mother was a singularly intelligent person. The fate of two of her sons was unhappy, from their republicanism, but the three were possessed of the most striking abilities. *Sheridan's* father was a weak creature, as his whole career showed; the genius descended from the mother.—*Young Napoleon* is the son not of his father's mind, but of Maria Louisa's—he is an *Austrian*.

The moral to be drawn from all this is, if men desire to have clever sons, let them marry clever women. But the experiment may be perilous for the present time; and if they wish to lead quiet lives, they may perhaps better let it alone.

The burning of the Argyll Rooms has deprived Welch of the prospect of a showy season. Some Frenchmen, who are now the chief arbiters in these matters of elegance, had constructed a series of *soirées*, which were to be ultra-elegant, and more than ultra-exclusive. Private rooms were to be provided, and fashionable luxury was to be ministered to the peerage. Nothing under a coronet was to luxuriate in this paradise, and Almack's was to deplore its faded supremacy. But what are the fates of human fancy? A few ashes from a stove (such is *one* of the stories), "set their face," as a great law orator would say, against the brains of Welch and his Frenchman; and in half an hour flew up into smoke and cinders the fruit of the contemplations of so many men of genius.

The rooms were, by universal acknowledgment, the most graceless specimen of building in the kingdom; cold to sit in, difficult to see in, and impossible to hear in. They were built in the year 1819, by a committee of amateurs, under the superintendence of Mr. Wyatt, the architect. The committee, from some cause, did not succeed in their speculation, which subsequently rendered it necessary for them to sell the building. The magnificent improvement which has taken place at the west-end of the town, induced the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to become the purchasers, and they afterwards let the building to Welch, at a rent of 700*l.* per annum. To avoid payment of the Assessed Taxes, no person slept on the premises. We hope that whenever they are rebuilt, the first stipulation will be, that they shall not bear the slightest possible resemblance to any thing that they ever were before. To rebuild them would be easy, for they would be a mere shell. And we think that Beazley, the best architect of those transitory fabrics, for nine or ten thousand pounds, would shoot up pavilions and

boudoirs abundant and cushioned enough for the whole nobility of this pleasant and private-box loving land.

One stipulation must be insisted on, that whatever comforts may be provided for, within, there must be some fair means of escaping without. The Argyll Rooms, the Lyceum, the Haymarket, the King's Theatre, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, with all the Minors, must undergo the fate of fire, in their due time. It is as much the natural destiny for a theatre to be burned, as for a billet-doux to undergo the flame after marriage to the object. Yet there is not a theatre in or near London, at this hour, in which the falling of a candlesnuff would not put us in hazard of our lives, except Drury Lane, which, at least for the boxes, has a spacious entrance; and Covent Garden, which has, in an inferior degree, the same advantage. But let those who have screwed themselves through the box passage of the little theatre in the Haymarket, imagine their condition on a full night, with a tornado of flame bursting over the pit, and gyrating round the dress circle; with every door dashed open at once, the passage stopped, and all the Irishmen in the house battling their way over the prostrate audience, into freedom and fresh air.

Or let those who have painfully squeezed their way to the entrance of the pit of the King's Theatre, then dived down the flight of wooden steps, then climbed up the opposite row, until they seated themselves on the benches, breathlessly congratulating their limbs that they had at last surmounted the struggles of access, imagine that entrance in the condition in which it infallibly would be on the first announcement of the flame by Signora Malibran, running forward with her wig and royal diadem emulously blazing round her head; followed by all the "votaries of Terpsichore" pirouetting as if they were possessed by the foul fiend, to get out of the way of the conflagration; with all the gauze of the petticoats of *Danseuses premières* and *secondes*, the De Varennes, the Brocards and Noblets, floating in light round their heads; and the whole host of the Cupidons, male and female, darting like imps with their wings singed. Woe then to the Marchionesses! Woe to the pursy Lords, and the short Ladies! Woe to the whole asthmatic generation of statesmen and lovers, from Lord Westmorland to Lord Dudley! Woe to the feeble of heart, and the frail of limb! Then would there be a quick end to flirtation; and all the nods and becks of ancient beauty would not bring an adorer to the door of the most titled box in the first circle. The strong of arm would carry the day; and the future age would have to weep over the memory of trampled Dandyism. Once more, we say, let Mr. Beazley have the building of all the rebuildable houses; under a contract, if they will, that he shall be bound to rebuild them once in every five years, at a discount, and on the forfeiture of a certain sum for every person above five thousand a year, walked over into the other world in any of his passages in the combustion.

Wyse, the husband of Mrs. Buonaparte Lucien Cleopatra Wyse, and Daniel O'Connell, the father of the whole promissory patriotism of Ireland, have been lately exhausting the whole eloquence of Billingsgate upon each other. Bushe, the Irish Chief Justice of the King's Bench, is said to have dropped the following epigram from his notes, as he was attending to a superhuman harangue on the subject:—

When Wyse's pounds and pence have gone ill,
 'Tis clear that Wyse is not O'Connell.
 When Dan to law and logic flies,
 'Tis clear O'Connell is not Wyse.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Life of Major General Sir Thomas Munro, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig. 2 vols. 8vo. 1830.—Munro, the late governor of Madras, was, doubtless, a man whose career was sufficiently remarkable to deserve a particular recording, especially when every person who contrives to get himself a little talked about, must be commemorated in two volumes octavo; but to be told all of a sudden, as we were by Mr. Canning, that Europe never produced a more accomplished statesman, nor India, so fertile in heroes, a more skilful soldier, was a piece of extravagant rhetoric, which none but a biographer would have thought of interpreting literally. To Mr. Gleig, the phrases seem not more elegant than the facts are true. He himself disclaims all pretensions to judge of the administration of India, but he thinks the man who should contend it is, in all respects, absolutely perfect, must be a bold one, and he is *sure*, notwithstanding his disclaimer, nobody ever suggested more judicious ameliorations than the subject of his memoir. The author's business is, obviously, to eulogize—or how came the papers to be put into his hands? and certainly he gives proofs that no pains have been wanting on his part to shew there was more than common reason for his unbounded panegyric.

To touch upon all the incomparable points, which the biographer discovers in Sir Thomas, is for us quite impracticable; we can only allude to a very few, but those amply sufficient, to shew the man could never have had a parallel. He was characteristically firm and unchangeable—immaculate in conduct—perfect in tact—qualified for any thing, equal to every thing, and made for command. In every position, and every combination of circumstances demanding these qualities, he was full of fortitude, energy, and decision; he was patient in inquiry, sound and clear in judgment, prompt in action—temperate, candid, placable—and so self-possessed, as never to be taken by surprise. As a public functionary, he lived but for the public; he sacrificed all his inclinations, his love of ease, his desire for retirement, and never thought of himself. With all these noble qualities, his modesty was far beyond the portion that falls to the lot of official men. He never obtruded his merits, and could, with difficulty, even on peremptory occasions, be induced to make them known. Though thus absorbed by public duties, his literature, it must be manifest, could have been equalled by no civilian of his time. There was no subject within the range of philosophy or science—no question connected with poetry or the belles lettres, which he was not prepared to discuss; and his capability and facility of passing from one topic of discussion to another, astounds his biographer, who, however, never conversed with him, nor even

M.M. *New Series.*—VOL. IX. No. 51.

saw him. He judges from the materials before him, and the reports of friends, who were, of course, partial, and it may well be supposed, incompetent. Metaphysics, it seems, was the only thing for which he did not encourage a taste, because he looked on the different systems to be equally founded in conjecture, and equally ending in doubt—Mr. Gleig, apparently, as well as Sir Thomas, conceiving metaphysics to lie in systems, and not in the observance of facts. *En revanche*, he was a *profound* mathematician (let the reader weigh the words, for it is obvious the biographer does not), an *able* chemist, a judicious speculator in political economy, and a keen and successful student both of *moral* and *natural* philosophy. Any thing more? Oh, yes—his acquaintance with European languages, *ancient* as well as *modern*, was very extensive; while of those in use *throughout* the East, there were few, comparatively, of which he knew not something. Sir Thomas was never out of the Deccan—what probability is there, then, of his having studied the 'language in use' in the upper parts of India? Persian, he wrote and spoke like a native; he was well versed in Arabic; Hindostanee was perfectly familiar to him; and in Mahratta, Canarese, and other of the vernacular tongues, he could maintain with great exactness, either a correspondence or a conversation, &c. Can any thing exceed the absurdity of all this? And yet it is with all gravity written down by a gentleman who has shewn himself capable of forming sound judgments on common matters.

Amid all this unmeasured parading, Sir Thomas Munro was, evidently, a man of ability and acquirement—of activity and rectitude—these are high distinctions among official persons; but we need not conclude, because nothing but sunshine appears, there were not occasional shades, enough to bring him within the pale of our common humanity. His career is not, we imagine, so generally known, as to make a slight sketch of it superfluous.

This hero of India, then, was born at Glasgow, in the year 1761, and educated at the grammar school and college of his native town; and in his sixteenth year was found reading Plutarch, for the purpose of ascertaining Alexander's motives for invading India. India was not, however, his destination, but a counting-house, till his father's failure—he was an American merchant—at the commencement of the revolution, turned his attention to that land of promise for all Scotch lads. About the period of his landing in India, the war with Hyder broke out, and young Munro, joining the army immediately, was actively engaged till the peace in 1784. Another four years were spent more idly in quarters; but in 1788, through the influence of his country-

man, Captain Read, he obtained an appointment in the Intelligence Department, under his friend and patron. Two years after, however, when Tippoo invaded Travancore, he resumed his military duties, and continued thus employed till the peace of 1792, when he again had the good fortune to join Captain, then Colonel Read, in the Baramahl, a newly ceded territory, as his assistant, in bringing it usefully under the Company's dominion—surveying and leasing. The civil department at the time, was miserably defective—the military, generally, were found to be the better qualified, and Munro's indefatigable diligence was conspicuous among them. In this employment he continued till Tippoo's last explosion in 1799, when with Colonel Read and the force collected in the Baramahl, he marched to Seringapatam—arriving too late for the storming, but in time to be appointed joint-secretary with Malcolm, the present *discreet* governor of Bombay, to the commission for arranging the partition-treaty.

Instead of returning, after the commission terminated, to Baramahl, where he expected to succeed Colonel Read, he was directed to proceed to Canara, a new acquisition on the western coast, lying between the Mahrattas and Travancore, an extent of 180 miles, and reaching towards the interior, above the Ghauts. This province, though not quite to Munro's taste, was, however, a very important appointment, and shewed the sense his superiors entertained of his qualifications for bringing order out of chaos. This task successfully accomplished, he solicited a removal, and especially sought a similar appointment in the countries newly ceded by the Nizam, as an indemnity for the pay of the troops furnished by the Company. He obtained his wish eventually, and held the office, almost a regal one, till 1807, when, having then been twenty-seven years in India, he resigned his employment, and returned to England, in the hope of once more seeing his parents, then far advanced in years, and whose old age he had largely contributed to make comfortable. Not content with inactivity, he went as a volunteer on the Walcheren expedition; and was detained in England longer than usual with East-Indians, partly by the business of the Company; for in 1811, he attended, on their part, the committee of the House of Commons, and gave evidence on the state of India. Soon after, the judicial system of India seemed to call for inquiry, and Colonel Munro was placed at the head of the commission despatched for the purpose to India in 1814. In this inquiry, he was actively but ineffectually engaged till the Pindaree war in 1817, when he solicited the Governor General for professional employment; and, notwithstanding Mr. G.'s account of his extreme diffidence and modesty, obtained it only by dint of importunity; nor was he very well pleased with his treatment

or appointments at any period of the two campaigns. What he *could* do, he doubtless did; but that was comparatively little, and such as certainly calls not for the magniloquence employed in celebrating it. At the close of 1818, he once more resigned his employments, and returned to England, with no intention of revisiting India again; but scarcely had he landed, when a successor was wanted for Mr. Elliott, and General Munro was named Governor of Madras. As governor of that Presidency, he was detained beyond his wishes by the apparent necessity of staying to see out the Burmese war, for the conduct of which his advice had been frequently taken. The time for his return was already fixed, when he fell a sacrifice to the scourge of the country, cholera morbus, in 1826.

Mr. Gleig's labours occupy but a small portion of the volumes—Sir Thomas's correspondence and papers on India questions filling, perhaps, seven-eighths of the pages. Among the correspondence are a number of letters from the Duke of Wellington, then Major-General Wellesley—sufficiently remarkable for their business-like language, and the absence of all nonsense. A little *morceau* caught our eyes, which may be thought characteristic.

As for the wishes of the people, *particularly* in this country, I put them out of the question. They are the only philosophers about their governors that ever I met with—if indifference constitutes that character.

The Adventures of an Irish Gentleman: 3 vols. 12mo. 1830.—These adventures are not at all conceived in the spirit of the day, nor at all calculated to please the readers of fashionable novels; they do not contribute to develop one complicated tale, nor, though too full of entanglements of an amatory kind, do they constitute a love-story, nor will they read like one. They are not, moreover, shaped to convey any peculiar set of opinions, or point to any common object, moral or political; but are simply a succession of incidents befalling the same individual, most of them of the extraordinary cast, many of them low and coarse, but still all of them occurring, or at least accounted for, naturally enough. Though taught to consider himself as the football of fortune, the hero had, early, sense enough to see that by far the larger portion of the calamities of life were the results of indiscretion. The style of narrative is flowing and spirited; the details indicate a variety of information, and the proofs are abundant of a large acquaintance with the springs of actual life. We have seen nothing for a long time that more reminded us of Smollett. The writer is plainly a mature and intelligent person.

The hero is the son of an Irish gentleman, of a class depressed by their political condition, the want of gentlemanly education, and the absence of gentlemanly

company—mixing, consequently, with dependents, and coarse in habits, reckless in conduct, and overwhelmed with debt. At the early age of fourteen, already initiated in the vices of manhood, the boy was thrown upon the world by the imprudence of his parent, who fell in a skirmish with smugglers, with which he had officiously mingled. The commander of the Revenue cutter, who takes him under his wing, is an admirable specimen of the naval officer not very uncommon sixty years ago—a common sailor promoted by the good will of a man for some personal service, and subsequently made commander by the influence of a sister, the mistress of a lord of the Admiralty. The hand of the caricaturist is perhaps a little too conspicuous. While on shore, at Dublin, he is entrapped into a garret, and escapes robbery and murder by dashing a pewter pot at the head of the woman, which unluckily finishes her career. Flight on board saves him from hanging, and he next figures in a shipwreck off the Scilly Isles. Though liable all his life to the most formidable mishaps, he had a trick of falling upon his legs; and in this case fell into the protecting arms of a clergyman, residing on St. Mary's—one who, notwithstanding his professional position, believed himself the slave of fate, though obviously to others the victim of violence and imprudence. By the daughter of this benevolent and singular person, he was in a few weeks nursed into health again, and into a warm attachment for his youthful and beautiful nurse—with whom and her parent all arrangements for marriage were made, when she was bitten by a mad dog; and in spite of instant cauterization, died of hydrophobia. The disappointed father, however, does not desert the youth, but procures for him a commission in an infantry regiment, where he speedily gets into hot water, and finally shoots the colonel, driven to it by tyranny and personal vexation. The administration of the regiment, and the petty but intolerable domineering of the commander, with all the miserable manœuvres and sordid trickeries of the subalterns in office, are admirably shewn up; but it is a scene of other days—none such, by regulations effectually enforced, can occur now; though of course an ill-grained commander can produce annoyance enough, and roguery is not easily baffled.

To escape the consequences of his duel, though the colonel finally recovers, our hero flies to Lisbon, where quickly new adventures spring up. He is a very handsome fellow, and soon finds a marchioness who thinks so too; but unfortunately he has a rival, a monk and saint, of little influence over the marchioness, but very great with the inquisition, into the prisons of which institution he speedily plunges the youth. Here he is subjected to sundry kinds of torture, and finally escapes burn-

ing or hanging, by the desperate expedient of a companion arrested with him, who professes himself to the grand inquisitor as a freemason, whose death would be revenged by the 35,652 brethren in Lisbon, all ready to inflict the blow.

From Lisbon the scene shifts to Paris, and nearly one-half the whole work is there occupied with details of the French revolution. The chief actors, from D'Orleans and Mirabeau to Robespierre, are introduced, and characteristically exhibited. Many of the more remarkable scenes of the times also are presented, not only of blood and reality, but those of trickery, and perhaps of imagination. The author makes liberal use of the Abbé Barruel—especially in painting masonic mysteries. Escaping finally from the guillotine and the prisons, he returns to the shores of England, and being in absolute want, he joins a society, called a Marriage Society, the object of which is to fit out young likely men with dress, equipage and servants, for the purpose of entrapping wealthy widows and heiresses, on condition of receiving a centage on property thus obtained. The society of course exists only in the imagination of the writer, and is perhaps but a clumsy conception. The hero fails, and some of his associates are rather the dupes of their own schemes than the dupers. Arrived at the end of the third volume—the limit prescribed by the existing fashion and the commands of the publisher, the adventures of the Irish gentleman are suddenly and abruptly brought to a close.

A Parisian dress of the days of Robespierre is thus described—it is a curiosity in its kind. A light grey coat, with a black silk collar; a yellow satin waistcoat, striped with red; pea-green breeches; a sugar-loaf hat, with a velvet band and a steel buckle, decorated with a large three-coloured cockade.

Family Library, Vol. X. Allan Cunningham's Lives of British Painters, Vol. II. 1830.—Mr. Cunningham has added another acceptable volume of the *Lives of British Painters*, written in the same spirit of knowledge and wisdom, eloquence and poetry, which characterized the former. It contains the lives of West, Barry, Blake, Opie, Moreland, Bird and Fuseli—a pleiad of eminent persons, so completely unlike each other, that if the writer's sole object had been to search for variety, he could not have discovered seven names better suited for his purpose. No two of them approximate in any respect, as men, and as a consequence perhaps, as artists, and the biographer is thus secured against the chances of repetition. If we find any fault, it is that, while he discriminates with great tact and delicacy, he is too intent upon shewing it by phrases of emphasis, and his want of simplicity is thus forced too much upon the reader's notice. His sentences run

too frequently in the same cadence, and read like a chant.

West's story is materially defective with respect to his dismissal from court, and his breach and reunion with the academy. His piety and quakerism conciliated the favour of the late king, who kept him employed, almost exclusively, from 1769 to 1801. The king settled with him personally on subjects and prices—paid him regularly a thousand a year, and the balance, if any were due, at certain intervals. In 1801, his Majesty, though his illness was not acknowledged, was unwell, and West was abruptly informed by Wyatt that the paintings for Windsor Chapel were suspended. Surprised at this intelligence, West dispatched a sort of remonstrance; but the letter, it seems, was never presented, nor had the king known anything of the order of suspension. On his recovery, West solicited an audience, but no explanation followed—the king shook him by the hand, and bade him go on with the pictures, and he would take care of him. This was West's last interview—he could never obtain another, though, before this illness, he had been admitted freely at all times. He continued, however, to work at the paintings, and received his £1,000 a year; but on the appointment of the regency, a new order was forthwith issued for the suspension of both paintings and payments, without the least explanation being given, or the opportunity of obtaining one. Papers were officiously circulated relative to the immense sums West had had of the king—£34,187, without the addition that this was for thirty-three years labour. Wyatt seems to have been at the bottom of this unworthy treatment, and certainly he was conspicuous in West's expulsion from the president's chair; but what is perhaps more worthy of remark—it shews that through the ten years, from 1801 to 1811, the king was under more controul than the nation knew of.

Of Barry's irascibility and violence, his failures and his poverty, the world has heard abundantly. Mr. Cunningham, as indeed was indispensable, repeats much of it, but he carefully reduces facts to the standard of common sense. Though far from being his best performances, Barry's name is now almost exclusively coupled with the Adelphi paintings. On these he chiefly plumed himself, and seemed content to rest his claim to celebrity. In them, however, he shewed how thoroughly he had lost himself in the study of the mythological. He had formed for himself an arbitrary system, and left nature far behind him. To him all the extravagancies thus heaped together appeared noble specimens of the grand style—forgetting, as Mr. Cunningham observes, this grand style is often the simplest of all, and can be comprehended without comment. Barry's performance may bid defiance to all comprehension, and even his own written

descriptions but little help the matter. The Society of Arts, though any thing but generous in their treatment of Barry, admitted the public for the benefit of the artist. Jonas Hanway left a guinea, in token of his admiration, instead of a shilling; Johnson observed in them a grasp of mind which he could find nowhere else; Townley declared they were composed in the *true* principles of the best paintings; and Lord Aldborough's praise Mr. C. is half-afraid to transcribe, and well he may, for the lord discovered in them all the properties combined, not only of Raphael, Titian, and Guido, but of all the most celebrated artists of Greece and Rome; and in consequence, offered Barry his house and property till his fortunes equalled his merits. Most persons will recollect with a smile the river Thames borne by Tritons, and Dr. Burney, in the costume of 1778, playing a tune to Drake and Raleigh. "I do not," said a dowager, putting her fan before her face, "like to see good Dr. Burney with a parcel of naked girls dabbling in a horse-pond."

Barry, it has been repeated a thousand times, refused to paint portraits, and a story is even told of his replying to an applicant, "There is a man in Leicester-square who does it" (meaning Reynolds.) But Mr. Cunningham tells us also, on Mr. Southey's authority, that this was not the fact, for that he would at any time have painted them, and gladly. The truth is, probably, Barry was never in favour or in fashion; he had a bad name for caprice and rudeness, and sitters were afraid of him.

In his account of Opie, Mr. C., we observe, does not, like Opie's widow, attribute his death to his exertions in preparing the few lectures he read, nor is his respect for the said lectures very considerable—they seem to him to want vigour, a defect, he adds, little to have been expected. The censure we think not very just. Opie had defects of another quality: he wanted poetry, and some feeling of the grand and heroic; his virtues were good sterling sense and independence, conspicuous alike in the pen and the pencil.

The Bristol people, years ago, were satirized for their sordid propensities by both Savage and Robert Lovell. On poor Bird's death, three hundred gentlemen of the town got up a public funeral at considerable expence, and then sent in the bills to the unfortunate widow. "If this be true," says Mr. C., "the sarcasms of Savage and Lovell are merciful and kind—but I believe it rests on no sufficient authority?" Then why is it repeated?

Mr. Cunningham is a little too fond of dinner-table stories. This is particularly conspicuous in the life of Fuseli, most of whose good things are not merely coarse things, but their very merit consists in their rudeness. His repartees are manifestly prompted by contrast, the easiest kind of

wit in the world; for instance—a student held up a drawing to him, with, “Here, Sir, I finished it, without using a crumb of bread.”—“All the worse for your drawing,” replied Fuseli; “buy a two-penny loaf and rub it all out.” Fuseli was the hero of Johnson the bookseller’s well-visited table for forty years.

The best sketches in the volume are the lives of Moreland and Blake, especially the latter. Moreland’s habits are too revolting for detail; but the gentle visionary’s story is one to draw tears of admiration. Mr. C.’s description of his purity, his contentment, his elevation, his very hallucinations, are the most fixing piece of writing we have read for some time. But there is no merriment in the illusions of madness, and Mr. C. is too ready to smile.

The Country Curate, by the Rev. G. M. Gleig, alias the author of the Subaltern, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. 1830.—There are few men more capable of making the most of a short tale or a single incident, than the writer before us, whether ‘author of the Subaltern,’ or Rev. G. M. Gleig, libentius audit. He has no taste for any thing but sketches, either because he has no patience for details, or no tact for discussing perplexities, or no confidence of powers for making them attractive; and, therefore, wisely shuns the attempt. He observes closely, and what he observes he paints distinctly—perhaps too distinctly—with too hard an outline. He has the art of giving more intensity to small matters than fairly belongs to them, and thus occasionally raises a sort of factitious interest, which rather excites for the moment, than satisfies on reflection. There is no possibility of blending poverty and sentiment, dirt and delicacy, misery and fastidiousness to any useful purpose. Mr. G. sighs over fine feelings where they are not likely to exist.

The Country Curate consists of nine or ten sketches, three of which are reprinted from Blackwood’s clever and amusing miscellany—they embrace the Curate’s own story, and some extraordinary facts which fall under his own eye during his official ministrations. The Curate’s tale is a melancholy one—an early death, precipitated by the ruin of the fond hopes of felicity with a lovely girl, herself the victim of hope deferred, operating upon a consumptive constitution. The sketches, also, are all of the graver cast, and tell of misfortunes, the results of oppressions, or indiscretions, or unbridled passions—of course, not equally fitted for commanding the feelings of sympathy, though with one exception, this is obviously the author’s purpose. All of them have an air of life and reality about them—the tale of the Poacher particularly so. His Hut upon the Moor, and the scenery around are described, some will say with the pencil of an artist, and others, not unjustly, with the pen of a surveyor. It is too minute;

Miss Mitford would have produced an equal effect with half the words. The poacher’s case is no common one, and is, with few exceptions, matter of fact, and it had need be, from the gravity of the tone which the author takes in relating it. He is not prompted to poaching by idleness, but driven by necessity—to feed his family; he is no dealer in game; he shoots and snares upon principle—hares and partridges have no definable owners, and he seizes them, as the fox does, because he wants them. The old man had been expelled from a small farm rented by his ancestors for a century or more, and subsequent sickness and distress compelled him to apply for parochial relief. This was harshly refused by the skin-flint and unsympathizing farmers; and returning, in a state of excitement, to his desolate hut, he found hares feeding upon his cabbages—why should he not feed upon them? He followed the natural dictate of necessity—and further necessity forced him to persevere; and yet, while these facts are dropping from the author’s pen, he oddly ascribes the old man’s poaching pursuits to an innate propensity—a thing of principle. The old man was ready to work; but work was not always to be had, while his children were always to be fed. His poaching became frequent, and work became scarcer; and thus the habit was confirmed. The curate expostulates in vain: the old man had reasoned himself—no difficult matter, perhaps—into the rectitude of the act. In all other respects he was proverbially honest, and the worthy curate, in spite of prevailing prejudices, gave him what employ he could. Unluckily the son shared in the odium of his father, and took, of necessity, to the same courses, which quickly terminated fatally. The youth was shot in a struggle with gamekeepers—an event which plunged the old man into stupor, and accelerated his death.

The tale itself is not, it will be seen, very attractive, but the tone of earnestness with which it is told, fixes irresistibly the reader’s attention. The writer expresses his indignation at the system of grasping economy, which threw the small farms into great ones. To this cause, he assigns, justly, much of the misery existing among the agricultural labourers; but with this he couples another—our mischievous poor laws. This, we take it, is a species of cant, picked up from the fashionable economists, but which will surely soon vanish. That the poor laws are, in numerous instances, injudiciously administered, no man can doubt; but that the principle is bad—that they create their own objects, is, we verily believe, a mere phrase, apparently smart, and adapted and remembered chiefly for that reason. Can the author see no causes for misery among the poor but idleness, and a disposition to lean upon the poor rates? Does he not mark how the rates have grown with the taxes? Does he not mark the effect

of excise upon the prices of the necessities of life? Does he not mark the practice of the farmers of flinging the labourers upon the rates, from the double motive of interest, and power—tyrannizing thus over the individual, and forcing their neighbours to contribute to the payment of wages? The poor—especially the country poor—are essentially and eminently industrious; but all encouragement is wickedly withdrawn from them—they are ground to the earth—they are stripped of their little farms—their commons—their very gardens even, where they exceed a few square yards; and what is still worse, they are unfeelingly by the landlords given up to the tender mercies of the farmers—for all which, they are indebted merely to our blessed political economists—men who regard the poor as machines, themselves as the inventors, and the rich as the owners.

We have forgotten the tales—but in a word—the ‘Smugglers’ is well told—the Miser has a touch of the tedious, and no point of sympathy—the Fatalist is emphatically extravagant—the Parish Apprentice horrible—while the Schoolmistress, and the Rose of Kent, both victims, one of the villainy, the other of the indiscretion of man, and their own undisciplined feelings, are very beautiful pieces, but still written in a spirit that inclines the author to make mountains of mole-hills.

Memoirs of Rear-Admiral Paul Jones: 2 vols. 12mo. 1830.—To this day the general impression is still that Paul Jones was a pirate, and one of the most desperate and daring, whose hand was against every man and every man’s hand against him. His attempts and his menaces on both firths of Scotland, while in the service of the rebel Americans, threw the whole coast into alarm, and the government itself denounced him as a lawless plunderer and traitor. So thoroughly indeed became he the bugbear and ogre of the north, and so obscured and distorted was his story by the loyalty-prints of the day, that we have had him very lately the hero of two romances; and now, to the surprise of every body, comes forth a legitimate history of the man regularly authenticated from his own papers, journals and correspondence. Some years ago, a Mr. Sherburne, described as registrar of the American navy, when America had not even ‘half-a-dozen fir frigates with bits of striped bunting,’ published what he called a life of Paul Jones from very imperfect materials, but still authentic ones. The story of even these materials is not without interest. At the end of the war, when Paul was appointed by congress agent for prize-money in Europe, he deposited these papers, consisting of copies of his correspondence with congress and Mr. Jefferson, his log-books and account-books, and sundry papers, with a friend at Philadelphia, taking with him whatever he considered of

more real importance. The papers thus deposited were, on his death, removed by the direction of his sisters to a friend of their own at New York. This person dying, they fell into the hands of his brother, a baker of the same town, who appears to have taken little care of them; at all events, on his death they were either torn up or dispersed. One letter was found in the shop, which led to further inquiry, and finally to the recovery of many articles, especially to two log-books, one of them that of the Bon Homme Richard, now in the possession of Mr. George Napier, an advocate at Edinburgh. These papers constituted Mr. Shelburne’s materials. But the papers from which the present life is constructed were all the while in the hands of his relatives at Dumfries, and were known to be so; for Mr. Shelburne himself, as well as others since, endeavoured to obtain them, but were refused, as there was then, it seems, some view on the part of the family to the present publication. They are thus described in the preface, “They consist of several bound folio volumes of letters and documents, which are officially authenticated, so far as they are public papers; numerous scrolls and copies of letters, and many private communications, originating in his widely-diffused correspondence in France, Holland, America, and other quarters. There is, in addition to these, a collection of writings of the miscellaneous kind likely to be accumulated by a man of active habits, who had for many years mingled both in the political and fashionable circles, wherever he chanced to be thrown. The Journal of the Campaign of 1788 against the Turks, forms of itself a thick MS. bound volume. A life of Paul Jones, published by Mr. Murray some time ago, was merely a reprint of an abridgment of Shelburne’s book.

We may now be supposed to be at last in possession of all that can be known of Paul Jones, and the compiler of this his last life has performed his task in a free and fair spirit—desirous of rescuing his hero from calumny, but judging him frankly, without attempting to screen his obvious faults. Paul, to say the least, was an extraordinary man—irresistibly impelled to seek distinction by the native vigour and restlessness of his genius. Of a very humble origin, at the early age of twelve (he was born in 1747), he was sent to Whitehaven as a ship-boy, and before he was twenty served as mate in a vessel of considerable tonnage, and on one occasion, on the death of the captain, brought home the ship in safety. His trips were chiefly to the West-Indies and America, till the affairs of a deceased brother detained him some time in America. This was at the outbreak of the revolution—he quickly shared in the prevailing enthusiasm, and hanging pretty loosely to local attachments, was ready for any employment that pro-

mised renown. His offer of services was accepted, and he was, in fact, the first person who, with his own hands, raised the flag of American independence. Though constantly thwarted by the jealousies of the American sailors, he was never daunted or turned from his purpose; and supported, as he steadily was by Franklin and the congress, he finally obtained a ship from the French navy, the *Bon Homme Richard*. In command of this vessel, with other smaller ones, it is well known he beat the *Serapis* and the Countess of Scarborough. But with the French officers, his conflicts and competitions were not a whit less harassing and vexatious than those with the Americans had been; and the treacheries of many of them involved him in perpetual dispute, and remonstrance, and disappointment. Full of ardour and self-confidence, he was constantly planning and urging expeditions, till his importunities wearied both America and France—the first had no ships, and the last none to spare, and native officers must be preferred.

His successful conflict, however, with the *Serapis*, spread his fame through Europe; and Simolin, the Russian ambassador at Paris, recommended him earnestly to the empress for employment in the Russian navy. Paul, as full of ambition as of activity, caught at the splendid prospect, and seemed able, from the prepossession in his favour, to stipulate for independent commands. But again realities mocked his anticipations. He was appointed indeed admiral of the fleet in the Black Sea, destined to co-operate in the siege of Oczakow, but he found himself cribbed and cabined, and as usual, the object of jealousy. Potemkin especially, as intolerant of a rival as himself, and armed with the command in chief, cramped him at every turn, and finally despatched him to St. Petersburg, under pretence of a separate command in the Baltic. But this was all moonshine—he found the empress difficult of access; enemies were busy—calumnies spread—scandalous charges were got up against him, and when he was finally admitted to the empress, he was met with a smile of apparent cordiality, and presented with leave of absence for two years—in reality, exiled. He withdrew to Paris, where he died in 1792, to the last fondly clinging to the hope of a recall to the service of Russia.

Though pleading the rights of universal freedom as the justification for deserting his native country, and entering the service of America, the real motive was obviously the chance for more profitable, or rather, more conspicuous employment. Brought up in the mercantile service, he had no chance of advancement in the royal navy of England. He was just as ready to quit the Americans, when a brighter prospect opened upon him in Russia. His fate led him, as a foreigner, to be perpetually competing with natives, and he had not the accommodating

art of conciliating rivals, nor authority enough to subdue them—too impetuous and overbearing, and urged on by the same kind of confiding and insolent spirit that, under more favorable circumstances, made a Rodney and a Nelson.

Veterinary Surgery, or the Art of Farriery, on a new plan, &c., by J. Hinds, V.S. 1830.—There can be no doubt farriery has materially improved in modern practice. It is but a very few years since that every thing in the shape of science was absolutely unknown in the treatment of horses, medically, or surgically. 'Stuff and oils' constituted the *materia medica*, and the vocabulary of the farrier—the first some drastic purgative for fevers, the last some stinging or scorching embrocation for bruises and lameness. Any acquaintance with the source of the mischief was mere matter of accident, or rough guess work. We remember, in the country, the shoulder of a handsome mare blistered and blanched, and made as bare as your hand, for the cure of a corn. The anatomy of the horse is now more carefully studied, and the symptoms of disease more closely marked, and of consequence less violent and precarious remedies hazarded; but these amendments make their way slowly into the country. The volume before us seems written with intelligence, and certainly if those who consult it find reason to be as well satisfied with it as the writer himself is, it cannot fail of proving a valuable possession. Mr. Hinds takes credit to himself for avoiding technical phrases, while he expresses his apprehensions that his *familiar* style, as he complacently terms it, may frequently appear vulgar to more fastidious ears and eyes than his—simpleton!

The Lost Heir, and Prediction. 3 vols. 1830.—The principal tale is very far from being a *transparent* one—a fault in a novel not easily redeemed, though the general grace and occasional vigour of the writing furnish some compensation. The fashion of attempting to excite interest by the perplexities attendant on foundlingism, is by far too prevalent; and, really, the writer scarcely need have recourse to so stale an expedient. He has a considerable range at command; he can talk with propriety of Ireland, America, and France, and these might surely supply materials capable of sustaining some weight without propping them up with vulgar mysteries. Of the low Irish and the low American, he has given some admirable scenes, and he represents the pollutions and brutalities of revolutionary France very satisfactorily, though not with the vivacity, and perhaps the fidelity of Dr. Milligan in his *Adventures of an Irish Gentleman*.

The *Lost Heir* comes upon the scene, at a very early age, after the American battle of the Brandywine, with his nurse in a waggon, filled with the wounded, Germans, French, and Swiss. Though escorted by a

party of dragoons, they are attacked by a body of Indians, headed by an infamous crew of English in Indian disguises, and massacred—the nurse is left for dead, the child is snatched up by an Irish soldier and handed to his colonel, who discovers in him a memorable likeness, and finally adopts the orphan. The child is brought up as his son—is educated in the military schools of France, and is for the first time, as an independent agent, conspicuous in the destruction of the Bastille. The colonel and his old servant, accidentally in the neighbourhood, are drawn towards the scene, and being in the dress of the king's troops, are instantly seized, and rescued from butchery by the sudden appearance of the youth, whose activity had given him influence over the atrocious mob. The same influence enables him to rescue another officer, a friend of the colonel's, severely wounded, whose last words, scrawled on a sheet of paper, referred to a Madame St. Leu at Sevrès.

To Sevrès, after the death of the officer, to execute the supposed wishes of the dead man, the youth goes in company with a friend of the colonel—he himself is too ill to go—where, luckily, they discover the lady, and with her a lovely girl, her daughter. With this daughter the colonel's friend is wonderfully struck, parentally, that is, while the youth is shot through and through with the sharper arrow of love. Of course a mutual attachment springs up between the young folks, but the course of true love, as usual, is speedily roughened by the appearance of another young, but very mature gentleman, whose object is, it presently appears, at all hazards to marry the lady; for she is, he believes, the true heir to the greater part of the property his own father possesses. The hero of the tale is himself compelled to join his regiment, but being quartered at St. Cloud, he readily effects frequent meetings with the charmer, and in a few days marries her, very sylvanly, under the green wood tree, just to put the seal irremovably upon the connection. These clandestine meetings the rival speedily discovers, and being of an unscrupulous turn, he readily contrives to get the youth denounced to one of the sections; and he is only saved from the guillotine by the manœuvres of Barbu—omnipotent with the mob—a ruffian in appearance, but one who had been a fellow-student, and deeply indebted by personal services, was eager to make a return. In prison, the old Irish nurse, who had been left for dead, reappears as the wife of the gaoler, and she, in collusion with Barbu, finally effects the young man's escape—the very day in which his rival had arranged with a band of hired wretches to carry off the lady by force.

For the accomplishment of this scheme, he, misled by appearances, had employed this very Barbu, who, though no ruffian himself, could command ruffians, to get

together the accomplices, and thus unwittingly he let his rival into the secret of his devices. Of course the plan was baffled—Barbu, indeed, fell a sacrifice to the rage of his disappointed employer, while he himself perished within a few hours by the vengeance of a husband whose wife he had seduced. In the meanwhile, discoveries more than we can enumerate, or even follow, are preparing. Mad. St. Len proves to be the young foundling's own mother, and in the midst of his distraction at the thought of having married his sister, she is discovered to be the daughter not of Madame St. Len, but of the lady of an Irish officer, killed (the lady we mean) in America, and substituted, unknown to Madame, in the place of a dead child of her own. The Irish officer is the very friend who accompanied our hero to Sevrès, and who was so parentally struck by the young lady's appearance; and the colonel himself, he is Irish too, and had once been betrothed to Madame St. Len. The complexities and confusions are most confounding, but all ends happily, and we dare say, very clearly, and every body finally understands which is which, and who is who. The foundling proves to be the Lost Heir, and, of course, the true heir to the very property which his villainous rival had been ready to commit any crime to secure. *Esto simplex munditiis.*

The other tale, entitled Prediction, is the fulfilment of an Irish foreboding—the result of a threat of a Senachy, some 600 years ago, who, being driven from the service of his lord, declared that the last of his race should be a priest, and bury the last of the said lord's line. The story finds the two families—the Senachy's, with one male only, and he is brought up as a priest; the lord's, with two sons, and though the old prediction is revived by an old crone, no fears are entertained. With the two boys is brought up a little girl, the only daughter of an Indian nabob; and between her and the second boy, gradually ripens an attachment which nothing but death can blight. The youth of the parties makes a little protraction expedient, and the two brothers travel. In the meanwhile, the girl's father, an ambitious man and a protestant, gets into parliament, chiefly through the influence of his catholic friend; but no sooner is he secure in his seat, then, finding it more to his advantage, he rails and votes against the catholic interests. Of course estrangement between the two families follows, and ultimately, by misrepresentations and treacheries, the poor young lady is induced to marry another, in accordance with her father's views. The consequences are dreadful—it becomes a perfect raw-head and bloody bones story; and before it finally closes, all but the priest are dead by duelling, burning, madness, or anguish—thus making good with a vengeance the miserable prediction.

Creation, a Poem, by Wm. Ball. 1830.

—There is no standing a whole volume of 300 pages of forced and extravagant sentiment, couched in language and measure neither correct nor musical. If Mr. Ball be in the isolated state he represents himself, he is to be pitied, but what advantage does he expect to reap from importunity and whining; and if the sorrows he describes be, as perhaps they are, all imaginary—if he is merely courting poetic sympathy, why smack his lines more of vituperation than complaint—more of rage than of pain? The world, bad as some think it, forsakes nobody that is of use to it, or if it does, no man is quite without family connections or cotemporary friends, that will stick by him, unless some misconduct of his own cuts him off from such ties, and then he must abide the penalty.

I am alone; although the world's cold hand
Presses to mine; alas! it hath no touch
To warm the falling pulse, or cheek the sand
Fast flowing—no! The world is but a crutch,
Wherewith I seek my way unto the grave:
It knows not, heeds not me; it is a lord
That gives, capriciously, his labouring slave
Raiment or blows—a fetter or a sword.

We prefer Pistol's tone tenfold to this miserable pulling—"Why, then, the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open."

I am alone; to mine no human heart
Heaves with full sympathy; and should the
earth

Gape and devour me, not one man would
start—

Save for himself, perchance!

And in such a perilous exigency, would
not Mr. Ball look to his own safety?

I linger in this foolish scene of things—
And I am left alone to strain and grope
Thro' the world's vile and frivolous turmoil.

For a poet, who professes devotional feelings, these are very offensive sentiments, and for a man capable of distinguishing one thing from another, very ridiculous. Obviously, Mr. Ball thinks he is doing no foolish thing in writing this poem, and can he be absurd enough to suppose the majority of the world he abuses is not at least as wisely and as usefully employed?

The first Canto, which he calls by a term of his own, Induction, exhausting some of the sources of his personal grumblings, he addresses himself to the subject of Creation, and lashes his powers into action with this potent invocation to his 'own mind.'

Oh! insubstantial thing, invisible,
Abiding darkly in this mortal shell—
Oh thou, "my Mind!" thee and thy arming
powers

I summon and evoke! I am thy lord—
A lord of nought besides, on earth or sea;
But thee I call—thee I command: awake!
Arise, obedient—and with thee bring
Thy treasures and thy strength, commensurate
To what thou shalt perform, and I dispose.
Hear me, thou idle slave!—Arise—obey!

M.M. New Series.—VOL. IX. No. 51.

This separation of I and myself is particularly brilliant, and bodes much original discussion, if the reader have patience to search for it.

Forrester: 3 vols. 12mo.—The novelist, apparently, must work by synthesis or analysis—begin at the beginning and complicate as he goes, or dash into the thick of a story, and unfold his mystery as he can. The mystery mode, if we trust to the profession of novel readers, is the general favourite—it is so delightful to be kept in suspense. For our own part, and we suspect it is the case with many who profess the contrary opinion, we prefer the right onward march of publicity—we like to see at first the rise of events, and trace the current of consequences, and care less about the sensations which suspense produces, than watching the development of character, and enjoying the spirited description of scenes and sentiments. The writer of *Forrester*, betrayed perhaps by the *talk* of young ladies, has adopted the suspensive process, and maintains it to his latest page, for though flashes of discovery break in occasionally upon the obscurity, the eclat is reserved for the final close. Apparently he has no other object in pursuing his tale than to unravel the web his fancy has woven, and trusts for effect solely to the ingenuity with which he can handle a mystery. He thus on plan and system lowers his aim to the level of a mere story-teller, though really possessed of powers which might prompt him to aspire to higher views, and execute more glorious deeds. The tale, as it is, is without a moral or a purpose—it is built on no principle—has no general views, illustrates nothing, and teaches nothing; it is a tale to idle over, and nothing beyond. It exhibits little or no practical acquaintance with life; it unfolds no class—no character—no peculiarity; and might, with the exception of the Harrowgate scenes, have been written by one who never stirred beyond the pale of his own neighbourhood, and spent his time in dreaming of possibilities, or at the best, throwing the incidents he meets with in novels into new combinations.

The story itself is of two young gentlemen, who meet by accident in the travellers' room in the town of Leeds—are struck at first sight with each other, and form vows forthwith, like a couple of girls, of eternal friendship. They have neither of them, apparently, any thing to do, nor is either at liberty to tell the other his story. The passing of a Harrowgate stage determines both to go to that fashionable spot. At Harrowgate they join the table d'hôte, where they find, at the lower end of the table, new arrivals, like themselves, two Yorkshire families, an ancient baronet's and an upstart squire's. The first has a wife and daughter; the last, a wife and two daughters. The next day comes a dowager ba-

roness and a niece. All the young ladies are marriageable ones—all are possessed of considerable attractions, and the friends of all come speculating on suitable matches. This indeed, it seems, is the general object of Harrogate visitors. The two heroes, both gentlemanly-looking men, and one especially of a very superior cut, with the indubitable air of good company upon him, excite considerable sensation among old and young—the elders not of course liking the mystery, while the younger are charmed with it. The young gentlemen very soon shew symptoms of particular admiration, but neither, for some as yet unknown reason, can indulge his inclination, or give a frank expression to his feelings. But just as the least attractive of the two has been all but sent to Coventry by the papas and mamas, he is discovered to be *really* a gentleman, in actual possession of large property, and in expectation of another still greater. With him, of course, every obscurity soon clears away, and difficulties vanish, and he wins without further toil the lady of his love. But the other, Forrester, not only can nobody, not even the dowager baroness, though she knows the peerage by heart, and every family of a thousand acres in the country, find out who he is, but he does not know himself. He is under a sort of guardianship of a lord who disclaims any relationship, and professes to be only the agent of one who will never declare himself. The youth of course is anxious to discover his birth, and frets under the curb. Every clue is withheld, and every attempt to engage in any profession is checked and crossed by the watchful lord, and his chief behind the scene. At length, however, he encounters an old man—an old soldier, who goes about doing good, and is very successful in divers detailed cases, who seems at the first glance to recognize our hero, and being shewn a pair of miniatures, which are believed to be the portraits of the parents, gives a slight hint that he knows something about them. From this period commences the unrolling of the tale, and it is but justice to add, the interest is very well kept up, and the mystery developed only piecemeal. Forester proves to be the grandson of a peer of the realm, with £70,000 a year, kept out of his rights by the artifices of the nominal guardian, who of course is next heir to the title, and expectant of the estate. The old peer is led to believe the grandson was illegitimate,—but all is satisfactorily disclosed by the in-

defatigable old soldier, and Forrester weds the lady of his heart, after she has bravely refused the offered hand of the gouty old peer and his £70,000 a year.

The Young Wanderer's Cave, and other Tales: 1830.—This series of tales is by the author of the "Children's Fireside." They are cleverly and intelligibly told, but why the principal tale is told at all is not very obvious. A boy of fourteen, travelling towards the north on a visit to his friends, sleeps on the road at an inn, in a room where a murder is committed. He is arrested on suspicion, and thinking that, though perfectly innocent, he shall certainly be hanged, he contrives to make his escape; and after abundance of frights and embarrassments, reaches the Suffolk coast, where he hides himself in a cave, in the hope of finding some means of crossing the water to Holland. All his difficulties in procuring food, and his expedients for fishing, filching and cooking, are minutely detailed—the main object of the tale being, apparently, to teach children what they are to do under similar troubles. At last a high-tide sweeps him out of the cave to sea, and he is picked up by the very boat on board of which is the actual murderer in custody. The poor boy is of course rescued from his fears, restored to his parents, finds new and powerful friends, and becomes a man of substance—in recompense for the self-possession and resolution he had shewn in what was surely a very novel position.

Another story is aimed directly and forcibly at the fagging system of great schools, and very strange it is that more effective resistance is not made to the practice. The obvious evils are poorly balanced by the alleged advantages. Superior strength, activity, and intelligence need not surely be armed with authority and privilege. The younger and feebler require protection, and this at least the masters should furnish. It is idle to say the eye of the master cannot be everywhere, and the elder keep the younger in order for him; let him do his own business, and if the concern be too mighty for his personal controul, let him abandon what he is thus confessedly unable to manage. The honor and *amour propre* of the bigger lads might be readily enlisted in the suppression of the system, and they become proud of protecting instead of oppressing.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE exhibition of the works of living artists, at the rooms of the British Institution, is this year, as usual, the first in that procession of pictorial wealth which every London season has of late years sent forth, in number and value tenfold beyond that which any other country of Europe can boast. The exhibition which we are now about to notice leads the way; then comes the Exhibition of Associated British Artists in Suffolk Place; next, the beautiful and unique shew of the Water Colour Artists in Pall Mall East; then the selections from the old masters at the same institution, to which we are about to refer; and lastly, (not to mention innumerable individual efforts which are brought forward in various ways) to crown the whole, we have the Royal Academy Exhibition—THE exhibition *par excellence*. The immeasurable superiority of these collective displays over those of a similar kind in other countries, indicating as it does the very indifferent condition of art generally, may be not very gratifying to us as cosmopolites, and lovers of art in the abstract; but as Englishmen, and lovers of our country, it is impossible not to feel, and to be gratified in feeling, that in this, no less than in every other department of intellectual exertion, we transcend, beyond question or comparison, all the rest of the world. In every department of literature—in eloquence—in all the ornamental and useful arts of life—in the domestic policy which leads to comparative freedom and happiness, and in the foreign policy which gives us weight and influence in other countries—in national and individual wealth—and finally in that moral worth and wisdom which gives value and virtue to all these,—it is impossible not to perceive and to rejoice in those germs of permanent national prosperity and supremacy which the temporary cloud that is now passing over us cannot hide—can scarcely even obscure.

As we cannot but attach a high value to the due appreciation of those arts the results of which, while they stir and nourish, at the same time refine and exalt the human mind, we shall, henceforth, pay particular attention to all exhibitions that are worthy of public notice in connection with our present subject; and we are happy to find that the one now to be considered offers (together with much to pass by unnoticed, and a little to reprove) many points for just commendation.

We shall, without further general remarks, proceed to notice the leading works, in the order which we find them placed before us.

No. 1. *Italian Boys*. A. Morton.—This picture, by an artist of rising merit, is perhaps, upon the whole, the best picture in these rooms—we mean of course, among those which put forth any variety of preten-

sions; for assuredly it is not equally good, as a whole, with some smaller pieces of minor pretensions, in point of subject matter and the care bestowed upon it. It represents a group of Savoyard boys (why they are called "Italian" we don't know—its effect, where it produces any, will be to excite associations mischievous to the pretensions of the work) collected together somewhat anomalously, as if for the amusement, not of other people, but themselves. Their "appliances and means" of trade, consist of an organ, a learned poodle, a monkey, and a cage of white mice; and, setting aside a dusky and muddy tone in the colouring, the whole are painted with considerable knowledge of the resources of the art—with truth and spirit in the various expressions—with skill and taste in the composition, and with great force of effect in the management of the light and shade in some of the details. The fault of the picture is the monotony in the faces, which are all alike; and its misfortune is, the comparisons it not merely suggests, but, as it were, insists on, between certain wondrous productions of a similar kind by Murillo, which comparisons it is, in truth, little able to bear. Nevertheless, looking at the work with a view to itself alone, it has great merit.

No. 11. *The Birth of Venus*. Howard.—This piece of elegant feebleness, and another near it by the same artist, ("Morning," No. 16.) will serve to keep alive for a little longer the memory of, and perhaps the admiration for, that class of purely poetical creations (so called), which, having no foundation whatever in the passions and affections of the human mind, have no more chance than they have claim to maintain a permanent hold upon public sympathy. Mr. Howard's poetical works will (we hope) keep their ground in public favour so long as their original inventor continues to supply them; but (we hope) not a day longer.

No. 13. *The Sisters of Scio*. Phalipon.—Though by a foreign artist, and, therefore, not exactly in place here, we cannot deny a passing word of commendation to this pretty little bit of pathos, an engraving from which formed the most pleasing embellishment to one of this year's annuals. Its merit is, to shew by concealing: on the principle of Mr. Newton's "Letter" of last year—one of the most touching and effective strokes of art that we ever remember to have seen.

No. 18. *The Guardian*; No. 24. *Girl of Normandy*; No. 25. *The Duenna*. G. S. Newton, A.R.A.—These three pictures, though they are inferior to most of Mr. Newton's late productions, are nevertheless the gems of the collection; and this, no less for conception and sentiment, than for style and execution. The first (*The Guardian*) represents an aged man, turning the key (in

imagination) on some fair human bird, who would, as he suspects, fain take wing from her present cage in search of another. It is as a piece of rich and harmonious colouring that this picture excels; for the expression, though any thing but false or feeble, is yet somewhat vague. It is not so with either of the other two, which, whatever they may want in warmth and depth of colouring, are made up of expression. The "Girl of Normandy" has that peculiar and almost Minerva-like beauty of countenance which is scarcely to be seen out of Normandy, and the great charm of which consists in the alliance between depth of expression and perfect regularity and conformity of feature. "The Duenna" is valuable only for the pretty affectation of the youthful figure, which, however, has more of this artist's fault, that is to say of his peculiar manner, than of his beauties. The Duenna is not so good. Mr. Newton has not seen, or at least not observed, so much of old women as he has of young.

No. 32. *A Study*. M. A. Shee, P.R.A. —This picture has at this moment an adventitious interest, which its merits alone would not give it. It may be offered as a good average example of the state of portrait-painting in England at the present day; but as the first and only specimen here presented, of the new president's talents as an artist, it will not be looked at with any overweening satisfaction.

No. 43. *The Corsair*. H. P. Briggs, A.R.A. With the exception of a very coarse and uncharacteristic portrait of Mr. Kemble, (No. 176.) this is the only specimen which Mr. Briggs offers in this exhibition; and we have no hesitation, though some reluctance, in stating, that both pieces detract from, rather than increase this artist's high and deserved reputation. As good must and will, in all cases, whether we seek it or not, grow out of evil, there can be little doubt that the altogether unexpected loss we have just sustained, will give an impetus to the progress of art which it would not have received, if the admirable painter, of whom we have been so suddenly deprived, had continued to exercise his unquestioned supremacy till what might have been reasonably looked for as the natural close of his brilliant career. Hopes will now be excited among our artists, which nothing but the loss of Lawrence could have aroused; and one looks to Mr. Briggs as one of those who possess the best foundation for such hopes.

No. 53. *The Stone-breaker*; No. 60. *Highland Music*. E. Landseer, A.R.A. —These are doubtless very clever and meritorious productions; but they do not (any more than many other of his late pictures) raise our ideas of this artist's talent, either as regards extent or degree. The philosophic gravity of the Stone-breaker is indeed good: his look is as settled and inflexible as that of the stones by his side. And the

varied expressions of the dogs, who are howling in concert with the sound of their Highland master's bagpipe, are conceived with great truth and executed with infinite skill. But (to say nothing of the growing faults of manner which this artist's late works have included) he must really not hope ever to maintain, much less to extend, his reputation by such "unconsidered trifles" as these. As for his "*Wounded Deer*," "*Dead Deer*," and that class of his works, we look upon them as worse than of no value at all, since the best they can do is to shew a superfluous degree of skill. That skill, the results of which do not conduce to pleasure, is worse than cast away: and we cannot imagine that even the keenest and most remorseless of sportsmen takes any pleasure in contemplating the quarry that lies dead or wounded at his feet. In fact, the sight of pain and death, *as such*, is universally abhorrent to our nature; and the representation of them, therefore, for the mere purpose of representing them, is in all cases a mistake, to say the least of it.

No. 67. *Antwerp Cathedral*. D. Roberts. —This is one of those productions of the pencil which excite pleasure in every class of spectator, and which are as susceptible of being appreciated by the mere tyro as by the most practised connoisseur. It shews great knowledge of, and skill in, effect, by the manner in which the figures and other adjuncts are made to conduce to the impression of the chief object. The student may do well to observe the manner in which the *glazing* of this very clever picture adds to its general effect.

No. 81. *Interior of a Painter's Study*. J. Hayter. —A very clever and spirited little work, with a skilful disposition of light and shade, and much ease and breadth in the handling.

No. 118. *Belvidera*. J. Boaden. —There is as little of likeness in this portrait of Miss Kemble as there is force or freedom in the somewhat affected style of handling, or beauty in the colouring; and we notice it here only to observe that when an artist of rising and real merit, like Mr. Boaden, fails in an attempt to delineate a public person, it may do him more serious injury than any moderate degree of success could possibly have done him good. We may here add, that the late President's drawing of Miss Kemble is the only one which has the slightest pretensions to represent a single trait of her fine and highly intellectual and characteristic countenance.

No. 139. *Don Quixote and Sancho Panza*. W. F. Witherington. —This is a very clever little picture on a most ill-chosen subject—that of Sancho conveying his dilapidated master, on his ass, after the grievous beating which had banished chivalry from the land for the time being. Sancho is full of humour, and the ass is capital; but, as a whole, the scene is in-

efficient, because the subject is ill-adapted to the art.

No. 146. *Greek Girl*. H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.—We do not remember to have seen this clever picture before; but the mere fact of our feeling uncertain as to whether or not we now look on it for the first time, argues that the work is one which will not add to the high reputation of its author. Nevertheless, the picture is one among the half-dozen very best in these rooms. There is at once power and ease in the design and handling; a delicate individuality in the expression, and richness, without gaudiness, in the colouring; but there is *not* in the latter that depth and harmony which we look for in a large work of this class from a first-rate hand, as that of Mr. Pickersgill now undoubtedly is. Not that there is anything *opposed* to harmony in the colouring of this work: its defects are negative merely.

No. 152. *Lara*. T. F. Green.—This is a striking, or perhaps we should say, a staring picture. There is a degree of power in it; but it has the grievous fault of embodying only the repulsive points of its original. If the effect of reading "*Lara*" had been at all like that of looking upon this imaginary representation of him, the poet would have lost his pains. One great secret of genius is, the power of extracting pleasure from pain, or of subliming the one into the other. The artist has in this instance given us all the pain, but has let the subtle pleasure that the poet has inextricably bound up with it, escape him.

No. 168. *The Sick Child*. T. Webster.—This is one of those somewhat childish attempts at drawing mere *amusement* from pictures, which is a prevalent fault of the present day, so far as the mere choice of subject is considered. There is much cleverness in some of the details of this little work, particularly in the whole figure, air, and expression of the village Esculapius; but that which is intended as the chief point of interest and attraction, "*The Sick Child*," is an offensive mixture of the painful and the disagreeable.

No. 177. *Battle of the Standard*. J. Wood.—This little attempt at the display of energy and grandeur on a small scale, has considerable merit, quite enough to make us regret that this artist should still continue so decided an imitator—almost a copyist—of Etty.

No. 209. *Interior of a Cottage, Argyllshire*. A. Fraser.—The first view of this picture is as dark and forbidding as the actual scene which it so ably represents; but, like that scene, as you look at it more closely, it comes out with much force and truth. The picture is, in fact, painted with knowledge, feeling, and manual skill; and it makes us regret that we have not more, and more elaborate works from the same source, and on similar subjects; for, in *this* instance, though the theme is, in the ab-

stract, common and trifling, there is no charge of puerility against—on the contrary it offers a desirable and interesting illustration of actual life and manners.

No. 240. *Venus and Cupid*. W. Etty, R.A.—This elegant little production is one of the most valuable and meritorious in the present collection. The composition is striking and effective, without being in the least degree forced or theatrical; the design and its resulting expression (for, the face of the Venus being hidden, the expression results from the general design) includes that chaste voluptuousness which gives a classical air to the work; and the colouring of the flesh is, at least, equal to any of the previous efforts of this accomplished and elegant-minded artist. The fault of the picture is, its affectation of an antique air, which is shewn in the "geological specimens" which are substituted in the place of clouds, in the back ground.

No. 248. *Study of an Author*. C. R. Leslie, R.A.—We notice this little portrait of Sir Walter Scott merely on account of the name of the artist, for we cannot think that it is at all worthy either him or the illustrious person it represents. It is feeble, meagre, and altogether unsatisfactory, as relates to both parties.

Le Débris. G. Lance.—This will probably be among the most popular works in the exhibition, as it is certainly among the most clever in point of mere execution. It represents an after-dinner-table, covered with the *débris* of a feast, which is left to the enjoyment of a monkey, a mackaw, and a black footman—the two former of whom are quarrelling for a portion of the spoils, to the great amusement of the latter. The glasses, salvers, fruit, table covers, and all the adjuncts of the scene, are painted with great skill: *au reste*, we cannot but think it skill, in many respects, cast away.

No. 326. *Comus and the Lady*. J. Wood.—This is a more elaborate and ambitious attempt than we remember to have seen from this artist's pencil, and it has also less the air of an imitation than most of his other productions; but we are not able to congratulate Mr. Wood on having caught the spirit of the scene. He has failed, however, in company with every one who has yet attempted the subject, which is one of extreme delicacy and difficulty.

No. 331. *The Intruder*. J. Ward, R.A.—The "*Intruder*" is a dog who has found his way into a shed peopled with a cow and calf, a hen and chickens, &c. We are sorry to be obliged to pronounce this elaborate work of Mr. Ward's a piece of falsehood throughout—it is false in design, false in expression, false in colouring, and false in general effect. There is no doubt great cleverness, and great knowledge of his art, mixed up with all these; but they are all overpowered by the obtrusive *mannerism* which is displayed in the handling of this artist. The dog, however, and

the hen and chickens, are, on account of their size, exempt from the effects of this peculiar fault in Mr. Ward's style; and the consequence is that they are capital.

No. 338. *Scene in the Play of Charles XII. G. Clint. A. R. A.*—Two portraits at once so like, yet so unlike, as those of Liston and Farren, as Adam Brock and Charles XII., we have rarely seen, except from the pencil of the same artist who presents us with these. In fact, we know of no other painter who so invariably catches the exact lineaments of the person he would represent, and misses the spirit and character of which those lineaments are the types and interpreters. It is true he rarely paints any but actors and actresses—a class of persons whose faces, for the most part, “have no characters at all,” but consist of lineaments merely like a mask. This kind of practise may do much to dull the delicacy of perception which is so essential to the portrait-painter in particular. In other

respects, this piece is among the most successful of Mr. Clint's productions.

We do not find any other new pictures in this collection a detailed notice of which could justify us in transgressing our limits further. We will add, however, that Mr. S. Davies has a very clever and attractive picture of “The Interior of the British Gallery” (as it appeared last year we believe); that Mr. Ripplingill has an elaborate scene in which much humour and skill are wasted upon an impracticable subject—“Pilgrims approaching the Shrine;” (420) and finally, that Mr. Parris, the artist to whom we are chiefly indebted for the noble Picture of London at the Colosseum, has a very pleasing and highly finished little picture called “The Bride-maid” (494), which shews that he is capable of excelling in no ordinary degree in the most pleasing and popular department of his art—that of scenes of sentiment and character from domestic life.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Substitute for Wheaten Flour.—A medical gentleman, named Gouldson, residing near Manchester, has discovered a mode of separating and preparing the farinaceous parts of such bulbous roots as turnips, carrots, parsnips, beet, &c., and of converting it into fine flour. After a great variety of experiments, carried on with perfect success for nearly two years, this gentleman has obtained a patent for his process which, if his report is in every respect correct, and that he really does produce good and nutritious bread, equal both in quality and colour to the purest white wheaten bread, which is positively asserted, the discovery may be considered to be of incalculable value, for the quantity of farina to be obtained from the roots grown upon any given quantity of ground, compared to that produced from the ears of wheat upon a similar space, must be greatly increased—the patentee says, twenty times at least.

Kneading Dough by Machinery.—In large baking establishments the kneading of dough for bread or biscuits is attended with very great labour, and being performed by the hands and sometimes by the feet of men not particularly attentive to cleanliness, a convenient mechanical substitute for the manual labour of kneading must, in every point of view, be desirable. It is not a little remarkable that at this time there are recently imported from Paris no less than four differently constructed kneading machines, some of which have, and the others are expected to become the subjects of patents in this country.

Captain Kater's Collimator.—A particular degree of ill fortune seems to attend certain individuals. Doctor Pearson, the respectable treasurer of the Astronomical

Society, invented and perfected a rock crystal micrometer which had previously been invented, used, and rejected in Paris. Captain Kater, by a mechanical process, arrived at his convertible pendulum; Professor Bohnenberger, of Tubingen, had projected the same instrument from theoretical considerations fifteen years before. Another invention of Captain Kater, which some individuals have injudiciously considered as entitled to a medal from the Astronomical Society, the floating collimator, both vertical and horizontal, is an invention of this same Professor Bohnenberger, of Tubingen, and in a form upon which our countryman has not yet stumbled, has been used by Professor Gauss for several years, and produced the most beneficial results. In this case the telescope itself is its own collimator—and a coincidence effected between the wires in its focus and the image of those wires as seen through the telescope in a vessel of mercury placed immediately under it. To effect this a piece of parallel plate glass is placed at an angle of 45° between the lenses of the eye piece, and reflects the light of a lamp admitted through an aperture in the side of the eye piece down upon the wires and also upon the mercury, while at the same time, from the sides of the glass being parallel, there is no obstacle to direct vision through it of the wires and the reflected image of them.

Rapidity of the Circulation of the Blood.—A solution of ferruretted hydrocyanate of potash, introduced into the jugular vein of a horse, entered the circulation and arrived at the opposite jugular in an interval of from twenty to twenty-five seconds. It arrived in twenty-three to thirty seconds in the opposite external tho-

racic vein; in twenty seconds, at the large saphena vein; in fifteen to thirty seconds, in the masseterine artery; in ten to fifteen, and in twenty to twenty-six seconds, in the external maxillary artery; and from twenty to twenty-five, and from twenty-five to thirty seconds, in the artery of the metatarsus; in each case on the side opposite to that of the injection. This series of experiments was made by M. E. Herring, of Stutgard.

Chinese Canal.—A canal was opened in 1825 to the west of Sargan, in Cochinchina, which connected that town with a branch of the river Cambodja. Its length was twenty-three miles, its width eighty feet, and its depth twelve feet. This canal was begun and finished in six weeks, although it had to be carried through large forests and over extensive marshes: twenty thousand men were at work upon it day and night, and it is said seven thousand died of fatigue. The sides of the canal were soon covered with palm trees, for the cultivation of which the Chinese pursue a particular method.

Metallic Ligatures applied to Arteries.—M. Lerut has lately been led to ascertain the value of a suggestion thrown out some years ago by Dr. Physik, of employing leaden ligatures. The idea arose from considering that in numerous cases bullets, buck shot, and lead, would remain in contact with almost any tissue of the body without producing irritation or unpleasant consequences, and that for an indefinite period. M. Lerut laid bare the right carotid artery of a dog, and, after separating it carefully from its accompanying nerve and vein, passed under it a leaden wire which was then firmly tied. Both ends of the wire were cut off and the sharp point bent down. The wound was then drawn together by a few stitches and adhesive strips. The animal was left at liberty, and being examined after some days the stitches were found ulcerated out and the wound open; it had filled up from the bottom with granulations, but the edges were wide apart. With tight dressing it healed entirely in about ten weeks. A few weeks after the animal was killed and examined: a small cicatrix existed in the skin; the lead was found in the situation in which it had been placed by the side of the vein and nerve, perfectly encysted. The artery had been removed entirely for the space of half an inch. Not the slightest trace of inflammation existed in the neighbouring parts; on the contrary, they appeared perfectly natural. The lead was inclosed in a dense cellular substance which formed for it a complete cyst. In four other similar experiments not the slightest departure from the former appearances occurred. In every case the lead became inclosed in a cyst and the neighbouring parts remained perfectly healthy and natural. The lead having answered so well, the experiments

were continued, to ascertain whether that metal was peculiar in this respect, or whether other metals were as innocuous in similar circumstances. Trials with gold, silver, and platinum had exactly the same results, from which Dr. Lerut concludes that the plan of tying the arteries with lead and other metals is free from danger, and may be productive of some peculiar advantages.

Iron Furnaces in England and Scotland.—The number of high furnaces in 1740 was but fifty-nine—this number has been increased as follows:—

	Tons.
1740.— 59 furnaces, producing	17,000
1788.— 85	68,000
1796.—121	125,000
1806.—	250,000
1820.—	400,000
1827.—284	690,000

Of the two hundred and eighty-four furnaces, last mentioned, ninety-five are in Staffordshire, and ninety in South Wales.

Longevity in Russia.—There died last year, in Russia, 604 individuals, from 100 to 105 years of age; 141, from 105 to 110; 104, from 110 to 115; 46, from 115 to 120; 31, from 120 to 125; 16, from 125 to 130; 4, from 130 to 135; 1, of 137; and 1, of 160.

Perkins's Steam Cannon.—The first experiments made with Perkins's steam cannon, at Vincennes, near Paris, were not attended with very brilliant results, and it appears that the last have not been more fortunate. The enormous apparatus of which this machine is composed was placed at about forty paces distant from a wooden figure, formed to represent the hull of a man-of-war; the projectiles thrown were about four pound calibre, and remained fixed in the thickness of the wood, a four-pounder was afterwards fired off at the same distance, and the ball penetrated the figure. Other experiments may possibly give different results; but even allowing that the superiority of Perkins's cannon becomes established, the complication of the machinery, and its enormous proportions, will render its application to the arming of ships almost impossible.

Quantity of Gold Coined in Mexico.—The report upon the finances of Mexico, communicated by the minister of that department to Congress, has shown the quantity of silver and gold coined in the different mints of that country since their establishment; these data may be interesting to mineralogists. The mint of Mexico itself, which for a long time was the only one in the kingdom, coined, between 1733 and 1828, 64,064,779 perosa piastres, in gold, and in silver, 1,323,851,510 pesos. The other mints, which have been established since the revolution, have together coined in gold and silver the sum of 67,662,737, making a total of 1,455,582,026 pesos, equal to £318,408,568. 3s. 4d. sterling.

Naval Force in France.—The naval force in France consisted, on the first of January, 1829, of 276 ships of the line, of various ranks:—viz.—33 men-of-war, 41 frigates, 6 corvettes, 25 brigs of sixteen to twenty guns each, 8 tenders carrying eighteen guns, 15 brigs of sixteen guns, and 151 vessels of other calibre. The number of vessels building is 80. The various stations will require for the present year, 1830, should no extraordinary event happen, 128 ships of war:—viz.—1 line of battle ship, 14 frigates, 79 other vessels of less calibre, 27 transports, and 7 steam vessels. The following is the comparative pay of the naval officers of the various powers, not including mess allowances:—

	France.
An English Vice Admiral ...	36,000
A Dutch ditto	38,700
A French ditto	28,000
An English Rear Admiral ..	27,000
A Dutch ditto	24,250
A French ditto	12,000
An English Commander	12,911
A Dutch ditto	17,200
A Russian ditto	10,920
A United States Commander	7,120
A French ditto	6,000
An English Commander of a Frigate	7,475
A Dutch ditto	6,450
A Russian ditto	4,740
A United States ditto	4,212
A French ditto	4,200

On the Impressions produced by Light on the Eye.—The following are the conclusions to an essay on this subject by M. Plateau. §1. I. Any sensation of light whatever requires an appreciable time for its complete formation, and also the same time for its complete disappearance. II. The sensations do not disappear suddenly but gradually diminish in intensity. III. As a sensation fades the progress of its decrease is slower as the effect is nearer to a close. IV. Different colours, illuminated by daylight, produce sensations differing little from each other in their total duration. The order of them in this respect beginning with that which produces the longest sensation is white, yellow, red, blue. V. The total duration, from the time when the sensation has acquired its greatest power, to that when it is hardly sensible, is very nearly 0.34 of a second. VI. Finally, it results accidentally from the experiments that the principal colours arranged according to the intensity of sensations which they are competent to produce, stand in the following order—white, yellow, red, blue.

§2. I. New proofs confirm the order of colours contained in the sixth result of the first section. II. The visual angles, under which M. Plateau can see the different colours are as follows.—

	In the Shade.	In Sun Light.
White	18".	12".
Yellow	19".	13".
Red	31".	23".
Blue	42".	26".

The angles observed in sun light are nearly a third of those in the shade. III. When the sensations of two different colours succeed each other on the retina with a velocity less than that necessary to make the two impressions appear as one, there generally appear certain shades which are extraneous to the two colours employed or to their mixture; by these means a fine white can be obtained when the yellow and blue colours only are used. IV. When two alternating sensations succeed each other with such rapidity that they produce but one impression, the latter does not always present a colour which would result from the mixture of the former, thus combining the effect of yellow with that of deep blue in the way just mentioned, a grey colour can be produced without the least appearance of green. V. With the exception perhaps of yellow, the sensations of certain colours do not act in their combination with other sensations in the order of the intensity of their colours: their maximum of influence exists in a certain pale tint, on each side of which their influence diminishes; thus the blue colour of maximum power with respect to red and yellow is that of the sky in its most coloured state.

Fossil Bones.—At Argant, near Vin-
gran, in the department of the Eastern Pyrenees, a cavern has been discovered, containing the fossil bones of various animals, rhinoceri, horses, oxen, sheep, deer, and some extinct; others of species still existing; but what is most remarkable, there are not among them the bones of any carnivorous animals.

Improved Pianoforte Hammer.—An American has improved the hammer heads of pianofortes by letting into the top of them a piece of lead, pewter, solder, zinc, tin, iron composition of metals, or compound of metals; and the hammer heads having one of these kinds or compositions of metals inserted in the tops of them, and then covered with leather, or any other covering, produces, when struck against the strings, a much stronger, fuller, and firmer tone than that produced by the common sort of hammers.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

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Mr. Barclay, Author of "The Present State of Slavery in the West-Indies," has a work nearly ready, on the Effects of the late Colonial Policy of Great Britain, addressed to the Right Hon. Sir George Murray, principal Secretary of State for the Colonial Departments.

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Yeovil, Somerset, gunsmiths, for having invented
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duces a stop superior to that which is effected by
common cocks, and will continue in use for a
longer period of time.—26th January; 2 months.

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flask maker, for having invented an improved
spring latch, or makefast for doors.—26th Janu-
ary; 2 months.

To George Frederick Johnson, Canterbury,
Kent, Tunbridge-ware manufacturer, for having
invented a machine or apparatus, which is in-
tended as a substitute for drags for carriage
wheels and other purposes.—26th January; 6
months.

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tor of physic, for having invented a method of
making or manufacturing candles.—26th Janu-
ary; 6 months.

To James Cobbing, Bury St. Edmonds, cord-
wainer, for having invented certain improvements
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ratus used for distilling and rectifying.—26th
January; 6 months.

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siding in Saint James's, Westminster, M.D., for
having invented a new alloy, or compound metal,
applicable to the sheathing of ships and various
other useful purposes.—28th January; 6 months.

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London, esq., for having invented an improve-
ment in the process of making iron applicable to
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stages of the process, up to the completion of the
rods or bars, and a new process for the improving
of the quality of inferior iron.—4th February;
2 months.

To George Pocock, Bristol, gentleman, for cer-
tain improvements in making or constructing
globes for astronomical, geographical, and other
purposes.—4th February; 2 months.

To John Gray, Beaumorris, Anglesea, gentle-
man, for having invented a new and improved
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sheathing for shipping.—4th February; 2 months.

To Charles Taverner Miller, Piccadilly, Middle-

sex, wax chandler, for certain improvements in
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6 months.

To Joseph Clisild Daniell, Limphrey Stoke,
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ments in the machinery applicable to the manu-
facturing of woollen cloths.—6th February; 6
months.

To Melvil Wilson, Warnford Court, Throgmor-
ton Street, city of London, merchant, for an im-
proved method of preparing and cleansing paddy
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provements in power looms applicable to the
weaving of wire and other materials.—6th Feb-
ruary; 6 months.

To Edward Cowper, Streatham Place, Surrey,
gentleman, for certain improvements in the manu-
facture of gas.—12th February; 6 months.

To John Frederick Smith, Dunstan Hall, Ches-
terfield, Derby, esq., for certain improvements in
preparing or finishing piece goods made from
wool, silk, or other fibrous materials.—12th
February; 6 months.

To Joseph Marie Ursule La Rigandelle Du
Buisson, Fenchurch Street, city of London, mer-
chant, for a new method of extracting, for the pur-
pose of dyeing, the colour from dye woods, and
other substances used by dyers.—12th February;
2 months.

*List of Patents which having been granted in
the month of March, 1816, expire in the pre-
sent month of March, 1830.*

2. Francis Trevill, London, for his new wheel
guard.

— John Wood, junior, Bradford, and Joshua
Wordsworth, Leeds, for improved spinning
machines.

— Bryan Donkin, London, for processes for
obtaining and applying an increase of tem-
perature.

— George Frederic Muntz, Birmingham, for
his method of destroying smoke, and obtaining
a valuable product therefrom.

9. John Leigh, Bradbury, Gloucester, for his
improved spinning machinery.

14. Pierre François Montgolfier, London, for
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— John Stead, Sheffield, for his improved
stage-coach.

— Marc Isambard Brunel, London, for a knit-
ting machine.

— William and Daniel West, Bombay, for a
method of producing and applying power and
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— John and William Filken, and Joseph Barton, London, for a new truss.

18. Pierre Pelletou, Manchester, for his new method of making sulphuric acid (oil of vitrol).

20. Eno Tonkin, London, for a globe-reflecting stove for light and heat.

23. Samuel Jean Pauley, London, for an article for making clothing without seams, also for air cushions, &c.

— Emerson Dawson, and John Isaac Hawkins, London, for their improved grates and stoves, and apparatus for supplying them with fuel.

— Joseph Bowles, London, for his improvements in or on oil mills.

— James Younie, London, for his discovery for the prevention or cure of smoky chimnies.

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— John Merryweather, Lincoln, for his method of propelling boats and vessels through the water.

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— Leberecht Stanhausen, London, for an improved castor for tables, &c.

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— William Maenamara, London, for his method of manufacturing glass.

— Uriah Haddock, Holloway, for his paint, colour, and cement, for preserving the exterior of houses, ships, &c.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

M. LAFFON DE LADEBAT.

FOR the chief points of the succeeding brief sketch, we are indebted to a more extended notice in the *Revue de L'Encyclopédique*, but we may here be permitted to remark that we were personally acquainted with M. Laffon de Ladébat; and that, several years since, when he and his estimable friend, the Abbé Sicard (the successor of the Abbé de l'Epée, at the Parisian Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb) were in London, we had the honour of shewing them the lions of the metropolis. With the view from the top of St. Paul's—it happened to be a bright clear day—they were greatly delighted. Our observation was, "You may now behold, at a single coup d'œil, the habitations of more than a million of human beings. Paris, with all its splendour, cannot present such a spectacle as this!"—"True," replied the venerable Abbé Sicard, "and, thus, for the first time in my life, I find myself elevated above the cares and sorrows that harass and perplex more than a million of my fellow-creatures!" The Abbé was led to expect an interview with our Queen: in the hope of this, he remained in England till the last moment that his private affairs would allow, but without success. However, on the very day after he left London, Her Majesty (Queen Charlotte) sent a carriage for him to his residence in King Street, Holborn.

André Daniel Laffon de Ladebat, a man distinguished by his virtues and his sufferings, in the stormiest periods of the Revolution, was born at Bordeaux, on the 30th of November, 1746. His family was one of the most ancient and respectable in that city. He completed his education at the

University of Franeker in Holland; and, on his return to Bordeaux, he was received into partnership with his father, who was then at the head of a great commercial establishment. In 1775, he married Mlle. De Bacalan, and retired to an estate near Bordeaux, where he found leisure to cultivate the study of political economy, agriculture, and the fine arts. He published a work on the Freedom of the Commerce of India; undertook to reclaim a vast portion of wasteland in the Upper Medoc; was one of the founders of the Bordeaux Academy of Painting; and became a member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences in that city, as well as of the Agricultural Society of Paris.

Devoted from his earliest years to the principles of salutary improvement, and, from his rank, called forth into the Assembly of the Nobility of the province of Guienne, he most energetically distinguished himself in asserting the ancient privileges of that body. By one division of its members, he was, in consequence, sent in character of Commissary, to the National Assembly to protest against the projected limitations and restraints.

In 1791, M. Ladebat was President of both the Academies of Bordeaux. From the implicit confidence reposed in him by his fellow-citizens, he was, in the month of October, in the same year, returned as a member of the Legislative Assembly, in which he presided over the Committee of Finance during the whole session. Standing forward in its support, at a period when the very existence of the monarchy was threatened, he, on the 20th of June, 1792, repaired to the Tuilleries, where he was honoured by Louis the XVI. and his Queen,

with the most unequivocal expressions of their gratitude for his devoted attachment. From the 23d of July to the 10th of August, when the unfortunate Louis and his family took refuge in the hall of the Assembly, he was President of that body. It was in consequence of his most powerful friendship that, during the horrid massacre of September, the Abbé Sicard was snatched from the jaws of death and the hands of the common executioner. In the December following, M. Ladebat was arrested and confined on the charges of favouring the escape of some of the Swiss Guards, and receiving funds from the Civil List; but, having recovered his liberty, he was appointed to the direction of the Finance department. In 1794, he was again arrested, and immured in the prison of the Carmelites; but, so eminent were his talents, that his enemies felt the absolute necessity of his services, preserved the man who had been doomed to the scaffold, and once more restored him to his family.

In September, 1795, M. de Ladebat was elected by the departments of the Seine and the Gironde, a Member of the Council of Ancients, in which, evincing his usual wisdom and moderation, he was a frequent speaker on financial subjects. On the 20th of May, 1797, he was elected Secretary to that Assembly; and, on the 18th of May, he was called to the President's Chair. On the reading of some addresses from the Army of Italy, he ventured to propose the cashiering and arrest of General Buonaparte. On the memorable 18th Fructidor (September 4, 1797), all his endeavours to frustrate the insidious plans of the Directory having failed, he and several of his colleagues were seized and imprisoned in the Temple; and, two days afterwards, they were sent, in iron cars, to Rochefort, whence they were conveyed, in a frigate, to the burning deserts of Sinamari. There, amongst the numerous friends whom M. de Ladebat speedily saw perish around him, was the virtuous and eloquent Francon Ducoudrey. Many of the exiles effected their escape; but M. Ladebat refused to participate in their plans; and, at the very moment of their departure, it appeared so certain that he was on the point of falling a victim to the epidemic disease of the climate, that, when his companions reached France, they reported his death, which was generally believed. Of seventeen individuals who had been thus expatriated, he and M. de Marbois alone remained to combat with the harassing and iniquitous vexations to which they were subjected by the Commissioners, who, under the Directory, governed the colony. However, amidst his misfortunes during twenty-one months of exile, he unceasingly devoted himself to his studies, and, from much valuable and important information which he collected, he prepared a pamphlet relating to the state of the colony. Unfortunately, other cares, and other labours, afterwards prevented its publication.

One of the first acts of the Consular Government was to recal the exiles of the 18th Fructidor. The liveliest interest and the warmest feeling greeted the return of Messrs. Ladebat and Marbois, the victims of Directorial tyranny; but they were not equally rewarded for their unmerited sufferings. Several of the departments of France gave their suffrages in favour of Ladebat, as a candidate for the senate; but Buonaparte refused to confirm his election. Marbois was appointed to the most distinguished situations; but, Ladebat was left to pine in obscurity. After his long services in the financial department, his administration of the public revenue was attacked by his enemies; but, by a severe and laborious investigation, he was, in 1813, most honourably acquitted. However, the eventful restoration of the Bonrbons did not repair the mischief or assuage the sufferings which the Imperial Government had so cruelly neglected.

In 1815, M. Ladebat came to England to recover some property which he had deposited in the Bank twenty-two years before. During his stay in London, he collected a mass of information respecting the finances, and the commerce of the country, its public schools, charitable institutions, &c. After his return, he presented to Louis XVIII. an interesting work on the French finances.

M. Laffon de Ladebat's political career was now at an end; but, with unremitting ardour, he applied himself to meliorate the condition and promote the welfare of society, by taking an active part in the conduct of many moral, religious, and other institutions. He was one of the Directors of the Institution for the Relief of the Infant Blind; he was a member of the Consistory of the Reformed Church; also of both district Committees for the Propagation of Primary Instruction, both Catholic and Protestant; and, for three years, he presided over the Benevolent Protestant Society, established for mutual assistance.

Notwithstanding the native vigour of his mind, and his exercise of the truest Christian resignation, M. Ladebat was bowed to the earth by a succession of private and domestic calamities; and at length, after a short illness, he recently expired in the eighty-third year of his age. His remains were interred in the cemetery of Est, near those of his excellent wife, the companion of his pleasures and his cares for forty years. His four sons followed him to the grave; and his funeral was attended by an immense assemblage of persons of all ranks, various deputations from societies, both religious and philanthropical, to which he had belonged, joining in the mournful procession. In the funeral address, delivered by his pastor, M. Frederick Maurod, at the interment, it was stated that, for the last eleven years, the deceased had, on the anniversary of the day on which he had been bereft of his beloved wife, repaired to the spot,

where her earthly remains had been deposited, and there paid a fervent, heartfelt tribute of undying affection to her cherished memory! He had often expressed a sincere wish to die on that day; and, by a striking and marked dispensation of Providence, it had pleased God to call him from this world of care on that very day, and almost at the same hour!!!

THE EARL OF HARRINGTON.

Charles Stanhope, third Earl of Harrington, Viscount Petersham, and Baron Harrington, was a descendant from Sir John Stanhope, of Elvaston, in Derbyshire, half brother of Philip, first Earl of Chesterfield. His Lordship was Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle; offices in which, upon his demise, he was succeeded by the Marquess of Conyngham. He was also a General in the army, Colonel of the First Regiment of Life Guards, G.C.H., &c. Few are the individuals who have been so fortunate as this nobleman in their family connexions, public employments, or high and illustrious patronage.

His Lordship, born on the 20th of March, 1753, was the son of William, second Earl of Harrington, by his Countess, the Lady Caroline Fitzroy, eldest daughter of Charles Duke of Grafton. In 1769, before he had completed his seventeenth year, he entered the army as an Ensign, with the rank of Lieutenant in the Coldstream Regiment of Guards; within four years he was promoted to a company in the 29th Regiment of Foot; and, early in 1776, having exchanged his light company for the Grenadier Company of the same regiment, he sailed for North America, where he served in all the principal engagements during the campaigns of that and the following year. In 1777, his Lordship was aid-de-camp to General Burgoyne; and, after the unfortunate close of the campaign, by the surrender of the British army at Saratoga, he was sent to England with the General's dispatches.

Soon after his arrival in London, his Lordship (then Lord Petersham) was appointed Lieut.-Colonel in the 3d regiment of Foot Guards. On the death of his father, in 1779, he succeeded to the Earldom. The same year he married Jane, one of the daughters of Sir John Fleming, Bart.; by whom he had a family of ten children, and in whose society he was blest with a more than usual portion of domestic happiness, until the period of her Ladyship's death, in the year 1824. In 1780, the Earl of Harrington sailed for Jamaica, with the 85th Regiment of Infantry, a regiment which he had himself raised, and to which he had been appointed Lieut.-Colonel Commandant. Soon after his arrival at Jamaica, he received the provisional rank of Brigadier General, with the command of the flank companies of all the regiments on the island. In the course of twelve months, however, his regiment, one of the finest *corps* ever raised, was reduced to a skeleton, by the

dreadful mortality of the climate; and, to preserve its remains, they were sent home in some of the French ships taken by Lord Rodney, in his engagement with the Count de Grasse, in April, 1782. His Lordship's own health was seriously affected; and he, too, with his lady, who had borne him company in the expedition, returned to England. On his arrival, he was most graciously received by his late Majesty, who appointed him one of his Aides-de-camp, with the rank of colonel in the army.

On the death of Lieutenant-General Calcraft, of the 65th Foot, in 1783, the Earl of Harrington succeeded to the command of that regiment, with which he immediately sailed for Ireland. This was under the Viceroyship of the Duke of Rutland, whose friendship and confidence his Lordship enjoyed.

It was during Lord Harrington's command of the garrison at Dublin, that General Dundas's new system of tactics, afterwards generally adopted throughout the service, was first tried in his Lordship's regiment.

The 65th Regiment having been ordered to America, in 1785, the Earl returned to England, where, with the advantage of one of the finest military libraries in the kingdom, he enjoyed a brief but delightful period of retirement. On the death of Lieut.-General Tryon, in 1788, his Lordship was nominated to succeed that officer, in the Colonelcy of his old regiment, the 29th; an appointment which he had formerly expressed a desire to obtain, and it was now conferred upon him as a special mark of royal favour, and in kind remembrance of his former wish. In fact, he would have received the command on the death of Lieut.-General Evelyn, had not General Tryon been appointed before his wish was known.

The 29th Regiment, then just returned from America, was subsequently stationed at Cheltenham and at Windsor, during the King's residence at those places. It was, indeed, a peculiar favourite with his Majesty, as the circumstance of its remaining three years in garrison at Windsor, afforded sufficient proof.

In the winter of 1792, the King conferred an additional mark of his regard upon the Earl of Harrington, by appointing him Colonel of the First Regiment of Life Guards, with the gold stick. At the promotion of General Officers, in 1793, he was made a Major-General. His appointment of gold stick, rendered nugatory his Lordship's wish to serve with the Duke of York in his campaigns on the Continent; but the King was pleased to employ him on a private mission to His Royal Highness.

In 1798, his Lordship was promoted to the rank of Lieut.-General; for a short time he was on the staff of Great Britain; subsequently he had a command in the London District; and, in 1803, he attained the rank of General.

In 1806, Lord Harrington was dispatched to Berlin, with the view of arranging a treaty with the King of Prussia—an object in which the Earl of Harrowby had previously been unsuccessful, and which was again defeated by Buonaparte's memorable victory on the plain of Austerlitz.

In 1807, Lord Harrington was, for a time, Commander-in-chief in Ireland. His next appointment was, 1812, to be Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle.

The Earl of Harrington was many years a member of His Majesty's Privy Council. He was a great favourite with the late and the present King, the Duke of York, and, indeed, with all the members of the Royal Family. His Countess was equally a favourite with the late Queen Charlotte, to whom she was lady of the bedchamber; and

the Queen rarely, if ever, had a private party at Buckingham House, at which Lord and Lady Harrington were not present.

With reference to dress, appointments, and the general economy of a regiment, the Earl of Harrington was considered to stand unrivalled; the regulation sword, first adopted in the Coldstream Guards, and afterwards in the army generally, was introduced by his Lordship; and, in military affairs generally, his late Royal Highness, the Commander-in-chief, is said to have paid extraordinary deference to his opinion.

Lord Harrington died at Brighton, on the 15th of September, and was succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, Charles, Viscount Petersham, a Colonel in the Army, &c.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE frost being succeeded by a general thaw in the first week of the current month, agricultural operations, so long suspended, were universally resumed; and the lands have been since worked into a proper state for the reception of the earliest seed process, namely, for beans, peas, and oats. Upon the forwardest lands, these seeds are already in the ground, on others, much ploughing remaining undone, those crops will necessarily be backward. During the month of January, scarcely a plough was stirring, until the two or three last days, and then in very few places. With regard to working the lands, however, for the seed furrow, there does not appear a deficiency to that degree which might have been expected in times like the present; the great misfortune, and it must tell heavily in future produce, is the universal and smothering mass of weed vegetation which the ordinary mode of culture can never eradicate from the soil. The wheats, winter tares, clovers, and turnips, have been variously affected by the frost. Upon warm and sheltered soils, there seems little cause of complaint, particularly of the early sown wheats, great part of which exhibit a healthy appearance; but on lands of a less fortunate description, and where the cover and protection of snow came too late, the corn, its seeds just bursting out to vegetation, and grasses, are lamentably cut up, and the remaining turnips, of a very poor crop, clung and withered, and rendered of very little use as cattle food. The naked frost has yet been of the greatest service in clearing the land of slug and grub, of which two mild winters had occasioned a multitudinous increase.

From Scotland, our accounts report a more favourable state of the lands and of the progress of their husbandry, most satisfactorily joined with an almost absence of complaint on the painful topic of agricultural distress and want of employment for the labourers. Rents are generally higher in the North than in the South, and far more frequently contracted for as corn rents, that is to say, regulated by the price of wheat. A considerable breadth of ploughing, to our surprise, seems to have been performed in the North, during the last month, and their seed business is, in general, more forward than with us in the South, whilst their corn and seeds are stated to have received little injury from the frost, excepting in a few exposed situations, where they appear to be destroyed to a considerable extent. Their turnips are nearly exhausted, and potatoes, from the constant demand for the London market, being too dear for the use of stall-feeding, their resource seems to subsist in the great quantity of stained and inferior barley, which also contributes to keep down the price of fodder, although now so greatly reduced in quantity. The last year's wheat in Scotland is now estimated at half an average crop, and, probably, it has been more held for a market there, than in the South, on the speculation of a considerable improvement in price, before the next harvest. Great quantities of barley, it is stated, reached the markets, as a provision for the Candlemas rents. The fairs and markets for store-stock are overloaded, as with us, with the exception of milch cows, which find a ready sale, as do fat cattle and sheep. Welfare, bonny Scotland! the Tweed makes a magical distinction, as well as a local division, much in favour of his northern border, in various respects.

From a few quarters, we have somewhat more favourable accounts of the state of the markets for store stock, but, generally, no improvement can yet be boasted: the same with respect to wool, of which far less expectation can be reasonably entertained. The fall of lambs has been successful, and the weather more favourable than for the earliest dropped. The short crop of turnips, and the damage received from the frost, will, by and by, be severely felt by this stock, fodder being so nearly exhausted. Sheep, for market, are said to have done very poorly on the present crop of turnips, to which, no doubt, their exposure

to all the rigours and changes of winter, must have contributed its share. But, established and inbred habit never sees but one side of a question. During the frost, wood-fuel was becoming alarmingly scarce in the Western counties.

The prices of corn and fat cattle have advanced somewhat considerably in the London markets, and a further and gradual advance is by no means improbable, more especially with regard to prime articles, which always obtain their due attention in an English market. This will, no doubt, be eventually followed by a concomitant favourable change in the price of lean stores. In the mean time, the markets have been extremely favourable to the purchasers of stores. Much nonsense has, of late, circulated through the public prints, on the remote national disadvantage probable to accrue from the number of horses annually taken from the country by foreign purchasers: a subject, of which the writers seem to possess but a superficial view. The horses are generally sold at good prices, and it has become a considerable and beneficial branch of commerce, the increase of which will much enhance the profits of the steed. Complaints are made of some landlords who have refused to make any return of rent at their audits; and far more strange reports are abroad, of farms given up from distress, being retaken and leased at the former rents.

Smithfield. Beef, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 8d.—Mutton, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 8d.—Veal, 3s. 8d. to 5s. 10d. Pork, 3s. 0d. to 5s. 0d. best dairy—Rough Fat, 2s. 1½d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 48s. to (fine foreign) 80s.—Barley, 23s. to 36s.—Oats, 18s. to 30s.—Fine Bread, the London 4 lb. Loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 44s. to 100s. per load. Clover, ditto 65s. to 115s.—Straw, 40s. to 48s.

Coals in the Pool, 29s. 6d. to 37s. 3d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, February 22.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

SUGAR.—The demand for Muscovadoes has been more limited than usual; the estimated sales are 2,200 hogsheads and tierces. There is little alteration in the refined market. Of the fine grocery goods, there is rather a better supply this week, but there has been less business done. *Foreign Sugars.*—No parcels of foreign sugar sold this week by private contract; a few hogsheads of Porto Rico are exported at about 20s.—*East India Sugar.*—Few sales are reported; the Mauritius Sugar, low to mid. yellow, of which the great proportion of the arrivals consist, sell at a reduction of 1s. to 1s. 6d.; the other qualities were unvaried.

COFFEE.—Parcels, suitable for home consumption, have sold at rather higher prices this week, the request is more general; the quantity of Mocha Coffee thrown on the market lately has been extensive, the prices are 5s. lower; the Mysore, at nearly the same reduction; low to good Mocha, 76s. to 106s.; good Mysore, 46s. to 46s. 6d. Ceylon, at former prices, good old. 32s.; the only purchase by private contract is 100 bags fine old St. Domingo, at 34s. 6d. The British Plantation at previous prices; fine old Havannah sold at 35s.

RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.—The only purchase of Rum this week is a parcel of Leewards 4 to 5 over at 1s. 10½d.—In Brandy or Geneva there is no alteration.

HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.—The demand and prices of Tallow continue to improve. In Hemp and Flax there is little alteration. The letters from St. Petersburg are dated the 3d instant. Exchange 10d. 9 a 16 a 10½d. Tallow 89 90. Bought 500 to 600.

Irish Provisions.—There is little alteration in the Provision Market this week; the request for fine Butter still increases. Bacon steady, 36s. on board, and heavy landed at 38s.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £4. 8s. ½d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 3.—Rotterdam, 12. 8.—Hamburg, 14. 3½.—Paris, 28. 30.—Bordeaux, 26. 9½d.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 155. 0½.—Petersburg, 10.—Vienna, 10. 16.—Madrid, 35. 0¾.—Cadiz, 36. 0.—Bilboa, 35. 0¼.—Barcelona, 35. 0½.—Seville, 35. 0½.—Gibraltar, 37. 0½.—Leghorn, 47. 0½.—Genoa, 26. 0.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 44. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Palermo, 118. 0½.—Lisbon, 44. 0.—Oporto, 44. 0.—Rio Janeiro, 24. 0.—Bahia, 25. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, (½ sh.) 290½.—Coventry, 900½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 102½.—Grand Junction, 286½.—Kennet and Avon, 27½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 450½.—Oxford 650½.—Regent's, 22½.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 780½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 270½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 80½.—West India (Stock), 188½.—East London WATER WORKS, 115½.—Grand Junction, 52½.—West Middlesex, 75½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9¾.—Globe, 164½.—Guardian, 27½.—Hope Life, 6¾.—Imperial Fire, 113½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster chartered Company, 55½.—City, 190½.—British, 0½.—Leeds, 195½.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from January 23d, to February 22d, 1830, in the London Gazette.***BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.**

Thompson, N. Dartmouth, master-mariner
 Hucker, J. Glastonbury, stocking-manufacturer
 Eirke, T. P., H. White, J. H. Allen, Newcastle-under-Lyne, silkmen
 Chandler, Dewsbury, grocer
 Hayley, W. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer
 Gastrell, J. Bristol, haberdasher

BANKRUPTCIES.**[This Month, 164.]***Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.*

Arnold, C. Walcot, bookseller. (Mackinson and Co., Temple; Hellings, Bath)
 Abbot, J. Norwich, bookseller. (Dicas, Austin-friars)
 Archer, W. Southwark, cheesemonger. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court)
 Ayles, T. Weymouth, ship-builder. (Alexander and Son, Carey-street)
 Bryson, T. Jewin-street, commission-agent. (Lloyd, Thavies'-inn)
 Bartlett, W. and T. Reading, canvas-manufacturers. (Glynes, Vine-street)
 Blount, E. Liverpool, iron-merchant. (Vincent, Temple; Birkett, Liverpool)
 Burton, T. Hillingdon, brick-maker. (Poe and Co., Gray's-inn)
 Bannister, J. F. Henrietta-street, stable-keeper. (Burgoyne and Co., Oxford-street)
 Beard, J. G. Liverpool, brass-founder. (Chester, Staple-inn; Hodgson, Liverpool)
 Bird, J. Leominster, victualler. (Lloyd, Furnival's-inn; Herbert, Leominster)
 Brown, W. Beeston, cloth-manufacturer. (Jacques and Co., Coleman-street; Batty, Bristol)
 Bentley, E. Leicester, grocer. (Emley and Co., Temple; Robinson and Co., Leicester)
 Belt, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. (Clayton and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Clayton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)
 Breeds, B. Hastings, merchant. (Heathcote, Coleman street)
 Blundell, J. B., J. Piper, and J. T. Gritton, Bankside, iron-merchants. (Kearsey and Co., Lothbury)
 Boulderson, J. Pen-y-n, miller. (Follett, Temple; Roberts, Helston)
 Bond, W. Horstead, bricklayer. (Hammond and Co., Hatton-garden; Davney, Norwich)
 Bonell, W. Bedminster, lath-render. (Pool and Co., Gray's-inn; Williams, Bristol)
 Buckley, J. Ashton-under-Lyne, gingham-manufacturer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Higginbottom, Ashton-under-Lyne)
 Cocks, G. and J. Hart, Great Yarmouth, general-merchants. (Lythgoe, Essex-street; Wright, Norwich)
 Croft, E. Louth, tanner. (Shaw, Ely-place; Wilson, Louth; Hawtah, Blackburn)
 Clark, A. Blackburn, draper. (Norris and Co., John-street)
 Cooper, H. Upper Clapton, paper-manufacturer. (Allen and Co., Great James-street)
 Curtis, J. Oxford, plumber. (Turner, Percy-street)
 Carr, J. Barnsley, linen-manufacturer. (Strangways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Gill, Knaresborough; Mercer, Barnsley)
 Croft, W. P. M. Pimlico, lodging-house-keeper. (George, Wardrobe-place)
 Crake, M. Norton-street, builder. (Beaumont, Golden-square)
 Cooper, W. and T. W. Reader, Dartford, brewers. (Richardson and Co., Bedford-row)
 Cove, J. Hornchurch, fellmonger. (Towne, St. Helen's-place)
 Cotton, T. Nethorpe, boat-builder. (Holles, St. Swithin's-lane; Tims, Banbury)
 Creed, T. and T. Keen, Fore-street, haberdashers. (Davies, Devonshire-square)
 Dickson, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Birkett, Liverpool)
 Dixon, G. Cockfield, brewer. (Newburn, Walbrook; Newburn, Darlington)
 Dubbins, E. Brighton, plumber. (Wadson and Co., Austin-friars)
 Darby, C. H. Cheapside, tailor. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court, Threadneedle-street)
 Dixon, J. Lincoln, draper. (Willis and Co., Tokenhouse-yard; Hett, Lincoln)
 Dale, W. Pickering, draper. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Wood, Manchester)
 Dewar, J. and T. Carmichael, Berwick-upon-Tweed, corn-merchants. (Bromley, Gray's-inn; Gilchrist, Berwick-upon-Tweed)
 Dickson, I. Cooper's-row, wine-merchant. (Hodgson and Co., Salisbury-street)
 Dixon, T. and T. F. Ratcliffe-cross, sail-makers. (Cox, Poultry)
 Dawes, S. Cheapside, warehouseman. (Robinson, Pancras-lane)
 Dunn, J. St. George in the East, George-tavern, (Vandercom and Co., Bush-lane)
 Everett, J. Doncaster, painter. (Galesworthy, Cook's-court; Reaton, Doncaster)
 Elgie, M. Worcester and Ledbury, scrivener. (Gates and Co., Lombard-street)
 Evans, R. Leamington Priors, wine-merchant. (Stratton and Co., Shoreditch)
 Emery, J. Vauxhal-bridge-road, carpenter. (Willis, Sloane-street)
 Edwards, W. Woodchester, baker. (Ward, Charles-street)
 Foster, J. Derby, grocer. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn; Green, Derby)
 Fisher, J. Ipswich, miller. (Ayton, Kedford-row; Brome, Ipswich)
 Fisher, J. Portsea, mercer. (Platt and Co., New Boswell-court; Martell, Portsmouth)
 Foster, M. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, lead-merchant. (Thomson, Poultry; Fenwick, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)
 Falkner, E. R. S. Southwell, schoolmaster. (Hall and Co., New Boswell-court; Andrew, Nottingham)
 Garret, S. Langley-street, and Lambeth, currier. (Thomas, Dean-street)
 Griffith, T. Liverpool, linen-draper. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Payne, Liverpool)
 Gorst, J. R. and R. Baxendale, Liverpool, coach and harness-manufacturers. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Frodsham, Liverpool)
 Gould, M. Swindon, dealer. (Meggison and Co., King's-road; Crowdy, Swindon)
 Goater, T. Cliddenden, timber-merchant. (Bousfield, Chatham-place; Mann, Andover)
 Hobson, J. Leadenhall-street; wine-merchant. (Bartlett and Co., Nicholas-lane)
 Holbein, J. Herleydown, corn-dealer. (Sadgrove, Nicholas-lane)
 Hooper, H. Maiden-lane, hosier. (Kirkman and Co., Cannon-street)
 Harris, P. Newton, flannel merchant. (Rowles, King's Arm's-yard)
 Harvey, C. V. Penzance, mercer. (Coode, Guilford-street; Millet, Penzance)
 Hall, H. Liverpool, linen-draper. (Norris and Co., Bedford-row; Toulmin, Liverpool)
 Harling, J. Chorley, grocer. (Cervelle, Great James-street; Topping and Co., Chorley)
 Hayward, W. Braintree, tailor. (Springall and Co., Gray's-inn)
 Hone, W. Reading, live-y-stable-keeper. (Rigge and Co., Cook's-court; Weedon, Reading)
 Hallworth, J. Manchester, grocer. (Deane, Palsgrave-place; Boothroyd, Stockport)
 Hagley, L. and J. Frome-Selwood, silk-throwsters. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Messiter, Frome)
 Hacker, F. Hornsey-road, builder. (Smith, Walbrook)
 Hammond, P. Sheffield-moor, grocer. (Walter, Symond's-inn; Wake, Sheffield)
 Hall, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, hatter. (Flexney, New Boswell-court; Lambert, Newcastle)
 Haw, A. and G. H. Stiff, Jermyn-street, chessmongers. (Conway, Castle-street)
 Horner, R. Thornton-in-the-Clay, nurseryman. (Williamson, Gray's-inn; Simpson, New Malton)
 Hindhaugh, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, innkeeper. (Meggison and Co., King's-road; Brockett and Co., Newcastle)
 Jones, R. Sheerness, grocer. (Fisher and Co., Queen-street)
 Jones, A. Lower Brook-street, chemist. (Bostock, George-street)
 Jackson, J. Tavistock-street, man's-mercier. (Gore, Walbrook-buildings)
 Jackson, H. Jun. Liverpool, grocer. (Chester, Staple-inn; Gandy, Liverpool)
 Johnston, T. and R. Upper Thames-street, coal-merchants. (Smith and Co., Cooper's-hall)
 Keighley, W. Bristol, woollen-draper. (Parker and Co., Bristol)
 Knibb, E. Liverpool, draper. (Vincent, Temple; Brabner, Liverpool)
 King, E. Liverpool, clothier. (Bebb and Co., Bloom-bury-square; Armstrong, Liverpool)
 Lewis, T. Wandsworth, boarding-schoolmaster. (Horncastle, Great Suffolk-street)
 Makin, B. Liverpool, merchant. (Baxendale and Co., King's-arm-yard; Shackleton and Co., Liverpool)
 Maxfield, W. M. Leeds, silk-mercier. (King, Bedford-place)
 Miller, W. Tredegar-square, builder. (Robins, Bedford-row)
 Moody, J. T. Trowbridge, auctioneer. (Berkeley, Lincoln's-inn; Bush, Trowbridge)
 March, S. Kennington, lace-manufacturer. (Clarke, Basinghall-street)
 McLean, J. Liverpool, victualler. (Bebb and Co., Bloomsbury-square; Armstrong, Liverpool)
 Mayor, T. and J. Freckleton, merchants. (Wiglesworth and Co., Gray's-inn; Suttieworth and Co., Preston)
 Moody, S. and R. Romsey, plumbers. (Kelly, Temple; Sharp and Co., Southampton)
 Mackintosh, J. Jewin-street, sail-maker. (Biunt and Co., Liverpool)
 Macraith, W. and D. Maccaig, Windmill-street, tailors. (Bailey, Berners-street)
 Morrison, M. A. Bath, milliner. (Williams and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Mackey, Bath)
 Mant, T. Ipswich, boarding-house-keeper. (Whiteley, Tokenhouse-yard)
 Macleod, D. Water-lane, cork-merchant. (Baker, Nicholas-lane)
 Neale, T. Exeter, haberdasher. (Brutton and Co., New Broad-street; Bruton, Exeter)
 Neil, T. W. Battle-bridge, varnish-manufacturer. (Fyson and Co., Lothbury)
 Ormsby, J. and W. S. Morgan, Brighton, wine-merchants. (Hensman, Bond-court)
 Oden, E. Rochdale, innkeeper. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Elliot, Rochdale)

- Pittway, E. Tewkesbury, butcher. (Bousfield, Chatham-place, Wintertobham and Co., Tewkesbury)
- Pedrona, M. de, South-street, merchant. (Oliver and Co., Frederick's-place)
- Phelps, S. and T. Barclay, Fore-street, anchormen. (Dods, Northumberland-street)
- Pemberton, J. H. and E. L. Williams, West Smithfield, drapers. Ashurst, Newgate-street
- Pollard, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. (Meggison and Co., King's-road; Donlin and Co., Newcastle-upon-Tyne)
- Pierce, E. Trammere, victualler. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Mather, Liverpool)
- Purnell, H. Cardiff, linen-draper. (Jenkins and Co., New-inn; Clarke and Son, Bristol)
- Peck, S. Liverpool, merchant. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Forest and Co., Liverpool)
- Pasley, W. Gainsburgh, coal-merchant. (Spurr, Warrford-court; Spurr, Gainsburgh)
- Potts, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. (Meggison and Co., King's-road; Donlin and Co., Newcastle-upon-Tyne)
- Robinson, W. Jun. Liverpool, merchant. (Chester, Staple-inn; Davenport, Liverpool)
- Rothwell, W. and S. Elton, bleachers. (Appleby and Co., Gray's-inn; Goundy, Bury)
- Rigg, T. Liverpool, butcher. (Chester, Staple-inn; Gandy, Liverpool)
- Ridout, J. C. Bristol, dealer. (Pole and Co., Gray's-inn; Williams, Bristol)
- Ricards, R. Billingsgate, fish-salesman. (Smith and Co., Cooper's-hall)
- Riley, W. Regent-street, and Pancras, painter and glazier. (Philippe, Gray's-inn)
- Robinson, W. St. Helens Auckland, horse and cattle-dealer. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Wilson and Co., Stockton)
- Rodday, H. Regent's Quadrant. (Prichard, Howland-street)
- Robins, J. Ivy-lane, bookseller. (Evans, Gray's-inn)
- Richardson, G. New Sarum, man-milliner. (Gibbins, Furnival's-inn; Coombs, Sarum)
- Roderick, E. Aberystwith, linen-draper. (Jenkins and Co., New-inn; Clarke and Son, Bristol)
- Simmons, J. M. Lewes, linen-draper. (Farrar, Godliman-street)
- Stone, T. Wednesbury, innkeeper. (Hunt, Craven-street; Caddick, West Bromwich)
- Speicer, W. Coventry, ribband-manufacturer. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn; Troughton and Lea, Coventry)
- Stratton, J. Tottenham-court-road, timber-merchant. (Williams, Alfred-place)
- Shields, R. M. Liverpool, grocer. (Jeab and Co., Bloomsbury-square; Armstrong, Liverpool)
- Swancl, J. Radwell, farmer. (Meggison and Co., King's-road)
- Stedman, G. Walton, merchant. (White and Co., Great St. Helens; Bacon, Walton)
- Smithson, S. Leeds, grocer. (Smithson and Co., New-inn; Dunning, Leeds)
- Smith, J. R. Tamworth, calico-printer. (Lowes, Southampton-buildings; Newton and Co., Stockport)
- Snow, J. Worcester, scrivener. (Townsend, Gray's-inn)
- Stunt, W. H. Wellington-street, dyer. Castle, Brewers-street
- Tippet, J. Bristol, ship-builder. (Brittan, Basinghall-street; E. van and Co., Bristol)
- Turton, W. Bushbury, coal-merchant. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Corser, Wolverhampton)
- Tongue, W. Birmingham, toyman. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Parker, Birmingham)
- Thurston, J. Southampton-mews, horse-dealer. (Lewis, Bernard-street)
- Tutt, E. Mary-le-bone-lane, oilman. Starling, Leicester-square
- Taylor, G. A. Clithero, cotton-spinner. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Charley, Preston)
- Tarver, J. Wolverton, carpenter. (Meyrick and Co., Rea Lion-square; Burbury, Warwick)
- Travis, J. Soyland, innkeeper. (Emmet, New-inn; Alexander, Halifax)
- Tessier, P. Teignmouth, merchant. (Pateron and Co., Old Broad-street)
- Winson, R. and W. Leeds, linen-draper. (Thornbury, Chancery-lane)
- Watson, A. Cannon-street, boarding-house-keeper. (Hodgson, Broad-street-buildings)
- Whitlock, J. Stanton New Mill, Durham, miller. (Shaw, Ely-place; Walter, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)
- Watson, H. Ongar, cattle-salesman. (Wigley, Essex-street)
- Walker, W. sen. and W. Jun. Knaresborough, linen-draper. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court)
- Wilbraham, G. Leadenhall-street, gun-manufacturer. (Chambers, Finsbury-chambers)
- Wilkinson, H. J. Leicester, printer. (Eyre and Co., Gray's-inn)
- Wright, J. Huddersfield, dyer. (Strangways and Co., Bernard's-inn; Stead and Co., Halifax; Stott, Leeds)
- Wilkinson, G. Wem, schoolmaster. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Brainer, Liverpool)
- Woods, J. Bartle Quarter, maltster. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Troughton and Son, Preston)
- Williams, D. Brecon, shopkeeper. (Bridges and Co., Red Lion-square; Hare and Co., Bristol)
- Ware, W. Exeter, timber-merchant. (Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Furlong, Exeter)
- Wise, T. Colleshill-street, victualler. (Willis, Shoane-street)
- Whitehead, J. W. Battle-bridge, linen-draper. (Burra and Co., King-street, Cheapside)
- West, M. York-gate-yard livery-stables, horse-dealer. (Tod, Gray's-inn)
- Wheatland, W. Ashkam, chair-turner. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Mee and Co., East Retford)
- Weaver, D. Winsley, timber-merchant. (Philpot and Co., Southampton-street; Burley and Co., Shrew-bury)
- Williamson, S. Jun. Salford, grocer. (Chester, Staple-inn; Hinde, Liverpool)
- Wallace, J. Manchester, wine-merchant. (Cerveje, Great James-street; Harrison, Liverpool)
- Woodroffe, G. sen. Upper Stan-ford-street, and G. Woodroffe, jun. Waterloo-road, cabinet-manufacturers. (Evans, Gray's-inn)
- Young, C. Whitechapel, brewer. (Fisher, Walbrook-buildings)
- Young, J. Manchester, hosier. (Taylor, Clement's-inn; Chew, Manchester)

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. A. B. Hoden, to the Vicarage of Brewood.—Rev. T. Boydell, to a Minor Canonry in Chester cathedral.—Rev. H. J. Rose, to the Rectory of Hadleigh, Suffolk.—Rev. T. Clarkson, to the Living of Beyton, Suffolk.—Rev. C. Murray, to the Rectory of Ashe, Southampton.—Rev. J. Storer, to be Principal Official in Royal Peculiar of Bridgnorth Deanery.—Rev. W. Vaughan, to the third portion of Pontesbury Rectory.—Rev. H. S. Debrett, to the Rectory of Broughton, Lincoln.—Rev. W. Black, to the Chaplaincy of Somerset Hospital, Frouxfield, Wilts, in conjunction with the Rectory of Huish, same county.—Rev. J. Barlow, to the Rectory of Little Bowden, Northampton.—Rev. R. Walpole, to the consolidated Rectories of Beechanwell St. John, and St. Mary, Norfolk.—Rev. J. James, to the Perpetual Curacy of Eytton, Herefordshire.—Rev. H. Moule, to the Vicarage of Box, Wilts.—Rev. W.

Farwell, to the Rectory of St. Martin's, Looe, Cornwall.—Rev. R. W. Jelf, to be Canon of Christchurch.—Rev. J. Williams, to the Perpetual Curacies of Llanfaes and Penmain.—Rev. S. P. J. Trist, to the Vicarage of Vergan, Cornwall.—Rev. W. Y. C. Hunt, to the Rectory of Tamerton Folliott, Devon.—Rev. Lord C. Paulet, to the Rectory of Walton Deloil, and the Vicarages of Wellesbourne and Watton, Warwick.—Rev. C. James, to the Rectory of Evenlode, Worcester.—Rev. J. Evans, to be Rural Dean for the Deanery of Lower Carmarthen.—Rev. J. Walker, elected to be a Scotch Bishop.—Rev. Dr. Dealtry, to be a Prebendary of Winchester.—Rev. J. Edwards, to the Rectory of Newington, Oxford.—Rev. R. Black, to be morning preacher at the National Society's chapel, Ely-place.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

The Right Hon. Charles James Herries has been appointed President of the Board of Trade.—The Right Hon. T. F. Lewis, to be Treasurer of his Majesty's navy.—Lord Ellenborough, the Right Hon. R. Peel, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Right Hon. Sir G. Murray, the Duke of Welling-

ton, the Right Hon. H. Goulburn, the Right Hon. J. Sullivan, Lord Ashley, the Marquis of Graham, the Right Hon. T. P. Courtenay, and G. Banks, esq., to be his Majesty's Commissioners for the Affairs of India.

CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

February 4. Parliament opened by his Majesty's Commissioners, the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Wellington, Earls Rosslyn, Aberdeen, and Mayo, when the Lord Chancellor read the following speech:—"My Lords and Gentlemen, We are commanded by his Majesty to inform you, that his Majesty receives from all foreign powers the strongest assurances of their desire to maintain and cultivate the most friendly relations of this country.—His Majesty has seen with satisfaction that the war between Russia and the Ottoman Porte has been brought to a conclusion.—The efforts of his Majesty to accomplish the main objects of the Treaty of the 6th July, 1827, have been unremitted.—His Majesty having recently concerted with his Allies measures for the pacification and final settlement of Greece, trusts that he shall be enabled, at an early period, to communicate to you the particulars of this arrangement, with such information as may explain the course which his Majesty has pursued throughout the progress of these important transactions.—His Majesty laments that he is unable to announce to you the prospect of a reconciliation between the Princes of the House of Braganza.—His Majesty has not yet deemed it expedient to re-establish, upon their ancient footing, his Majesty's diplomatic relations with the kingdom of Portugal. But the numerous embarrassments arising from the continued interruption of these relations, increase his Majesty's desire to effect the termination of so serious an evil.—*Gentlemen of the House of Commons*, His Majesty has directed the estimates for the current year to be laid before you. They have been framed with every attention to economy, and it will be satisfactory to you to learn that his Majesty will be enabled to make a considerable reduction in the amount of the public expenditure, without impairing the efficiency of our naval or military establishments.—We are commanded by his Majesty to inform you, that although the national income, during the last year, has not attained the full amount at which it had been estimated, the diminution is not such as to cause any doubt as to the future prosperity of the revenue.—*My Lords and Gentlemen*, His Majesty commands us to acquaint you, that his attention has been of late earnestly directed to various important considerations connected with improvements in the administration of the law.—His Majesty has directed that measures shall be submitted for your deliberation, of which some are calculated in the opinion of his Majesty to facilitate and expedite the course of justice in different parts of the United Kingdom, and others appear to be necessary preliminaries to a revision of the practice and proceedings of the superior courts.—We are commanded to assure you, that his Majesty feels confident that you will give your best attention and assistance to subjects of such deep and lasting concern to the well-being of his people.—His Majesty commands us to inform you, that the export in the last year of British produce and manufactures has exceeded that of any former year.—His Majesty laments, that notwithstanding this indication of active commerce, distress should prevail among the agricultural and manufacturing classes in some parts of the United Kingdom.—It would be most gratifying to

the paternal feelings of his Majesty to be enabled to propose for your consideration, measures calculated to remove the difficulties of any portion of his subjects, and at the same time compatible with the general and permanent interests of his people.—It is from a deep solicitude for those interests, that his Majesty is impressed with the necessity of acting with extreme caution in reference to this important subject.—His Majesty feels assured, that you will concur with him in assigning due weight to the effect of unfavourable seasons, and to the operation of other causes, which are beyond the reach of legislative control or remedy.—Above all, his Majesty is convinced that no pressure of temporary difficulty will induce you to relax the determination which you have uniformly manifested to maintain inviolate the public credit, and thus to uphold the high character, and the permanent welfare of the country."

5. The Argyle Rooms completely destroyed by fire.

7. The hard frost broke up, after having continued, with more or less severity, for upwards of 40 days.

9. One convict executed at the Old Bailey.

— Select committees formed in both Houses of Parliament, to inquire into the state of the East India Company's affairs, and the nature of the trade between Great Britain and China.

10. In the Court of King's Bench Mr. Alexander was sentenced to one year's imprisonment, and to a fine of £300 for the three libels published in *The Morning Journal*, of which he had been found guilty; and Mr. Isaacson to pay a fine of £100; and Mr. Marsden to enter into recognizances for good behaviour for three years.

— Committee appointed in the House of Commons to inquire into the laws and usages of Select Vestries.

11. Report presented to the Common Council of the city, by the Coal and Corn Committee, stating that they had a conference with his Majesty's ministers on the high price of coals, who promised every consideration to it.

— The Solicitor General, in the House of Commons, obtained leave to bring in five bills, to make some reform in the Court of Chancery.

16. The English Opera House, and houses contiguous, totally burnt to the ground by an accidental fire which took place a little while after the French company's performances had ceased, about 1 o'clock in the morning.

18. Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

— A motion made in the House of Commons, by the Marquess of Blandford, "that a Reform in that House was expedient," and negatived by 160 votes against 57, although one of its members (Sir Francis Burdett), said, "I first purchased a seat in this House for money—I purchased it against the law."

23. Sessions at the Old Bailey terminated; 11

persons received sentence of death, 58 of transportation, and 41 of imprisonment.

Feb. 23.—Meeting held at the Mansion-house of the citizens of London, presided by the Lord Mayor, to consider on the alarmingly distressed state of the country, when several resolutions were unanimously passed, and a petition voted to both Houses of Parliament, praying "their immediate attention to the very great distress that universally prevails, brought on by enormous overwhelming pressure of taxation, and the long, bloody, and extravagant wars waged and carried on against the liberties of the people of America and France, during the reign of George III."

MARRIAGES.

At Newbattle Abbey, Col. Sir W. M. Gomm, to Elizabeth Anne, eldest daughter of Lord R. Kerr.—Capt. H. Gascoyne, son of General Gascoyne, M.P. for Liverpool, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the Archbishop of Tuam.—Hon. F. J. Shore, second son of Lord Teignmouth, to Charlotte Maria, second daughter of the late G. Cornish, esq.—B. Knox, esq., Third Guards, to Louisa, only surviving daughter of the late Admiral Sir J. Sutton, K.C.B.—T. Hankey, jun., esq., to Miss A. A. Alexander, late of Philadelphia, United States, half sister to the Lord Chief Baron.—S. R. Bosanquet, esq., of Forrest-house, Essex, to Emily, eldest daughter of G. Courthorpe, esq.—At Plymouth, James Cottle, esq., to Sarah Wilmot, eldest daughter of the late John Harrington, esq.—Capt. Patten, son of the late Admiral Patten, to Miss Rosina Niele.—Sir John Phillimore, to Baroness Katherine Harriet de Regersfeld.—At St. James's, Signor Campanile (of Rome), to Ersilia, eldest daughter of Francis Cianchetti, esq.—At Coggeshall, Robert, second son of Charles Barclay, esq., M.P., to Miss Rachel Hanbury.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. R. W. Shaw, son of Sir J. G. Shaw, bart., to Miss Sophia Cornwall, grand-daughter to the first Lord Gardner.

DEATHS.

At Whiteford-house, Cornwall, Lady Louisa Call, wife of Sir W. P. Call, bart., and daughter to the late Earl of Granard.—Catharine, wife of T. Reade, esq., and only daughter to Sir John Hill, so well known in the republic of literature.—In his tent, Launton, Oxfordshire, upwards of 100 years of age, James Smith, king of the wandering people called gipsies. By his tribe he was

looked up to with the greatest veneration and respect. His remains were followed to the grave by his widow (whose age is more than 100), and by several of his tribe, consisting of most of his relatives, and many of his children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, whose grief was excessive. The widow tore her hair, and uttered the most frantic exclamations, and begged to be allowed to throw herself on the coffin, and be buried with her husband.—At Methley-park, the Earl of Méxborough.—At Spring Hill, Lieut.-General Sir John Henn Maxwell, bart.—At Bishopton, Frank Wilkinson, 105, known by the name of "the wild miller," as, in former days, he travelled the country with his horse and bell, asking for corn to grind.—At St. James's Palace, Sir Frederick Augustus Barnard, 87, librarian to George III.—At Butt House, Lord Tamworth.—In the Isle of Wight, Lord Henry Seymour, 84.—In Hanover-street, Lord Graves.—At Fulford Park, the Countess of St. Germans.—The Hon. Charlotte Arbuthnot, aunt to Viscount Arbuthnot.—Near Exeter, Lady Collier, widow of the late Sir G. Collier, bart.—At Cromer, G. T. Wyndham, esq.—In Warren-street, W. Lake, esq., last surviving son of Sir Atwell Lake, bart.—In Hill-street, Col. Burrows, 84.—At Brighton, the Hon. Mrs. Charlotte Chapman, 83; daughter of the 6th Lord Falkland, and great aunt to the present (9th) Viscount Falkland.—At Calverton, General Sir J. C. Sherbrooke, 70, formerly Governor of Canada.—At Mirfield Hall, Miss C. Cartwright, 93, sister of the late celebrated Major Cartwright.—At Bath, the Hon. V. Knox, brother to Viscount Northland.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Paris, Viscount Charles de Montque, to Caroline Susanna Spencer, daughter of Hon. M. Spencer, and niece of the Duke of Marlborough.—At Demerara, L. Fitzgerald, esq., to Sarah Antonia, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. Goodman.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Vienna, General Von Petersdorff, 84.—At Versailles, General G. Moncrieff.—At St. Vincents, Sir Charles Brisbane, bart., Governor of that island.—At Boulogne, Lord Serrpill.—At Paris, Mr. M. St. Culham.—At St. Lucia, Major General Stewart, Governor of that island.—At Paris, the celebrated M. de Lavallette, aid-de-camp to the late Napoleon Buonaparte.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—Feb. 15. A county meeting was held at Morpeth, for the purpose of taking into consideration the depressed condition of the country, when a petition was unanimously passed to the House of Commons, representing the great distress, privations and difficulties, which affect the Agricultural, Commercial, Manufacturing, and Shipping interest of Northumberland, by the weight of the taxes, free trade, &c., and begging a due inquiry may be made, so that means may be taken for obtaining relief.

A destructive fire took place at Newcastle, in the night of the 28th of January, which destroyed

several houses, and did damage to the amount of £25,000.

DURHAM.—A roast-beef and plum-pudding dinner was given lately at Darlington to 64 old men in indigent circumstances, whose united ages amounted to 4,224 years, averaging 66 each; it was paid for out of a fund formed by the accumulation of a small annual income of between three and four pounds, left many years ago towards a dinner for the parishioners on St. Paul's day. This dinner having been discontinued, the money was more rationally disposed of in the manner above described.

The congregation of Monkwearmouth church have presented a massy silver salver, to their late lecturer, the Rev. E. Neale, B.A., in testimony of his able and orthodox ministry, and as a memorial of the grateful feeling which they entertain for his services.

No less than 1,129,824 chaldrons of coals, imperial measure, were shipped from the port of Sunderland last year.

CUMBERLAND.—A meeting of the freeholders took place at Wigton, called by the High Sheriff, to take into consideration the distressed condition of the country, when petitions to the legislature was unanimously resolved on. About 4,000 persons were present.*

The ship-owners of Maryport and vicinity have forwarded a petition to parliament, praying to be rescued from their nearly insolvent state, by the protection of the shipping of Great Britain, against that of other nations, which alone can enable them to compete with foreigners.

YORKSHIRE.—The 11th Report of the Directors of the Pauper Lunatic Asylum for the West Riding, contains details which are particularly satisfactory. Notwithstanding the appropriation of £1,000 to improvements, there still remains a balance of nearly £3,000 in favour of the institution. There are 255 patients in the house. Since the opening of the asylum, 586 sufferers, under this most lamentable of human maladies, have been restored to society in a sane state, and 103 much relieved.—*Yorkshire Gazette*.

The last report from the committee in favour of the unemployed poor of Leeds, dated at the Court House, states that 2,085 families, comprehending 8,432 individuals, had been relieved.

Business at Huddersfield is growing worse and worse, and unless speedy relief is afforded, hundreds of virtuous and respectable families in this district will become the victims of our destructive policy. Never did Huddersfield present such a gloomy and wretched appearance; never had it so much cause.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

Feb. 3. A public dinner was given on the occasion of opening the splendid Bradford Exchange Buildings. After the Royal Family, "The Ladies" were toasted, and then followed "the immortal memory of Bishop Blaize," (it being the anniversary of this great author of the combing trade), which introduced some remarks from Mr. Rand, who wished he could congratulate the company on the flourishing state of the country; "but the melancholy fact exists," he said, "and is acknowledged by men of all parties, that

* Mr. Blamire addressed the meeting. "All parties," he said, "were suffering; merchant, manufacturer, tradesman, agriculturist, miner, mechanic, and labourer, all in distress and misery, in consequence of an enormous and overwhelming debt; and nothing could relieve them but a great reduction of taxation." Mr. James (late M.P. for Carlisle), observed, that they heard much of the poor rates; but the little paupers did not drain the nation to the extent of the great paupers: and there was scarcely an article for which the poor man had not to pay a tax—for malt, beer, leather, soap, candles—indeed for almost everything that he saw, touched, and smelled—for the very air he breathed. Nothing could save the country but a large remission of taxation—the knife and sponge must be both applied, the latter partially, the former with an unsparing hand."

both commerce and agriculture are labouring under very severe depression."

A meeting has been held at Leeds of the stuff manufacturers, operatives, and others, to consider the propriety of petitioning the legislature on the effects produced by the rapid increase of the Power Loom, when several resolutions were entered into for curtailing its extensive use, and a petition unanimously resolved on to be delivered to the House of Commons, by their townsman, Mr. Sadler, who was respectfully requested to support its prayer.*

There are in the small town of Beverley, nine societies for the promotion of knowledge.

A new national school for boys was opened at Pontefract, on the 19th of January; when an appropriate speech was delivered by the Rev. J. Atkinson, incumbent of the endowed lectureship in that town.

The Hon. E. Petre, Lord Mayor of York, though a Roman Catholic, has chosen the Rev. G. Hodson, a clergyman of the church of England, for his chaplain, during the year of his mayoralty.

On the 2d of February, the Yorkshire Philosophical Society held their anniversary meeting, at their New Museum, which was then publicly opened. It is one of the most elegant buildings in the kingdom; and the collection of fossils is probably the best in this country. The museum is also rich in zoological specimens.

Petitions to both houses of parliament, against the renewal of the East India Company's charter, were agreed to at a public meeting at Leeds, held on the 6th of February. Similar petitions have been agreed to at public meetings held at Bradford and Huddersfield.

A young man named John Smith, of Bielby, near Pocklington, has constructed a very ingenious and curious piece of mechanism. It is a species of clock for measuring distances. The works are contained in a box, which can be fastened to the axle-tree of a waggon; and the contrivance reflects great credit upon him, as he has had no mechanical education, but has worked at the farming business all his life, and has executed this machine, after his daily labour was done.—*Yorkshire Gazette*.

Mr. Belliwell, of Greenhurst Key, near Todmorden, has manufactured a beautiful cotton russet cloth, and also yarn for stockings, from the wool produced by the moss crop plant found upon his estate there.

NORFOLK.—At a vestry meeting held at Kenninghall, Jan. 15, for the purpose of taking into consideration the better employment of the sur-

* The chairman in addressing the meeting, said: "Unprecedented distress and want of employment has called us together. Many of you have arrived at the middle of life; others of you are in declining years; and some few of you bear the marks of old age; and I appeal to you, whether you ever experienced distress to that degree which you are now experiencing from the want of employment?"—(*Universal cries of No! no! never!!!*)—The following is resolution 8:—"That we are now arrived at a period wherein justice, policy, and humanity, loudly call for prompt legislative measures, which would have the salutary effect of obviating any burst of popular frenzy that may arise from the accumulated masses of human misery so unhappily prevalent, disgraceful to the national character, and far surpassing any former precedent."

plus poor, it was resolved—"That all unemployed labourers shall inform the overseer of their want of work, that their names may be presented by him at the next vestry meeting, to be held on the Monday morning in every week, at 10 o'clock, that they may there be let at the best price that can be obtained for them for the current week. [Here follow the names of the churchwardens, overseers, surveyors, and eight other individuals.]"

SOMERSETSHIRE.—The expenses for this county from Dec. 1828, to Dec. 1829, amounted to £24,227. 7s. 0½d.—full £20,000 of which was consumed in the law and punishment of crimes!

In Castle Carey, the population is under 1,900, and there are 1,000 names on the poor-book, receiving more or less of parish pay!!!

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—Jan. 28. A meeting of the inhabitants of the city of Bristol took place at the Guildhall, when it was resolved to petition Parliament, "praying the reduction of the taxes upon malt, beer, sugar, tea, coffee, candles, soap, and other necessaries of life, so as to bring their prices within the means of purchase by the labouring part of our population." At the same time the petitioners submit the necessity of "tax upon absentees."

HEREFORDSHIRE.—The Herefordshire Agricultural Meeting was most numerous and respectfully attended on Monday last, when the whole of Broad-street was filled with the cattle exhibited. Sir J. G. Cotterell, Bart. was in the chair, supported by Sir Robert Price, Bart.; several other landed proprietors, a long list of tenantry, and many principal graziers and dealers in cattle from different counties. A discussion took place on the depressed state of agriculture. There seemed a general concurrence that government had represented this depression to Parliament in terms far below its actual and universal pressure. The misfortunes of the country were attributed to the principles of free trade, and the state of the currency. The agriculturists of this and every other county were advised to unite as one man, and by firm and legal proceedings compel the ministers to adopt measures for the relief of the suffering country.

DEVONSHIRE.—A meeting was held at the town-hall, Callington, on Tuesday, for the purpose of considering the propriety of renting, enclosing, and cultivating about 190 acres of common in the neighbourhood, for the purpose of giving employment to the poor. W. D. Horndon, Esq. was in the chair, and Mr. John Morshead laid before the meeting a plan for dividing the common into allotments, to separate the property of each of the proprietors. The plan was approved, and is, we understand, to be acted on forthwith.—*Plymouth and Devonport Weekly Journal.*

WORCESTERSHIRE.—The extraordinary event of the perpetrators of two murders having

* This is extracted from the *Norfolk Chronicle*, Feb. 13, and signed T. B. Beevor, who thus apostrophizes the editor on the occasion, "Is this England, Sir? Is it in that land of boasted Happiness and Freedom that I see it advertised, that 'The unemployed poor are to be let for the highest price that can be obtained for them?'"

been discovered, after a lapse of upwards 23 years, has created a great sensation in this county; and three persons of the names of Clews, Banks and Barnett, have been committed to jail to take their trial for the murder of the murderer of the Rev. Mr. Parker, who having occasioned much ill-will and angry feeling in the parish, had been shot by a man of the name of Hemmings, paid for the purpose; and afterwards he himself had likewise been murdered by those persons who had hired him to murder Mr. Parker.

BUCKS.—The Duke of Buckingham, as Lord Lieutenant of this county, has published an important letter, addressed to the magistrates of the county, upon the glaring evils which result from the system of paying for the labour of the poor out of the Poor's Book.

"You will (he says to the Clerk of the Peace) be pleased to read this letter to the magistrates, on the first day of their meeting. I need not say, that feeling myself thus called upon to press my opinions upon their notice, I shall feel it equally my duty to be at their orders, and to assist them in any manner in which they think that I can be of use to check this growing and great evil."

LEICESTER.—A memorial has been presented to Mr. Keck, as member for the county, on the causes of the general distress; "things," say the memorialists, "have arrived at such a pass that something must be done."

SUSSEX.—The expenditure for the better regulating, paving, improving, and managing the town of Brighton, and the poor thereof, from June 30 to Dec. 31, 1829, amounted to £1,536. 4s. 5d.

SUFFOLK.—At the late sessions, the Grand Jurors expressed their deep regret at the alarming and distressing situation of the country, and intreated the magistrates to use their exertions to convene a meeting of the county, in order that the state of the sufferers may be considered and laid before parliament. In consequence, a requisition was signed to the High Sheriff for that purpose; and on Feb. 6, a meeting, convened by the High Sheriff, was held at Ipswich, to take into consideration "the unparalleled distress of all classes dependant on agriculture;" and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, nearly 4,000 persons assembled, including the county members and a great many respectable owners and occupiers of land. A petition was voted to Parliament, calling its attention "to the causes which are bringing our agricultural population and its dependants in all trades to pauperism and ruin, and to the wants of the country encumbered with such enormous taxation!!!"

Rendlesham Hall has been destroyed by fire; the damages are calculated at £100,000, unin-

* Sir Thomas Gooch regretted, "that the distress of the country was not expressed in the King's Speech in terms adequate to what it really is. Taxation must be reduced to what it was in 1792—the debt is £800,000,000! We must therefore strike at the root of all extravagance! we must all sink or swim together; as landlords, tenants, and labourers were all in the same boat." (Here a person in the crowd said, "You ought to have known that before!!")—"I will never assist," continued Sir Thomas, "in laying one farthing more of taxes on the country."—"You have done enough already," said another plain dealer.)

sured. The noble owners, Lord and Lady Rendlesham, are at Paris.

ESSEX.—A meeting of the freeholders of this county has been held at Chelmsford, on the general distress that prevails all through the kingdom, when it was resolved to petition Parliament on the subject.* Some thousands attended the meeting, convinced, as Mr. Conyers observed, "that it was their duty to state to ministers that distress existed in its most afflicting shapes in every village and hamlet, and not existing only in some places."

CHESHIRE.—In consequence of a requisition to the High Sheriff, signed by gentlemen of all parties, a county meeting was held at Norwich on the present distress which prevails throughout the kingdom, and a petition unanimously agreed to; to the House of Lords, to be presented by the Lord Lieutenant, and to the House of Commons by the county members.† The petition particularly recommends "a rigid system of economy in every department, the distresses which exist in every part of the country commanding the most serious attention!"

By the abstract of the expences for this county for the last year, it appears that the total amount

* The petition states, "that inordinate and unequal taxation is the great and paramount grievance of the country," and it suggests a reform in the House of Commons—an entire repeal of the duties on malt, beer, hops, and all those taxes which more immediately bear upon the labour and industry of the country—abolition of all sinecure places and offices, and pensions without services—reduction of salaries—simplification and equitable application of the poor laws—revision of our jurisprudence, with a view to intelligibility, economy, and promptitude in administration—commutation of tithes—remuneration of the clergy, apportioned to their labours to make them easy and respectable, but not intolerant and luxurious—and the overthrow of the many destructive monopolies which characterize the present artificial state of the nation."

† Mr. Davenport (M.P.), mover of the petition, said: "Gentlemen, I hope we shall all be unanimous in adopting a petition which shall carry conviction to that callous body to which it is addressed, and shew them that, in Cheshire, at least, a county meeting is not a farce! Cheese, the staple commodity of this country, has fallen 30 per cent. within six months; the quantity made in the county has been estimated at 12,000 tons annually, and taking the loss to be only £20 per ton, there is a loss on this one article of agricultural produce alone of £240,000!!! The working classes are in many places bordering upon starvation; poverty and crime abound everywhere, and at the county sessions last week, two children were prosecuted for stealing a bit of bread from a shop window, being unable to resist the cravings of hunger!!! Gentlemen, if, as some say, government can do nothing for us, I should like to know what we pay them for? They can do something for us by retracing their steps, and not persevering in their present course. Suppose any one of us were to ride into a bog, does he stick there? or make the best of his way back again? Similar representations will come before Parliament from other quarters; but I must confess, while the House of Commons is constituted as it is at present, I have but very slender hopes of any efficient relief. All inquiry is resisted, all allusion to the cause of distress put down by clamour. I have heard the speeches of Mr. Atwood in the House of Commons received with an uproar that would disgrace a pot-house; and yet this is the system which we are told 'works well,' and needs no amendment!!!"—*Chester Chronicle*.

was £42,264. 14s. 3d., £24,000 of which was expended in jurisprudence and the *et ceteras* of crime; upwards of £6,000 for the work at the Lunatic Asylum, and near £4,000 for repairs of county bridges and causeways.—*Chester Chronicle*.

WARWICKSHIRE.—Many parishes in this county have commenced local petitions to the legislature on the unparalleled distress which prevails amongst all the industrious classes of the country, and praying a repeal of the malt and beer taxes.* Amongst the number, are Leamington, Weston, Wappenbury, Hunningdam, Eatherpe Marton, Frankton, Leek Wotton, Lillington, Cubbington, Ryton-upon-Dunsmore, Baginton, Bubenhall, Stretton, Princethorpe, Woolston, Brandon, Bretford, &c.

Mr. Fyler said, in the House of Commons, Feb. 8, that he could bear testimony to the existence of extreme distress in those parts of the country with which he was acquainted. In the city and county of the city of Coventry, and in many parts of Warwickshire, and in other places, there were thousands in such a state of distress as not to be able to support themselves. In one district of the county of Warwick, a parish, containing a mixture of manufacturers and agriculturists, the population amounted to 7,100 persons, on a space of 6,500 acres. Of these, there were 2,000 receiving parochial relief; 2,103 not receiving relief, but not able to contribute anything to the rates, the whole weight of which was borne by 500 heads of families, the representatives of the other inhabitants.

SHROPSHIRE.—The petition to the Legislature from Oswestry, which has been circulated through the several parishes of the county, states, "That the unexampled difficulties of the agricultural interest are become so great, that it will be impossible for the occupiers of land to continue to cultivate the same under the existing distress; and, unless some speedy relief be afforded, not only the yeomanry of the kingdom, but also the whole of the labouring† and industrious classes dependent on them for employment and support, must be reduced to utter ruin!!!"

WALES.—At a very numerous and respectable meeting of the nobility, gentry, clergy, and freeholders of the county of Flint, held at Mold the 8th February, in pursuance of a requisition to the High Sheriff of the said county, to take into consideration the general distress which so unhappily pervades all classes in this country, it was unanimously resolved to petition Parliament thereupon, representing the great and unprecedented distress now prevailing through the country, in

* "By the Parliamentary returns of last session," say they, "the population of 1787 was 7,400,000 persons, who then consumed 3,400,000 quarters of malt; whereas, the population had increased in the year 1828 to 13,500,000, who consumed but little more than 3,000,000 quarters of malt, being an actual decrease of nearly 300,000 quarters, with a population nearly doubled!!!"

† The sum of eight millions, forming nearly one-half the whole revenue of Excise, is collected from the malt and beer duties. Well, therefore, may the people complain of oppression, and inequality of taxation, when the amount imposed upon the *necessaries* is seven times greater than on the *luxuries* of life. By repealing the above duties, upwards of 200 penal clauses would be got rid of, together with one-half the enormous expensive Excise establishment!

its agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and mines—the overwhelming mass of taxation now becoming intolerable, and the regret of the petitioners at finding his Majesty's ministers treating with indifference the distress of the country, &c. &c.*

The petition for the repeal of the malt tax, adopted at the meeting held at Cardiff, on the 16th ult., has received upwards of 700 signatures, comprising nearly all the respectable farmers in the vale of this county.

A meeting for the purpose of petitioning parliament for a repeal of the Malt and Beer Duties, was held in the town hall at Narberth, Pembrokeshire. After expatiating on the distresses of the country in general, but more especially on those felt by the inhabitants of the county of Pembroke, which the Chairman shewed clearly arose from over-taxation, a resolution was carried to petition both Houses of Parliament for a total repeal of the Malt and Beer Duties.

SCOTLAND.—Public meetings are still taking place in various parts of the country, with the view of devising some means for alleviating, if possible, the distresses under which the industrious classes, particularly those engaged in manufactures, are at present labouring. An universal, but we sincerely hope only transitory paralysis, appears to have smitten the whole body of our industry; and from Truro to Kirkwall one cry of distress and suffering has been raised.—A meeting was lately called at Renfrew, for the purpose of considering the present distressed state of the landed, manufacturing, and trading interests; and, after several gentlemen had delivered their sentiments, a set of resolutions, embodying the views of the meeting, both in reference to the extent of the depression under which

* The Hon. L. Kenyon said: "If people in high places found it convenient to slur over the distresses and sufferings of the people, the people themselves should lay their griefs before their representatives as became freemen and British subjects; the distress was universal: it did not affect the working classes alone, but was extending to all the other classes; throughout the empire one general cry of distress prevailed, and that too after fourteen years of peace!" Mr. Mather said: "It was impossible the country could go on with the present taxation and the present prices. As a proof that the revenue was rapidly declining, he need only mention the fact that in his last ride in this district, the collector of excise did not receive as many hundreds as he ought to have received thousands. He was very glad to see that the higher classes were at length alive to the distress among the lower, and now that it was fast approaching their own doors, he hoped they would exercise that weight and influence which they possessed with the legislature in calling aloud for a remedy!" Sir J. Williams, Bart. stated, that in consequence of the low price of ore, 400 men employed in the works in which he was concerned were discharged, and the mine shut up!!! This evil he attributed to "free trade," without reciprocity, or rather with the reciprocity all on one side! Sir E. P. Lloyd, M.P. congratulated the county upon the assemblage of the most wealthy and intelligent of its gentry then before him, and upon the alacrity with which they had answered the call of their High Sheriff on this important occasion. The petition would have his most cordial support in parliament, and that of their excellent county member also (Sir Thomas Mostyn), which the hon. Bart. had intimated to him in a letter that day.

these interests were labouring, and the means necessary to be adopted for affording relief, were unanimously agreed to. In the course of his speech, Sir William M. Napier, of Napier, in order to show the necessity for the adoption of measures of relief, caused the clerk to read a letter, which he had received from Kilbarchan, (dated Feb. 3), from Messrs. Semple, Young, and Crawford, master manufacturers of that place. It stated, "that for the last four months their men (operative weavers), earned no more than 5s. per week, subject to such deductions as mountings, dressing, beaming, oil, candle, fire, &c., which amount to no less than about 1s. 9d. per week. Alas, then! what must become of the poor operative weaver, with his wife and children, having only 3s. 3d. nett money to subsist upon for a whole week!!!"—*North Briton*.

His Majesty has been pleased to grant a charter to the Royal Bank of Scotland, on the authorizing an addition of £500,000. to the capital, to be paid up within five years. When the last addition of £500,000 was made to the capital of the Bank, it was divided amongst the proprietors, and the whole sum paid from the undivided profits, without the proprietors being called on for any part of it.—*North Briton*.

IRELAND.—Extracts from a Pastoral Address just put forth by the Catholic Bishops to the Clergy and Laity of Ireland:—" . . . Only last year, and this country was agitated from end to end, and from its extremities to its very centre. The dominion of the passions prevailed over the dominion of the law; and men born to love each other, contended to almost the shedding of each other's blood; the public interests were neglected or forgotten; the ties of kindred were broken; the power of government was weakened, the laws themselves were paralysed, and religion, which used to silence passion, and consolidate the public peace, was unable freely to discharge her functions. It was at this time that He, by whom Kings reign and legislators decree just things, arose, and, as it were, said to the sea, 'Be still, and to the north wind, do not blow.' Our gracious and beloved Sovereign, walking in the footsteps of his Royal Father (whose memory be ever cherished!) commiserated the state of Ireland, and resolved to confer upon her the inestimable blessing of religious peace. This great boon became the more acceptable to this country, because, among the counsellors of his Majesty, there appeared conspicuous the most distinguished of Ireland's own sons—a hero and a legislator—a man selected by the Almighty to break the rod which had scourged Europe—a man raised up by Providence to confirm thrones, to re-establish altars, to direct the councils of England at a crisis the most difficult, and to staunch the blood and heal the wounds of the country which gave him birth!!! . . . An enlightened and wise Parliament perfected what the Sovereign and his counsellors commenced, and already the effects of their wisdom and justice are visible and duly appreciated by all the wise and good! The storm which almost wrecked the country has subsided, whilst social order, with peace and justice in her train, prepares to establish her sway in this long-distracted country!!!"